THE VOYAGE OF THE WENONAH

AUGUSTINE LANGFORD

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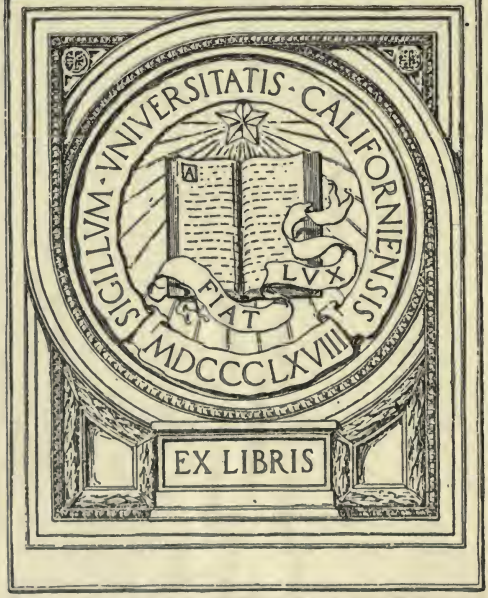

For the

Captain, Officers, and Crew

of the

American Ship "Falls of Clyde."

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The American Ship Wenonah

THE VOYAGE
OF THE
WENONAH

A TALE OF THE SEA — FACT AND FICTION

BY

AUGUSTINE LANGFORD

THE C. M. CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY
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C. E. F.

A Tribute to the
Living—Tom and Alice,
and in Memory of the
Dead—Julia and William;
this book is affectionately inscribed
by their Brother.

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THE VOYAGE OF THE WENONAH

CHAPTER I

Doctor Austin and George Brooks

"Well, Doctor, are all your arrangements made?"

"Yes, I think so: my assistant takes the house, servants, carriage and horses, and, of course, my practice; our trunks are packed, and to-morrow we go to a hotel until the ship is ready for sea; I hope this will be in a few days."

"Then you are entirely decided upon returning within two years?"

"Without fail, I hope. I came to California as a stripling—I may say, a weakling; for I was not strong as a youth. My means were slender, and my professional success doubtful. I married here, and our little girl was born in San Francisco. I am now bordering on fifty, with a robust physique, a remunerative practice, and a comfortable home. Excepting blood relations, all our ties and associations are here; and to sever them would be a rude wrench to our feelings. To be sure, all this might have turned out equally well if I had remained in the East; but conditions here favored me from the first—I improved in health and in income—and so, besides the bonds of friendship, I feel some gratitude toward the soil that helped me grow to what I am.

"During the twenty years or so since 1860, the free field for the indulgence of one's bent—the absence of con-

ventionality—the manly, generous impulse pervading all conditions of life in California, have made many a man what he is to-day; and what he certainly would not be in the older State from which he came. There, restraints are numerous, rivalry sharp and calculating, and the easy give-and-take of life is scarcely known. Here, intercourse is characterized by confidence—in the East, by distrust: the one condition breeds the free hand and open heart—the other, the clenched fist and wound to the sensibilities. No, we are not going to languish in the close air of our youth: both my wife and I were born in New York; we are going only for a visit to our relatives and then return to this coast, to breathe its vigorous freedom to the end."

The speaker was Doctor Henry Austin—a man above the middle height, well proportioned, and of attractive presence. His countenance was open and direct in expression, full of decision and that look of thought which grows out of the study of every situation—its diagnosis. His hair and heavy moustaches were well turned to gray. He had a kindly disposition which was ever shown in a pleasant, considerate manner toward those he had intercourse with, whatever their stations in life.

The Doctor was driving a pair of spirited horses, and seated beside him in the buggy was George Brooks, his intimate friend; they were taking a last turn through the Golden Gate Park near San Francisco.

Brooks was a younger man—not quite forty; tall and slender—a frame covered with little flesh, but well bound by thews and sinews—a nervous organization. He had black hair and moustaches, and a pale face that showed every changing mood as quickly as the landscape does light and shadow from fleeting clouds. He was full of

vivacity, and had a wholesome supply of those qualities that are indicated by the olden warning at the household entrance—Cave canem! Not that he idly snapped at every passer or sought quarrel with him; but that he was quick to perceive and ready to resent any attempt at imposition. His sense of justice toward himself as well as toward others was very keen, and he seldom failed to insist on his proper dues.

In many respects he was the very antithesis of the Doctor; so that the intimate friendship between them bore out the principle of the attraction of opposites so frequent in physical nature: it is the positive pole that seeks the negative—not two poles of the same name that cling to each other.

This friendship was the growth of association through many years; visits of Brooks to Austin's home, walks and drives together, and some business ventures they undertook jointly. They had exchanged views on almost every topic, and differed on many; but although with heat, yet always with that consideration for each other's bias that left no sting from contradiction. They had learned each other's peculiarities and made easy detours around them whenever they threatened to be obstacles in the path of intimacy.

It seemed to be the sudden realization of this good feeling that prompted the Doctor to say:

"George, this will be lonely driving for me when I return: you know my wife and child are not always able to accompany me; and I suppose that through sheer habit I shall call at your office for our afternoon trip—is your mind finally made up not to return?"

"Yes, it is best that I cut all connection with this coast.

I took root here as a rank weed, and although I have grown to be a cultivated plant, still the smell of rankness often comes up to disturb me—early associations crop up now and then—they are snags in my course.

"I know I shall greatly regret many ties here: your companionship, in particular, will not soon be replaced, even by relatives; indeed, I shall almost have to be introduced to my own family, I know them so slightly. Want of intercourse has left our inherent angularities as sharp as between strangers, and it will take long association to work the jarring corners down to our smoothness of friendship. Still, I had better go and begin life afresh on the foundations I have laid here, rather than remain and have forever beneath me the dank cellar with its noxious exhalations."

This was not the first time that Brooks alluded to an unsatisfactory vein in his life: it gave the Doctor an opportunity to ask him to unbosom himself, so he said:

"You told me you came here poor—so did hundreds of others, and many with a shameful past that made it prudent to change their names; now they have wealth and prominence, and live as if these had been their inheritance through a long line of ancestry: but what can worry you so much as to cut adrift from the prosperous present and promising future—surely nothing you need blush for?"

"No," answered Brooks: "there is nothing disgraceful in my career—only, it began at the bottom, and in my occupation that fact cramps my efforts and thwarts my aspirations. These efforts are now masked in the impersonal editorial of a newspaper or an unsigned article in a magazine; but I want to strive for individuality—I want to put my name to my work; and the moment I do that, it loosens every venomous tongue. People are impatient

Doctor Austin and George Brooks—two of the Voyagers

of the dicta of those who have grown up from small beginnings among them: it was not said of Nazareth alone that a prophet is not accepted in his own country—the sentiment is universal, and describes a condition that dwarfs ambition; it finds its symbol in the parasitic vine that coils round the tree, stunts its growth, and eventually chokes out its life. I may as well tell you my story:

"I was born in a seaport town of the New England coast where shipping was abundant, so that I grew up from childhood familiar with things of the sea.

"My family was fairly well off. I went through all the grades of the public school, and upon leaving high school, got the situation of corresponding clerk in a large shipping house. The salary was small, and the outlook—years of writing routine letters at a desk: I had ambition for other things.

"Like most boys of venturesome spirit, I had read much about the sea— its poetry, fiction, and history; but it was not these—their airy fancies, thrilling adventures, or real wreck or battle (all somewhat hazy in over-wrought mystery)—that influenced my going to sea: that was brought about chiefly by what I saw.

"Near our town was a Navy Yard, and the frequent presence of ships-of-war aroused all my enthusiasm for command and the gratification of ambition by those means that are visible on board such ships. I reckoned not at all with the harsh features—the privations, rancours, and jealousies that often lurk behind the brilliance of uniform and suavity of manner: I saw only the halo—not the squalid attributes it sometimes covers.

"Well, I shipped as landsman on board the Yellowstone—a sailing sloop-of-war; thinking (as others have

thought) that this was the lower round of the ladder to the quarter deck.

"The Yellowstone was a full rigged ship—a beautiful model, with a large spread of canvas. In a strong breeze with the wind free, I have seen her make fourteen knots under all sail. At such times it was a thrilling sight to watch her cut the waves—almost bound from crest to crest, trembling like an animated creature. I used to envy the officer of the deck as he proudly strode the poop, trumpet in hand, eye alert on wind, sail, and sea; and thought how I, too, should be elated if master of such a superb fabric: even in my lowly station, I felt no small pride in having a hand in her manœuvres.

"During the long passage to the Asiatic station by way of the Cape of Good Hope, we had ample exercise in everything to make a good seaman of me: making and taking in sail in all kinds of weather; reefing and shaking out reefs; bracing yards; tacking and wearing; lying-to; scudding; and working into port against head winds. My early experience for all this was excellent, having managed sail boats from a boy. I took to the work with zest, and by the time we reached Hong Kong, I had passed through the rates of ordinary seaman and seaman, to captain of top—full of pride of being able to pass a weather earing in a gale.

"Soon after our arrival, I was transferred to the Flagship Minnetonka: we cruised from port to port of the station for two years, and then returned home by way of the Cape of Good Hope. I was at first captain of top and afterward boatswain's mate on the Flagship.

"In these two vessels, the Yellowstone and the Minnetonka, I saw two very different methods of exercising

command: one, that gives rein to the best efforts of subordinates; and the other, that cramps them into mere routine performance.

"On a ship-of-war there is great subdivision of labor, and the part assigned to each is defined by regulation as well as established by custom. To infringe on the domain of any one, therefore, is to touch his sensitive nerve—it hurts his pride, deadens his interest, thwarts his ambition, makes him sullen, and begets a disposition to do only what he is told: on the other hand, to give a subordinate all the freedom compatible with the order and regularity that must pervade the organization, is to develop his tendency toward efficiency and contentment.

"The commanding officer, of course, must have a sharp eye on all, to see that the general plan is carried out; and he will have enough to do, if he occupies himself with this scrutiny and direction, without descending to take a hand in the duties of any officer. As long as the executive is carrying on the exercises well, let him use his own judgment about details—do not stop him in the midst of a sail drill, to tell him how to do it: that should have been arranged previously in the cabin. Similarly, if the navigator is piloting the ship safely, let him continue—it will spur his pride and zeal to better work; the captain should keep a close watch on the danger spots along the course, and if approaching them too closely, direct the navigator to keep off. Likewise, if the officer of the deck is attentive to the prescribed routine, let him do it as he will, without nagging: it is time to apply the prod when he is indolent or neglectful.

"Now, on the Yellowstone the captain interfered with everybody and everything: the executive was only a speaking trumpet through which he gave orders at all ma-

nœuvres; the navigator a mere automaton to move his arm right or left as the captain wanted the helm put to starboard or to port; and the officer of the deck was tethered so short that only a few commonplace duties were within his scope. The consequence was, that everybody feared to move, lest he snap some check-rein; and jerky, timid action was the result. In addition, details were paramount, and close adherence to them was exacted. Moreover, the captain was always anxious to make a record—eager for the shadow of efficiency, rather than its substance—for the seemly mask, rather than the solid flesh and blood: to have it on record that the order was complied with, or the routine carried out—no matter how perfunctorily—seemed to be his chief aim: all which engendered shallowness and insincerity—a covering up of weakness and dry rot. The man who is ever seeking to have the record to point to—the log-book entry or official report (which may misrepresent as easily as the record-maker desires)—is permeated by deceit.

"On the Minnetonka, on the other hand, there was an atmosphere of trust: everybody went about his duties with a feeling that if he *did* make a mistake, he would be dealt with generously by a commander who appreciated human weakness and inadequacy, even though regulations took no account of such frailties. Each subordinate felt that he was responsible for the condition of his own allotted part, however lowly that might be; and the captain closely supervised the whole: he meddled with no one, but all knew that their actions were duly weighed, and put to their credit if good, or to their debit if found wanting.

"The freedom of the sea and air—the spirit of mutability that characterizes the ocean, pervaded life on the

Minnetonka: it yielded as circumstances demanded—was flexible to inevitable changes—and bent itself to derive most profit from what it could not control: thus supple and accommodating, it was in accord with the conditions it had to deal with; not rigid—a slave to rule and routine, as the narrow-minded, machine-made man is—forever clashing with his surroundings and wasting his energies.

"The stiffness and precision of the parade ground, the alignment of military formations, and the cadence of marching men, cannot with success be fitted into the life at sea: there, elasticity—a give-and-take policy in all things, is most suitable to the ever changing winds and waves.

"My term of enlistment having expired, I was honorably discharged, and bid adieu forever to the Navy; as I found that only one more advancement—to warrant officer—was the utmost I could attain. Never to be a commissioned officer—this 'Abandon all hope, ye who enter here!' seemed to me *then* more blighting than Dante's dread scroll over the gates of hell; but mature thought has changed my views.

"I now clearly see that one who has had instruction in the various branches of the profession from competent men, in an institution well equipped for imparting knowledge, is at a great advantage over him who acquires it chiefly through practical means and without such aids.

"The education at the Naval Academy is designed to attain a specific object—to produce an officer who will be technically qualified to command ships, as well as to represent the country creditably abroad; by comparison with its completeness, any other method—that, for instance, of growing up on board ship and acquiring its routine by mere contact, is necessarily meagre, even though it be

supplemented by study. But aside from this, there is otherwise a great difference between the training, per se, of the officer and that of the seaman who may aim at becoming an officer—a training mental, moral, and social that is inhaled with the atmosphere of each condition—absorbed from associations—and more effective in moulding character than anything derived from books. Honor, truth, sobriety, self-restraint, courtesy, courage, and respect for authority and position—these are forever dinned into the ears of the midshipman, and impressed upon him by example: if they had been inculcated in the home, the influence of the Academy fosters their growth; if not, that influence tends to remedy early defects. The Academy does not turn out paragons of all these virtues—it would be strange if despicable natures were not found among its graduates; for human nature is more or less flinty to good impressions, and the tendency to deceit, craft, and meanness of every kind is so strong in some boys, that it will resist all effort at improvement; still, the effort and the influence to improve, are at the Academy: but without any disparagement of the man before the mast (for very many individuals are upright and actuated by good principles)—will his most friendly advocate assert that his surroundings have always high and noble influences? No: there is cockle sown by the life of the forecastle that the most careful weeding of the quarter deck will with difficulty eradicate.

"In training the officer, he is always told that some day he will command; in training the seaman, he is forever taught that he must obey: this creates a difference of feeling which necessarily continues to some extent throughout the career of him who wins place from the fore-

castle among those specially bred for the quarter deck.

"These thoughts solace me for failure to reach a commission in the Navy, and make me feel that it is wise to put every line officer for it through the same mill: then the Navy gets the kernel mostly—the chaff is pretty well winnowed out; and while some excellent grain may come from other fields, still the grinding has not been as thorough nor the product as fine.

"But to return to my story:

"My service in the Navy made me ready witted and self-reliant: I acquired decision of character. The duties of petty officer gave me the habit of command, and also tact in handling men. At odd intervals I studied subjects useful in managing ships, such as wind and current systems, storms, seamanship, and navigation—I thought of entering the merchant marine.

"On my return home, a large ship called the Everglade was about to sail for San Francisco, and through my father I got the billet of First Mate. The passage was a most disagreeable one: Cape Horn experience is no strong pull on the proverbial long bow of a sailor's yarn; it is a wearing, disheartening struggle against fierce winds and heavy seas—beating a mile to gain a few yards; the wind forever violent, and the salty spray pricking one's flesh like nettles—tingling to burning, even the skin of an old tar. No sleep, except from exhaustion—no food, except at haphazard. Raw, rainy, dismal weather. The privations and hardships of that locality are enough to take the spirit out of the most ardent enthusiast of the sea.

"Our captain—a lank, lean man—was part owner of the ship. He was close and stingy—even doling out, himself, spun-yarn, tar, paint and other stores for ship's use.

"The food was little more than hard tack, tea, and salt beef—the last in chunks like mahogany and almost as indigestible.

"The ship was short-handed—a mongrel crew of Portuguese, Finns, Malays, Italians, and others who claimed birth in the United States, but had no more of the American spirit and brightness than Esquimaux.

"The Captain was forever dinning in our ears that the ship was run to make money, and he certainly bent every effort to that end. He was slovenly, the ship was dirty, and the crew grimy; I could make no headway toward introducing some of the cleanliness and system so characteristic of the Minnetonka: generally, ship and crew take the tone of the commanding officer; I disliked this one heartily, but did my duty by him, resolved, however, to leave on reaching port.

"The man who contemplates making the sea his calling should never begin with the Navy, if he intends to enter the merchant service later—the contrast is too great.

"A ship-of-war is organized on a scale of generous supply both of men and material; money does not enter as one of the objects striven for: the Navy is the one place where sordid gain is not the theme of every discourse.

"On the Minnetonka, we had a crew of about five hundred men. At sail exercise, they filled the tops, and still we had long lines of them on deck to double bank sheets and halliards and run the topsails up to a lively tune. In reefing in a gale, the yards were black with men, like birds on a branch, and yet enough were below to man the gear. In all our drills—great guns, fire quarters, target practice, and fleet tactics in boats under sail and oars—men swarmed like ants on a hill; and there was a

rivalry among the different divisions that infused spirit into the work—the effervescing gas that gave sparkle to what would otherwise be hard toil.

"Interchange of courtesies between our Admiral and those of foreign squadrons varied the regular routine with a little spectacular display—salutes with the battery, martial airs by the band, piping the side, and parading the marine guard.

"Every evening the band played popular airs and selections from operas on the gun deck. Dance, song, and minstrel performances by members of the crew afforded occasional diversion; and through the whole ran the proud feeling of being the nation's representative on the high seas.

"To go from all this to the merchant ship, was like moving from the excitement, animation, fullness of life, and ever changing scenes of a populous city, to the quiet, lonely existence of a squalid village.

"My taste for the merchant service was destroyed: to return to the Navy was but to bury my ambition, and on the threshold of life—I was only twenty-five—I had no idea of doing that.

"I resolved to try another career. As I have said, I had such an education as the public schools of New England afford: I had also a taste for writing, and so dressed up a few incidents of my sea experience and offered them to a periodical in San Francisco. They were taken—more followed—and still more, with articles of another kind, until eventually I rose to editorial work and magazine contributions on various topics. The rest you know—it is our intimacy of ten years.

"I am now approaching forty: the investments we made together pay me a competence without further effort on my

part; but I am a great believer in the parable of the talent being given us to yield more—not lie hidden in a napkin: besides, I think I have discovered the lode in my make-up that can be worked to most profit—literature; and I deem it best to seek an arena where the gladiators are ignorant of my early training—it deprives them of an advantage. I have ambition to strive for the highest that my ability will attain: if the out-put is mediocre, I want that fact determined by an impartial judgment of the product itself—not condemned by circumstances that affect it in no wise. And so my tale is told."

"Well, I must say it is an experience that has left none of its traces on you," said the Doctor. "In all these years I have not seen a vestige of the sailor in your manner or speech: I should have said you began the literary career upon leaving college. Now I see why you were so anxious to make the voyage on the Wenonah—a yearning for the old life, perhaps?"

"Yes," replied Brooks, "there is still a streak of the ocean rover in me; but we have not seen the ship yet—shall we take a look at her to-morrow?"

"I am willing; when would it suit you—ten o'clock?"

"Let us say ten."

"I shall call for you, and we will drive down to the wharf together."

CHAPTER II

The American Ship Wenonah

There, among the ferns and mosses,
There, among the prairie lilies,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter,
And she called her name Wenonah.—*Longfellow.*

Wenonah—what an appropriate name for an American ship! especially for a ship-of-war; and the appropriateness of Indian names in general for ships of our Navy would be enhanced, if Congress would prohibit merchantmen from taking those borne by men-of-war. Then such names become distinctive and acquire dignity by the restriction; and fine battleships bearing the sonorous names of Minnesota, Missouri and Delaware, would no longer have ignoble relatives among water-logged lumber sloops or grimy coal barges; nor would the renowned Oregon be kin to a squat, dumpy tug-boat, puffing black smoke.

Furthermore, such names as Adirondack, Iroquois, Seminole, Powhattan, Winnebago and Chippewa are more suitable for vessels of the Navy than Machias, Nashville and Birmingham: the former stand for pride and independence of race and condition coupled with warlike aggressiveness; while the latter merely denote peaceful communities pursuing their daily avocations.

On the day following the events related in the first chapter, our two voyagers proceeded to the wharf, hired a boat, and pulled out to the Wenonah.

"Doctor," said Brooks, "it may be just as well not to let these people know I ever had any connection with the sea: if, during the passage, anything arises to require it, I will tell them, but not otherwise."

"All right, George; I am entirely of your opinion. The more one keeps his affairs to himself, the better. Of course, I mean with regard to strangers; for between friends, the confidences of intimacy not only cement the ties more closely, but often afford balm to wounded feelings."

As they approached the ship, Brooks became enthusiastic over her beautiful appearance. He told the boatman to pull around her at a little distance, so that they might examine her the better—as a connoisseur would a blooded horse put through his paces.

"Now, Doctor, observe how taut every rope is—how neatly furled every sail—how square the yards: look at the masts—they are stayed perfectly. The hull shines like Japanese lacquer: you saw that fine gilding of an eagle on the stern—now look at the bronzed figure of the Indian maiden on the bow rising from a drapery of the national colors. Except the Yellowstone, this is the finest model I have ever seen."

The day was clear and balmy, and the sea smooth—a setting that enhanced the beauty of this central figure of the picture.

They pulled to the ladder at the starboard side and went aboard. A man of middle age and height, whom they took to be the captain, met them at the gangway. He

had sandy hair and beard, features that indicated the power to command, and that abrupt firmness of manner which comes from its exercise. His eyes were large and gray, with a fixed stare that, as a rule, gave no hint of what was passing in his mind; but which, when he chose, could be pleasing and expressive: he chose but seldom, however; for his inner workings were usually barred and double-locked.

He met the visitors with a pleasant greeting and asked if they would like to see the ship. Upon being told the object of their visit, he was more affable—even effusive.

With the pride of one who has something to show, he led them over the vessel from forecastle to cabin—pointing out in an easy, off-hand way, but with somewhat of arrogance, the really excellent features of the ship. She was as clean and attractive on board as she appeared taut and trim from the water. Even the few of the crew they saw, were neatly clad, and had that deference of manner that denotes the disciplinarian in command. On leaving, Brooks expressed their admiration of everything, and added: "Captain, when do you expect to be ready for sea?"

"Within a day or two I shall be all ready."

He went with them to the gangway, and they parted with good feeling on both sides.

"Well, George, what do you think of the ship and her captain?" said the Doctor, when they were seated in the boat, pulling ashore.

"Excellent, magnificent!—the youthful blood of the topman is again flowing—I could almost ship before the mast in that vessel—we shall have a glorious passage. I am no judge of character if that man is not a capable

officer—everything aboard indicates his control of the situation.

"Why, if I had gone to such a ship when I entered the merchant service, I should have continued there: it would have been a life of hardship with small recompense, but I should not have hesitated at that, with the proud prospect of some day having such a command. Is it chance or destiny that so changes the whole trend of one's life?"

"Beyond me," replied the Doctor: "now let us go up to the agency and ascertain the exact day of sailing."

On entering the office, the agent, who was a friend of both Brooks and the Doctor, met them with the remark:

"You come to find out about the sailing of the Wenonah? Well, it will be within a few days, as the only thing that delayed her, was to find a commanding officer, and now we have him—let me introduce Captain Colburn."

The two friends looked at each other—then at the agent—and finally at Colburn; but instantly realizing that some mistake lay beneath, Brooks recovered presence of mind to say.

"We have just been aboard the ship and met a very agreeable man there whom we thought *was* the captain: this will explain our surprise. To be sure, he did not say he was—neither did he gainsay it, when we addressed him as such."

"O no," said the agent; "that is the First Mate—Jacob Hawse. Captain Rowley, who had the ship for some years, was stricken with paralysis two days ago, so we had to decide upon a successor. Hawse is a capable officer, but we never had him in view for the command, nor did we ever give him ground to expect it."

Brooks and the Doctor held a few moments' conversation with Colburn, and then left the office.

"Doctor, I must speedily revise my estimate of that man we met on the ship—his not telling us what he really was on board shows a deceitful trait: but it may be that he expected the place."

"Now what is your diagnosis of the real captain?"

"He has not the facile ways of Hawse: he will not laugh unless there is joy in his heart, nor will he promise without the intent to perform; he is not demonstrative, but one would trust that look of earnestness—that sincerity of eye. This is the first impression I receive."

William Colburn left college to go to sea, with the hope of building up a weak constitution; and although he failed to acquire either the full strength or size to cope easily with the roughness of sea life, yet he got both in fairly good measure. He was tall, thin, and wiry—a man who thinks. His first voyage was before the mast to Calcutta; then the Civil War broke out, and our merchantmen were swept from the sea. He entered the Volunteer Navy—obtained the rank of Acting Ensign, and was honorably discharged at the close of the war: re-entered the merchant service, had been second and first mate of various sailing ships, and was now about fifty-two years old. On account of an accident, he had been unable to go to sea for a year; and was wharf-master in San Francisco for the company that owned the line of ships to which the Wenonah belonged. He had performed these duties with such painstaking and executive ability, that it caused his selection by the agent, entirely unsought by him or any one for him.

Colburn was a man that kept much to himself. He had none of those qualities that are popular in the company

of men: he could not tell a good story, did not drink, or chew tobacco, or play cards, or billiards—all (generally) considered accomplishments among sea-farers. He was intelligent and accurate; but entirely devoid of that wit, humor and jollity that beget good fellowship. Not that ice-water flowed in his veins; rather naphtha, which at a kindness was prone to reciprocate with genial feeling, or at an injury was apt to burst into flame—to fire the eye, cloud the face, and make the speech quick of utterance. On board ship, he held these impulses well under control. He had a strong sense of justice and was without vain glory. In new conditions, he had to acquire expertness by practice rather than through innate quickness.

Charles Rowley, the previous captain, was old, rotund, and as pompous as an English butler—disposed to take his ease, and content to let the Mate order everything, provided the semblance of command remained to himself; and indeed he exercised no more control than the wooden image on the bow.

The Mate liked him because of this free rein, and he repaid it with gross adulation and the fiction of deferring to him in certain things, as if directed by him; but in reality he had wheedled the old man out of all the functions of command, and was himself the virtual captain. He hoped to be so in name; but when he learned that Colburn was appointed, his anger and chagrin knew no bounds. He had even boasted that he was to be captain, and now that he was not to be—nay, worse, that he might even be deprived of his present prestige—this cut deep and he swore revenge upon Colburn.

The Second Mate had no decided character—he laughed with every one and at everything—a mere mass of

good nature that all sought as companionable, to have a pleasant word with, but nothing more.

The Third Mate was a creature of Hawse's. His name was Robert Snively—not a bad name with the i long; but clipped (as by the men) into Bob Snivly, it was suggestive of a sneaking, sycophantic eel, that wormed itself into every situation in order to report its nature to his protector—a ferret to the First Mate.

The rest of the ship's company were: Sam Ruggles, Engineer; Ned Gower, Boatswain; a cook; a steward; two Japanese servants; a carpenter; a sailmaker; one fireman; one coalheaver; six boys, apprentices; and twenty-eight seamen of different nationalities—forty-eight, all told.

The Wenonah had a steel hull and was a three masted full rigged ship: when loaded to her average draft of seventeen feet, she had a displacement of twenty-four hundred tons; her length was two hundred and fifty feet, and beam forty-two feet. Under full spread of canvas (twenty thousand square feet), she could make fourteen knots in a strong breeze with the wind free. She had auxiliary steam power that gave a speed of seven knots in smooth water. The propeller was fitted for uncoupling. There was a commodious cabin and long top-gallant forecastle; otherwise the spar deck was flush. The galley was forward of the engine-room hatch.

The crew were berthed in the forecastle: the petty officers had bunks, the others swung in hammocks, and all had lockers at the side for their clothing and other traps. In cold weather, a heavy canvas curtain could be dropped from the break of the top-gallant forecastle, thus converting the crew's quarters into a spacious room which could be heated by a coal stove, and lighted and aired by large

port-holes in the sides. In fine weather, with the curtain rolled up, and sun and air streaming into it, this place presented a cheerful aspect.

The entrance to the passenger cabin was through a long, wide passage or vestibule: on the starboard side of this passage, a door opened into the steward's pantry and storeroom; on the port side, another door led into the quarters for the mates and the engineer. These quarters consisted of a dining room, bathroom, and four staterooms: the latter were at the ship's side and opened into the dining room; the bathroom was in the after part.

The vestibule led into the main saloon, which was separated from the pantry and officers' quarters by a bulkhead. The saloon was about thirty feet long and twenty-two feet wide, painted white and delicately ornamented in gold.

There were rugs on the floor, a large central table, a book case well stocked, a piano, a coal grate, and a number of chairs—altogether a cozy, attractive apartment. On the bulkheads hung large charts showing the land in outline, the wind and current systems of the ocean, sailing and steam routes of vessels, cyclonic movements, and curves of the magnetic elements. In the panels between the stateroom doors were pictures—woodland, pasture, and farm views; oxen toiling through the furrow, the toppling load of hay returning from the meadow, and the barnyard alive with cattle and fowl—all a serene contrast with the writhing winds and waves that sometimes surrounded them. On each side, the staterooms for the passengers opened into the saloon; they were large and well furnished, and designed each for one person. A bathroom was next to the last room on the port side.

A bulkhead formed the after limit of the saloon: in it was a door which opened into a narrow thwartship passage, and across this, in the opposite partition, was another door opening into the Captain's cabin—a semicircular space having on each side his bedroom and bathroom; all comfortably, though plainly, furnished. A stairway in the narrow passage led up to the poop: this was also reached by ladders from the spar deck at the break forward.

The voyage of the ship promised unusual variety: she was to call at several ports between San Francisco and New York—at Callao, Punta Arenas in Patagonia, Montevideo, and Trinidad off the north coast of South America: she had cargo for all these ports, and it was to be replaced by such products as found ready sale in New York.

The passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic was to be through the long, intricate channels of Patagonia and the Straits of Magellan; thus exchanging the dismal weather, rough sea, and discomforts of Cape Horn for the grand and varied scenery along the novel route through inland waters.

CHAPTER III

The Sea Lawyer

For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but strained from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

—*Shakespeare.*

Few sentiments appeal more strongly to human sympathy than that manifested by a generous effort in behalf of the weaker side—befriending the timid boy against the blustering bully: whoever does it, is possessed of moral courage; for he risks the yelps of the pack that ever follow the prospective victor—that are always with the majority—on the side that is popular.

In almost every community there is an aggressive member whose salient trait is to harass or persecute: the rest yield him support by their silence or inaction. A single bull-dog will cow a whole kennel of spaniels, and the under dog gets the bites—the taunts, the jeers, the ridicule, the social cut, the imposition of every form; and few, if any, will defend him—speak up boldly and call the perpetrator of all such tyranny by his proper name—coward! Let it come to the actual blow, however, and no doubt some looker-on—stung in his manhood—will interpose; but the

tongue is a keener weapon than the fist, and its venomous thrusts will find few possessed of the moral courage to parry them with a charitable word, or wholly repulse them with the true version of what was circulating as an infamous calumny.

Parents and guardians of the young often instil moral cowardice into their charge when least they think it. To illustrate: in olden phrase, once upon a time there were two boys, whom we shall call Jack and Bill, aged about ten. They lived near together. Jack was short and chunky, strong and full of quarrelsome humors: Bill was tall and lean—a nervous, timid, quiet boy. Jack was no more the object of solicitude in his home than the household cat or dog, and he went and came with equal freedom; but Bill was watched by an elder sister (his guardian and support) with great care, in order to have him grow up properly and untainted by the habits of bad boys. He was not allowed to mingle in their games, nor take part in their frolics and sports. And so it came to pass that this life apart brought upon him the ill-will of the other boys. Jack, in particular, harassed him: whenever there was a game of marbles, or baseball, or any other amusement that gathered a crowd of boys, the sight of Bill passing by brought out a taunt from Jack—a dare to take a hand in the game; and jeering laughter broke from the group. These persecutions multiplied and worried Bill so that he would go far out of his way to avoid them. His life was a torture—he longed to strangle Jack; but—a fight! Oh! the enormity of such a breach of his sister's code of propriety could not be thought of: that it might be in a just cause would be no plea in bar of punishment by his sister.

And so he bore his burden; but at last it grew too heavy—

he could carry it no longer, so he worked his moral courage up to the point of casting the load off altogether, or being crushed by it.

The climax came about in this way: one day a circus was in town, and all the boys, except Jack and Bill, went to peep under the tent. Bill sought Jack and said to him:

"Now, you've run me long enough, let's have it out"—and they went into an adjoining field. Recourse was had to the provocative chip, and Bill said,

"If you knock this off, I'll lick you."

Jack raised his hand, arrogant in the confidence of crushing the reed before him, but he never touched the chip. Bill struck him full in the face—Jack fell backward—Bill jumped on him, and with one knee on his breast, rained blow after blow—on eyes, on nose, on mouth—setting each home with the injunction, rather than query:

"Now, will you ever run me again," and the feeble "no" in response was only met by another blow. The fury of long pent-up feelings—the jeers and taunts of many months gave strength to his muscle, and this fury had to be spent ere the blows would cease.

The bully—bruised, bloody, and blinded—was at last let up and allowed to sneak away.

Bill, trembling from exhaustion, but without a scratch (for Jack never hit him) walked and walked the field—afraid to go home, lest his excitement should disclose his crime, and he receive *his* chastisement—a whipping for having stopped forever a host of small, mean persecutions!

It was noticeable, however, that ever after, when he passed a group of boys, he went by with head erect—a little of the gamecock in his stride; and the boys were very careful not to tempt his spurs.

It would be superfluous to draw the moral of Jack and Bill: vary the circumstances, and every one will recall instances to illustrate the general case. Many a really courageous spirit is cowed by an actual craven.

But whether the moral courage be exercised by the individual for freeing himself from a petty tyrant, or on behalf of another to rid him of a scourge, this noble trait has also its degenerate poor relation—just as we find contrasts in almost everything: the toothsome pippin and the puckering crab apple belong to the same family.

The sea lawyer is the noxious element of a ship's company—the sand and grit that are forever getting in between command and obedience, replacing their smooth running by sulkiness, discontent, and anger. He exists in almost every ship—sometimes among the officers, sometimes among the crew, often among both. Sam Ruggles, Engineer, was the sea lawyer of the Wenonah.

On the table lands of Arizona grows a species of tree—the opuntia spinosior—that attains a height of fifteen feet and a diameter of eight inches. It springs from an arid soil and breathes a parched air. It lives apart from its kind: the majestic oak, the fragrant pine, or the beautiful maple never comes within its view. Its body grows crooked; its bark is scaly, dark, and rugged; and it is specked with clusters of short, sharp needles—a kind of vegetable porcupine. A cut along or across the fibre discloses equal deformity of internal structure: the lines of growth—its wrinkles of age, are closely grouped, and so twisted that scarcely an inch of surface has them regular; all the crudeness of the exterior permeates the wood and pith: and such was Sam Ruggles—a human Opuntia Spinosior.

The sea lawyer exercises a kind of moral courage, but it is all awry. He affects to stand up for the rights of his shipmates, but in reality he only lets loose his own cantankerousness.

The usefulness of laws for the government of seafarers depends to some extent on the knowledge of such laws by sailors and their courage to make a stand for their rights: officers may be cruel and oppressive, and then it is well that the seaman should know where he stands and make an effort against being trodden on; but this is very different from the practice of the sea lawyer; he cannot be touched at any point—however gently—but like the nettle, will sting.

And he often stings with the venom distilled from snatches of unguarded conversation with him, which he lays up in his memory—to be drawn forth at opportune moments for the discomfiture of their author.

Interchange of little services are as conducive to smoothness of intercourse as barter of products was to the support of life when money acted so small a part as the medium of exchange: and besides affording each recipient more of the comforts and pleasures of life than he could get for actual coin, these little services cultivate friendliness and promote the natural order—companionship and congregation, rather than selfishness and segregation.

The man who *merely obeys* orders—literally carries out the law without exercising that discretion which is essential to the execution of its intent, might as well be replaced by an automaton. In practical life, it is the actual man that must be reckoned with—the moods of ill-humor from bad conditions, as well as those of good feeling from favorable circumstances: and so with laws and regulations—they

must be bent somewhat to suit the real condition; for how can an inflexible rule measure warped surfaces?

The sea lawyer insists on the literal observance of rules and regulations—he has not in him a drop of the oil that lubricates the intercourse of life. The very laws devised for the proper government of the community of which he is a member, he wrenches to evil—for chronic fault finding and the avoidance of work: he is the self-constituted walking delegate of the sea. Like his prototype ashore, and the shyster lawyer, he is forever quibbling. To take an order cheerfully is no trait of his nature—his first impulse is to find an excuse or reason for evading it.

If a man is punished, the sea lawyer knows exactly the legal kind and limit, and if these should be exceeded, he spreads the word among the crew and sets up a ferment. So, if the food is not good, he is the vicious leaven that makes it worse—poisons the mind more than that does the stomach. A growler, a grumbler, with all the malignity of old Shylock insisting upon the literal observance of his bond.

Unlike the man on shore who stands up for his rights, this weasel of the sea but breeds ill-will; because his captiousness is disseminated through a small, close community, already too prone to mere dissatisfaction.

On board ship, a vein of sympathy in common against the restraints of authority and discipline pervades the crew: the influences and interests that prevail on shore toward breaking up any similar unwholesome cohesiveness, do not exist on the ship; and therefore the sea lawyer has a clear, fertile field to grow his thorns and burrs—he but widens the breach between command and obedience by his every spur to discontent.

CHAPTER IV

The Passage from San Francisco to Callao

On the day the Doctor and Brooks went to the agent's office, Colburn received his appointment as Captain of the Wenonah.

He sent word to the Mate, requesting him to have a boat at the wharf the following morning at nine, when he would go aboard and take command.

Promptly at that hour he was there, and found the boat waiting for him—a trim little craft, newly painted, well equipped, and manned by four seamen in clean clothes. This considerateness on the part of the Mate made a favorable impression on Colburn; and it was enhanced by the cordiality of his reception at the gangway: even a little ceremony was thrown into this reception by the presence of the second and third mates, the engineer and the boatswain—the latter a fine, stalwart specimen of manhood.

After mutual greetings, the Captain went to the cabin and exchanged his suit of plain clothes for a uniform of navy blue serge: the coat was a sack, square-cut at the bottom, double breasted, and buttoned up; it had a small silver star on each side of the collar, and three narrow bands of gold lace on each sleeve near the cuff and above these bands a gold star; the trousers were entirely plain; the cap, of the yachting pattern, had a large sloping vizor, and above this was a spread eagle holding arrows in his

talons, all embroidered in gold and silver thread. Though plain, the uniform was very becoming and suitable for the service it was designed for.

Clothes do not make the man, but they *do* make him either presentable, distinctive, and impressive; or awkward and without force. The skillful manipulations of his baton by the drum-major would excite scarcely less mirth than the antics of the clown, were it not for his gorgeous trappings: the bear-skin hat alone adds a cubit to his pomposity and lifts him out of the capers of harlequin. The order from the Colonel acquires weight and authority coming from epauletted shoulders, rather than from a cut-away suit and derby hat. Even in this Republican country, we deem it conducive to the dignity of our highest courts to clothe the judges in silken robes. And what a shock it would be to our feelings to see a clergyman officiate in garments other than the vestments consecrated to the ministrations of his office! This varied suitability of setting goes far with all men, but most with those given to using their senses rather than their minds: tinsel and ornament appeal more to the Pawnee of the Plains than to the Puritan of early Plymouth. And it was the thought of this aid to discipline and authority—impressing the seaman, as well as making him seemly in appearance—that decided Captain Colburn to put the ship's company into uniform. He laid the project before the agent, who heartily approved it.

Although the ship had been ready to sail, still a day or two previous some well paying cargo offered, and the agent decided to delay her to take it: this afforded Colburn the opportunity to get a supply of uniform for the men.

With the exception of a few—the nucleus of the old crew

—the men were a hard looking lot, rigged out in every kind of nondescript clothes: they had just been received on board in anticipation of the immediate sailing of the ship, as originally intended.

The Captain called the Mates and Engineer into the cabin and told them of the uniform order—saying, that for the Mates it would be the same as his own, except the stars on the collar and the number of gold stripes on the sleeves: the stars would be omitted entirely, and the stripes would be two for the First Mate and one for each of the others; the Engineer would have two narrow stripes of crimson cloth on the sleeves near the cuff, and no stars; otherwise his uniform was to be the same.

The First Mate gave no indication of pleasure or displeasure at the order; he merely said, "I shall order my uniform to-day." The other two Mates took their cue and said the same. In reality. the First Mate was so vain and fond of display, that this new plumage only afforded him another opportunity to strut.

The Engineer, however, with the air and tone of trespassed rights, said: "When I joined this ship, there was no rule about uniform; and I guess I don't want to put myself in any man's livery."

"This is not livery, any more than the uniform of a naval officer is; it is merely a distinctive dress—not a badge of servitude," replied the Captain.

"Well, I don't want to be told what to wear—I want to dress as I please."

"That you can do elsewhere, but not on this ship; and I must know your decision by evening."

The Engineer went out, muttering under his breath: "I guess I won't be kicked out by a newcomer like you."

The second and third mates went with him; the First Mate remained and said:

"That fellow will give you trouble—he's very hard to manage."

"I think he'll come round," said the Captain. "Now, Mr. Hawse, call all hands to muster on the quarter deck—I want to tell the men about the uniform they will have to wear."

"Excuse me, Captain, if I suggest that you wait until we get to sea: the men have just come aboard and are full of shore liberty and rum; the change you propose is new to the merchant service—they will kick against it, and some of them will leave; but if you wait till we get to sea, then you have them trapped and can put the screws on as you please."

"No," said the Captain; "I prefer to act frankly with them; if any go, we can get others: I shall not begin with a deception—it would be a just cause of grievance for jack."

The Mate went out and had the Boatswain pipe all hands to muster. When they were aft on the port side of the quarter deck, it was a variegated aspect they presented —much like a rabble corralled from a street row: some in red shirts, others in blue, and more in striped; there were hats once of the general derby type, but now so battered that they had only a family resemblance of bulge and break; some of the men had short, scant jackets; some long, loose coats; and many no outer covering at all; the trousers of some were tucked into the tops of heavy cow-hide boots, and there were those who had only one leg in and the other out—altogether a motley crew fit for a pirate's deck.

The Captain came out and stood on the starboard side with the other officers: a look of contempt at his neat appearance overspread the faces of the crew—they thought, "It will be easy working this dude; he's got no sand."

"My men," said the Captain, "on leaving this port, you will have to put on uniform; it is to be like that worn by seamen of our Navy; a supply will be brought on board to-morrow, and it will be sold to you for what it cost. You will have to get only what is needed for daily wear, and afford a change; and you must scrub your clothes every day. In night watches, or very bad weather, you can put on such other clothes as you have until they are worn out. In going on liberty in other ports, you can wear either plain clothes or uniform, as you please. If any of you are not satisfied with this, let me know it by evening, and you will get your discharge. I am going to act fairly with you. Mr. Hawse, pipe down."

The men went forward with a buzz of varied comment.

A little later, the First Mate went on the forecastle, and in the snatches of conversation he heard among the men, he found much discontent and suspicion of the new order. At last, one of them said, "Well, Mate, what does this new rig mean—is it a traverse to get our money?"

"How can that be—didn't the Captain say he would charge you only what the clothes cost?" And the grimace that puckered his face might well be translated into Mark Antony's sneer, "And the Captain is an honorable man."

However, the upshot was, that only three malcontents left the ship, and the Engineer thought best to don the uniform and keep his place.

The Captain, accompanied by the Mate, now inspected the ship; and was much gratified by the order and cleanli-

ness generally prevalent: only in two or three instances did he find a subterfuge—stowholes for refuse and dirt covered by a canvas screen. Finally, they came to a small room which the Mate said in an off-hand way—"a storeroom," and was passing on; but the Captain wanted it opened, and when this was done, it revealed a grocery store in miniature: canned fruits and vegetables, condensed milk, pipes and tobacco, thread, needles, soap, brushes, and a variety of other simple articles.

"Whose are these?" said Colburn.

"Captain Rowley let me keep them for the men, sir."

"Do they own them as a joint-stock company?"

"No sir; each buys from this supply what he wants."

"But who provides the supply?"

"I do, sir"; and the Mate became very complaisant in tone and manner.

"How are the prices fixed?"

"I do that, sir—a mere trifle over what they cost."

"Well, if they want to buy little comforts, it is a convenience to have them within reach; and I am willing you should continue your store as long as it gives rise to no trouble, and the articles are sold at a reasonable rate. As early as possible, let me have a schedule of the cost and selling price of each article."

"Thank you, sir—I'll do so"; and a load was lifted from the Mate's heart. He was greedy for gold, and it would gladden the heart of any money changer to realize the rate of usance he called a small advance on the cost.

"Mr. Hawse, I see there are three mates—how are the watches distributed?"

"In port, sir, the second and third mates take day's duty, turn about; and I have general supervision all the

time: at sea, I always take the morning watch (from four to eight) and the second dog watch (six to eight) besides keeping a look-out on everything about the ship during the day; the second and third mates take all the other watches both day and night, relieving each other. This gives each of them six hours' duty one day and twelve the next. Captain Rowley let me arrange it so."

"For the present, I will not interfere with this," said the Captain.

In reality, Rowley had nothing to do with it: Hawse devised the whole plan—lightening his own burden by appointing a third mate, while he himself had the whole day to be about deck and have every one see that he was the source of power.

A week passed, during which Captain Colburn was occupied in swinging ship and compensating the compasses, stationing the crew for various evolutions, carrying out the uniform project, and becoming acquainted with the peculiarities of officers and men. Then all was ready, and the passengers came on board: they consisted of George Brooks, Doctor Austin, his wife and daughter Adeline (aged six), and a French governess, Mademoiselle Marguerite.

The day of sailing was fine and clear, with a good breeze blowing out the Golden Gate. All morning, Sam Ruggles had been fidgeting about in a self important way —conscious that soon he would have a part to play. He expected that the Captain would send for him to tell him to get up steam, but Colburn made no sign to indicate that he thought of either engine or Engineer. At last, when the pilot came on board, Ruggles could stand it no longer; so with an injured air he strode up to the Captain and said:

"I suppose, sir, you know I'll want about four hours to get up steam."

"We shall not need steam," replied the Captain; "the wind is fair, and we'll save coal, as I shall get underway under sail."

Hurt in his vanity, Ruggles turned away muttering under his breath:

"I shan't weep if you foul something or if you run aground."

He felt bitter at the thought of the Captain being independent of him—using sail when conditions favored.

The Boatswain called: "All hands up anchor!" This was tripped—sail made to royals—and the Wenonah glided slowly out to sea.

In stationing the ship's company for getting underway, Colburn assigned the First Mate to duty on the forecastle and the other Mates to the main and mizzen masts respectively; he himself to take charge and give orders from the poop. Hawse told him, however, that Captain Rowley let him get the ship underway and bring her to anchor—in fact, carry on all the manœuvres. His tone and manner were so beseeching to let this continue, that Colburn, in order to soften the fall, said:

"This time, Mr. Hawse, you can do it; but hereafter, your station will be on the forecastle." The Captain had no idea of letting any other than himself exercise the functions of command.

After the ship got on her course, Hawse sought Ruggles and they proceeded to discuss the situation: each had a festering wound—they made common cause and swore mutual fealty; and it is needless to say that their compact boded no good to the Captain.

Whoever in a position of authority has to deal chiefly with people of the lower classes, will find that it has a reflex influence on himself—tending to make him curt, rough, and inconsiderate: this is particularly noticeable in *all public* institutions, such as the Savings Banks of a large city, where the depositors are often treated like dumb animals—to be led or driven. The supercilious clerk or cashier, on his perch, is conscious of greater intelligence and of knowing the routine of the place; the depositor is generally of humble station—new to what is required, and timid as to his action: the result is, that the one haughtily directs—even harshly orders, and the other meekly obeys.

Something akin to this exists on board ship. The Captain gives orders that admit of no gainsaying (as should be the case); and the constant exercise of this authority coupled with the unquestioning acquiescence of the small community subject to it, tends to make the Captain arrogant and arbitrary, and those about him subservient.

During his long service as a subordinate (this was Colburn's first command), he had thought much of this and other phases of sea life; and had resolved that if ever he got a ship, he would try not to yield to the hardening influences of the position: he therefore was unusually disposed to look on both sides of every matter and to have his action tempered with consideration for the rights of all. If it were just to concede a measure, he would do it because of its justice—frankly and fully—and when it would be appreciated by the recipient, rather than wait until it lost by delay and had either the appearance or the reality of being forced from him.

During the Civil War, he had served in many ships and had seen all kinds of change among their officers, bringing into prominence the personality of each in carrying on duty. He had seen the blusterer, both as captain and as executive officer, come on board—upset the established order with the rudeness of a whirlwind, and as quickly subside into indolence, leaving disorganization, slovenliness, and discontent in its wake. No thought, no combination, no system entered this procedure; the crew lost interest, and every one—man and officer alike—had a little of his own way, which speedily brought about a chaotic state of affairs: things drifted, there was no guiding hand, and the ship only needed a crisis to disclose her laxity of organization.

To this worthless officer would succeed a competent, painstaking, thoughtful man who studied the situation, and step by step, introduced a regular routine, proper bearing among the officers, and ready, respectful obedience from the crew: there was a man at the helm who had a firm hold upon it and was directing the course of all toward efficiency.

But he angered them—every prod to ease and self indulgence brought out a growl; they had become so accustomed to looking upon an order as a thing to be questioned, or evaded, or obeyed (if at all) at their own leisure and in their own way, that when prompt and silent compliance was required, it excited animosity.

Nobody likes to receive an order; and only by reason of its frequency does it grate less harshly on ears that are legally subject to it, than on those that may ignore it. The superiority implied in an order wounds our pride, and if it interferes with some habit into which we have

grown, or enjoins better work, or decrees new duties, then it irritates, and inspires us with resentment toward its source. If that source be the Captain of a ship the malcontents have opportunities innumerable for creating a strong current counter to him: the Executive Officer of a ship-of-war, or the First Mate of a merchantman, holds a strong position for good or evil under such circumstances. If he stems the current—as he should—it acquires but little force; but if he goes with it: worse, if he adds his own discontent—if directly, or by innuendo, he represents every wrong, injustice and harsh order as coming from the Captain, and he himself the breakwater upon which its violence is spent (softening all things to the crew)—then, indeed, the captain of that ship has a swollen tide of ill-will to contend with.

Whenever there is a new accession to any body of men, he is regarded by the old members with a feeling somewhat of patronizing superiority: they resent his taking a prominent part until he has become seasoned in the ways of the association. In the Senate of the United States, the new member—however talented and renowned—has to abide his time in minor places ere he is thought of for Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs; and if we descend to the employees of a hotel, the aspirant for a waiter's place must serve his apprenticeship in carrying dishes: gradual rise is the rule in every organization; and its infraction—the leap to the top—excites jealousy and anger. Even on a ship, the occasion of a new captain assuming command evokes a feeling streaked with this hostility: he is a stranger among those who have become intimate by long association; a bond unites them against him who comes to control them, and although he does so

entirely by right and according to custom, still their claws are out and their backbones stiffened. From long experience, none appreciated this feature better than Colburn; and now he was in a situation that threatened to bring it out in full vigor. Here was a man—the First Mate—who had practically been captain of the ship and who expected to be so in name: he was arrogant, cunning, and ambitious—a strong nature. Suddenly, all his aspirations are destroyed; and not only this, but he must be shorn of the independent authority he had so long exercised.

To be sure, it was a small domain for a violent uprising; but the tortures of hell can be as painful in the contracted limits of Kilauea as in the extensive regions of Dante's Inferno.

Colburn resolved to deal gently with the First Mate, both from a kindly impulse and from a knowledge of the harm he might do in thwarting his own efforts: he was fully alive to the fact that one who skates on thin ice must pick his way around holes and cracks; and in this frame of mind, he sent for the First Mate the day after leaving San Francisco, and spoke as follows:

"Mr. Hawse, as we are strangers to each other, I want to tell you my views about the ship's routine; and I hope this understanding will help to have it go on smoothly.

"Every morning, at nine o'clock, the crew will be inspected on deck, the port watch by the second mate, and the starboard watch by the third mate: the men must be in uniform, clean and neat. The mates will report their condition to you, and you to me. You yourself are to inspect the cleanliness and equipment of all parts of the ship and boats every morning, and report their condi-

tion to me. I shall make this inspection with you every Sunday morning.

"I want you to look at the food for the crew every day at noon and see that it is satisfactory, and I shall do so myself from time to time. Saturday afternoon and all Sunday will be given to the men; and at sea the watch below is to be called on deck only in very urgent cases. The mates are not to go aloft—I want them to feel their distinction as officers. Once a week we shall have Fire Quarters; and also an exercise at Man-overboard, when the crew will be stationed for lowering the life-boat and working ship.

"As we got underway at San Francisco, I saw that many of the men were not handy and quick: until they get to know the ship and work well together, we shall have a sail exercise every few days, for half an hour, after the morning inspection: all hands must be on deck, and I will take charge and conduct the exercise; you and the other mates will take the stations already assigned. We shall not set certain days for particular exercises, but suit them to the weather and other circumstances.

"This is all I have to say now; it may be that as occasion arises, I shall speak further on ship matters, so that the good understanding between us may continue."

"Thank you, sir," replied the Mate; "I shall be loyal and do all I can to make your command a success."

The Mate saw that for the present, at least, his power was put out of sight; but he hoped it was only in abeyance, not cut off.

Besides the blow to the Mate's usurped authority, Colburn incurred more of Hawse's ill-will by omitting to have set days for specific work. The Mate ran in ruts:

if the ship were plunging and the sea rolling in billows around her and the wind a close-reefed gale—all, so that no boat could be lowered and live, and the routine called for exercise at "Man-overboard," he would have it—that is, he would have the semblance. It would never occur to him to use such conditions for testing the handiness of the watch in reefing topsails. On the other hand, in almost calm, smooth weather, when, with little delay, a life-boat could be dropped and quickly hoisted again (to ensure the proper working of everything), the Mate would fail to profit by these conditions; but would have an exercise at reefing and hoisting, if so his routine specified. Always habit or custom—never a thought of taking advantage of circumstances to do with ease and thoroughness those things that under other conditions could be done only with difficulty and without profit.

When the Captain had done speaking, the Mate left the quarter deck and sauntered forward, glancing at various things as he went along; finally, he reached the top-gallant forecastle and found Sam Ruggles who accosted him with: "Well, Jake, what's up now? I saw the old man laying down the law to you."

"Yes, he's been telling me how to be nurse, cook and chamber maid—to look out for you all and see that you're washed, dressed, and combed; and stood up in a line to have him inspect you. I'm to taste your spoon victuals every day and see the broth's hot enough, and seasoned just right. Fine business for the Mate of a clipper!"

"And damned degrading treatment for American sailors," added Ruggles: "doesn't he think they've got gumption enough to wash, and put on a clean shirt without his telling them so?"

A group of men was near enough to hear these remarks—more gathered, and Hawse said with a sneer, and in still louder voice: "And the Mates must be gentlemen—they're not to go aloft, but keep apart from Jack—officers only!" Then turning round and feigning surprise at finding the men there, he said: "Get out, go to work, what are you doing here—listening? That's naughty for good little boys that you must be now." And his look and tone gave a sarcastic meaning to his words, whereat the men, instead of going away, drew closer and questioned him about the new order of things; and the Mate (who was an easy talker) was at no loss to throw ridicule into every turn of speech in recounting what the Captain had said: the matter was there almost word for word, but the manner was the direct opposite of what would command respect for the subject.

Of the passengers of the Wenonah, a sketch has already been given of Brooks and Doctor Austin: a few words will now be said of the others. Mrs. Austin was a woman well suited to make a home happy and bring up children properly; they would be sound in body, cultivated in mind, refined in feelings, of true moral fibre, and of kindly disposition—self respecting and respecting the rights and sensibilities of others; and these qualities would be but the reflex of her own nature. She was under the medium height and below the average weight. Of late years she had suffered much from physical ailments, but her temperament was cheerful: the term "ladylike" would fittingly apply to all she did.

Her daughter Adeline was six years old—tall for her age, lithe, and well formed; a blonde with blue eyes and pleasing features that habitually wore an earnest

expression, very remarkable for one so young. Her faculties were unusually developed—alert, quick, and precise: altogether, a most attractive child, full of winning ways. Her love for her mother was unbounded, and its constant exhibition a joy to see.

The governess, Marguerite, was a small, pretty, plump brunette—in appearance much more the elder sister of her little charge than the wise guide and companion to teach her French, and pleasing manners.

It was chiefly for the health and diversion of his family that Doctor Austin undertook this voyage: the newness of the life; the buoyancy of spirit infused by a periodic storm; the element of danger ever present; the activity during manœuvres of the ship; the novelty of the men's ways and habits—all these, he thought, could only be beneficial to mind and body.

As to the time of the voyage of the Wenonah, since the incidents are imaginary, they may be applicable to any time—events wholly within the experience of any vessel; and indeed the incidents are used chiefly as pegs on which to hang descriptions of the working of the head and heart amidst the particular conditions that prevail at sea.

The period covered may be considered to be any time from the close of the Civil War to the present day: the attempt is made to portray phases of sea life that are general; and the ship is supposed to leave San Francisco in winter and reach New York during the following summer.

During the week in San Francisco after taking command, Colburn studied the wind and current systems between California and Peru, so that he could trace on the chart a curve along which the most speedy passage would probably be made.

He found that on the California coast, strong, steady northwesterly winds prevail; that they extend in a wide belt out to sea; and that over this same area the ocean currents constantly set toward the Bay of Panama. In this latter region, there is a large triangle of chaotic atmospheric conditions—light winds from every quarter in quick succession, with calms and occasional heavy squalls of wind and rain. In a general way, one side of this triangle is formed by the coast of Central America, the second side by the lower limit of the Northeast Trades and the third side by the upper limit of the Southeast Trades.

To avoid this ocean quagmire should be the endeavor of every seaman; and accordingly Colburn drew his curve to pass through the favorable California coast winds and currents at an average distance of two hundred miles from shore; then, on reaching the latitude of Cape San Lucas, the curve struck across the western corner of the great triangle of calms and variables to cross the line in about longitude one hundred and fifteen degrees west; and thence it swept in a semicircle through the Southeast Trades toward Callao: but in this part of the curve, he would take advantage of every favorable shift of wind to edge in toward his port.

On passing out of the Golden Gate, he shaped a course for his curve: if driven off it, he would follow a parallel one; if baffled by adverse winds, it would only be what sometimes happens to the most prudent man in any walk of life—failure, after taking every means to attain success.

On taking the departure, the patent log was recorded and put over.

The Captain then called the three Mates into his cabin,

William Colburn, Captain of the Wenonah

showed them the route he intended taking, and gave them directions about the navigation of the ship: they were to carry as much sail as the safety of the spars would allow, reducing or setting it at discretion, but promptly reporting all such changes to him; at the end of every watch the patent log was to be read, and the log-chip hove; the average direction and force of the wind for the watch was to be estimated; the barometer and wet and dry bulbs were to be observed; and all these, with the sail carried and course made good, together with remarks on the weather and affairs on board were to be carefully recorded in the log-book.

The Captain himself would take all observations for determining the ship's position; he would also work out the dead reckoning and enter these items in the log. He offered to give the Mates any information he possessed relative to navigation, and in order to keep up their familiarity with it, he recommended that the one who had the six hours' watch day, should periodically take observations of different kinds and work them out. Thus he placed it within their reach to know what they wished about the management of the ship—his aim was to have them exercise their faculties and not merely *carry out* orders.

The ship had now been at sea two weeks, and things were getting shaken down.

Among the crew there were men who had served in the Navy: the sailor is a nomad of the sea in more senses than merely traversing it; he drifts from merchant ship to man-of-war, from one navy to another; and the flag above him often means only so much food, clothing, and money; he changes his name at will, and thus has a chameleon-

like facility of personality and nationality. Those men who had been in the Navy were expert with the needle, and soon put their own uniforms in shape and helped others to do the same. Accordingly, the Captain announced that on the coming Sunday he would inspect the ship and crew, and that the latter should be in uniform.

Sunday came: at nine o'clock the Boatswain piped "All hands to muster"; and they were drawn up on the quarter deck, each watch toeing a seam on its own side, and a Mate in charge at the head of the line.

The morning was beautiful and warm, and the ship was under all sail—gliding smoothly through the water at an eight knot pace. The decks were white, the brass work shining, and every rope neatly coiled down clear for running: cleanliness and order were evident everywhere.

And the crew—what a contrast their stand-up in two blue lines, clean shaven and close cropped, to their slovenly lolling in harlequin garb two weeks previously on the same deck! The men themselves felt the change—it gave them a sense of self-respect, and they were highly pleased. The officers, too, were in uniform and looked exceedingly well. Altogether, it was an organization in which each felt pride.

The Captain invited the passengers to take a look at the ship with him, while the crew remained on the quarter deck: they gladly accepted, and as they saw each new evidence of care and firm control, their admiration found vent in hearty expressions; Brooks in particular was elated —he whispered to the Doctor, "Why this takes me back to a Sunday on the Flagship Minnetonka; all we lack here are numbers, more brilliance of uniform, and the band playing." He had a lingering regret that he did not

remain in the merchant service to have such a command as this.

The various routine exercises had been going on since leaving port, so that the men were now fairly quick at them.

The day following this first inspection being still fine, with a smooth sea, the passengers assembled on the poop to enjoy the beautiful weather. The ship was making seven knots with the wind on the port quarter. The Captain came on the poop, held a few moments' conversation with the passengers, and then going to the taffrail, called a seaman and spoke to him as if pointing out something to be done at the ship's side. The man started to go down on deck, but at the break of the poop, stopped, and shouted in a loud voice,

"Man overboard!"

and a heavy splash was heard at the same time in the water. The Mate on watch instantly ordered,

"Hard down! Man the starboard life-boat!"

The men rushed aft—four with a coxswain jumped into the boat—the ship came quickly to the wind—but before she got aback, the boat was dropped and pulling for the buoy that had been thrown overboard.

The anxious, pale faces of the passengers were still peering for the unfortunate in the water, when the Captain said, "'Tis only an exercise." But the reality could not have been more startling—for a moment it had all the anxiety of an actual case. Little Adeline cried at the commotion, and her mother and Marguerite—both scarcely less excited than the child—could only with difficulty soothe her nervous sobbing. The Captain promised to tell them the next time and spare their feelings.

Brooks told the Doctor that the manœuvre was perfect—

the self-possession of the Mate of the watch and the readiness of the crew could not be surpassed.

The boat returned and was hoisted, and the ship filled away on her course, the yards having been braced hove-to with the main top-sail to the mast while the boat was absent.

Man overboard! It is a cry that awakens terror and sympathy on a ship's deck as the loss of life does in no other community. It impels men to risk their lives as nowhere else. Let it be uttered in the darkness of night, midst a raging storm, with certain death to the rescuer—it matters not; there will be those to hazard an attempt—they think but of the drowning shipmate and every impulse is to save him.

A few days later, in order that they should not be alarmed, the Captain informed the passengers that he was going to have fire drill; but requested them not to let the officers and crew know it.

The ship was close-hauled on the port tack, with a stiff breeze and lumpy sea. Doctor Austin and his family with Brooks were on the poop; the watch on deck were at various kinds of work—it was just after the morning inspection, and the watch below were settling for a sleep, or a game of dominoes or checkers, or some other amusement.

The Captain came up, looked at the compass, then at the sails, and began asking the Mate on watch some questions about the speed and run. The steward came out of the pantry and went toward the galley with some provisions for the cook: suddenly, he stopped, set his load near a hatch, jumped to the ship's bell and rang it violently, shouting at the same time,

"Fire in the forecastle!"

Instantly, all was activity: the Mate ordered the helm up, and the ship paid off before the wind—men reeled off hose and coupled it—others shipped brakes and manned the pumps—still more covered hatches—the carpenter stood by with his axe to cut away obstructions—gangs were hauling up the courses—and in an incredibly short time three streams were playing over the rail forward, the fire being imaginary.

Then, in order to lose no time, the ship was brought to the wind again, and the yards trimmed; but otherwise the sequel of a fire proving too strong for control and destroying the ship, was carried out by a simulated abandonment.

The Boatswain piped, "All hands abandon ship!" Men got the four boats ready for lowering—clearing their falls, and examining sails, masts, and oars; others went for provisions and water for each boat; more provided compasses and nautical instruments; still more, boxes containing hammers, saws, axes, spun yarn, oil, lanterns, candles, rockets, and matches; and finally, the passengers, crew and officers assembled abreast each boat according to an assignment previously made. All was done in an orderly, quick, and thorough manner, which inspired the passengers with a feeling of security against loss of life in case of actual disaster.

Then the Boatswain piped, "Belay!" and everything was returned to its proper place. The watch on deck resumed their work, the watch below sought their games or naps, and the ship sped smoothly on—under good discipline, watched with care, and everybody on board apparently content and happy.

The Trade Winds cover a large expanse of ocean with

steady, uniform breezes; but toward their edges become frayed out into a fringe of variable airs, calms, strong puffs, and heavy squalls. The Wenonah was now in such a region—the equatorial limit of the Southeast Trades; and the Captain decided to profit by the irregularity of weather (which prevented him making much on his course) to have a thorough sail exercise—a last touch to the handiness of the men in working together.

Accordingly, one morning, when conditions specially favored the manœuvre, he told the First Mate to have the Boatswain pipe,

"All hands tack ship!"

The vessel was close-hauled on the port tack, with the breeze fresh from the South. The Captain went on the poop and took the trumpet, the First Mate took charge forward, the Second Mate at the main, and the Third Mate at the mizzen; the crew went to their stations for the evolution.

"Keep her a good full for stays!" and the helmsman gave a few spokes of wheel to fill the sails well. Some moments elapsed and every man, rope in hand, was eager for the word to perform his part.

"Ease down the helm!" and as the wheel was turned over, spoke by spoke, the ship came rapidly to the wind. The head sails began to shake, and the weather leeches of the square sails to lift.

"Helm's a lee!"—the clews of the courses were wrenching for freedom, when the next order,

"Rise tacks and sheets!" released them and the men on the clew garnets ran the clews well up. Meanwhile, the spanker was gradually hauled over to port, to force the bow into the wind.

"Let go and overhaul the weather lifts!" and the windward support of the yards was relieved, preparatory to swinging the main.

The ship had come almost to a standstill—the wind whistled strong and loud through the rigging—the sails flapped violently—ropes and blocks thrashed about—commotion and confusion were rife—and the passengers on the poop seemed apprehensive of some calamity: Brooks looked eagerly on—every fibre tingling—every feeling elated, to see the manœuvre succeed. It seemed about to fail, however—the ship was going in irons, or falling off again—when suddenly the Captain ordered,

"Head down hauls! Cro'jack braces!" and the jibs and staysail were hauled down, and the yards on the mizzen braced around—sharp aback: it was the straw lifted from the camel's load—removing the small obstruction at the bow and giving the necessary impulse at the stern, to her coming fully into the wind; both were done at the critical moment—everything was soon flat aback—the helm was shifted for sternboard—and then came the order, "Mainsail haul!" when the yards swung quickly round, ropes ran wildly through their blocks, and the men jumped with alacrity to trim everything sharp up on the starboard tack. The sails on the main were now full, while those on the fore, still aback, with the head sails (which had been rehoisted) were paying her head rapidly to port.

Excitement ran high both on deck and among the passengers: even to the latter, things seemed to be going well, and their exhilaration found vent in many exclamations of joy.

"Head braces!"—they were quickly manned.

"Let go and haul!" and the head yards swung round and were belayed. The helm had been righted; tacks, sheets, and braces were now bowsed taut, and the bowlines hauled.

The Captain ordered the Boatswain to pipe down; and the ship was now close hauled on the starboard tack: it had not taken twenty minutes to get her there from giving the first order. It was a good breeze and the men worked with a will and skill that drew from Brooks the exclamation, "Excellent! I never saw it better done on the sloop-of-war Minnetonka, and she was a smart ship."

Soon the wind began hauling to the eastward—an indication of the first breath of the steady Trades: the Captain told the Mate to wear ship, and ere long she was again on the port tack, which she held for many a day on her long stretch toward Callao.

Days and days passed now under the soft, velvety touch of the Southeast Trades: the sun shone genial and warm; light, fleecy clouds sometimes flecked the sky; the nights were balmy and fresh; the stars sparkled like brilliants in the humid atmosphere; and the sea had only such moderate motion as befitted the uniformity of the wind. It veered and hauled a few points, and rose and fell—generally increasing from sunrise until afternoon, and then slowly subsiding; during the night it retained only a part of its strength during the day, thus showing its dependence on the sun.

The ship moved dreamily on, merely following the changes of wind without tacking or wearing; only now and then a brace was hauled taut, or a pull got on the gear of sails that remained forever set: all was ease, quiet, and comfort. But such placidity is not good for ship life:

the community is small and shut up within narrow limits; they meet at the same board, their occupations are carried on jointly, and even their amusements are in common; no new faces, no variety, no change—one day follows another, and only the *date* varies.

When the wind raged, and the sea rose, and the sails were reefed, and the ship scudded before the storm, there was something serious to occupy the crew—they had no time for growling: but in the lulling Trade-winds, with Sail Exercise, Fire-quarters, Man-overboard, and other routine drills reduced to almost mechanical precision, there was ample time for tongues to turn upon the man in command and criticize his acts and find a grievance in every move. A sea voyage affords a fine opportunity for the petty fault-finder; and just at this juncture there was a prolific source of discontent on board: the men had to draw white shirts and trousers from the ship's stores and alter them to fit their own figures; and the venomous serpent was at hand to incite them to revolt—Sam Ruggles was there to tell them they were free Americans (albeit some scarcely spoke the English language); that merchant sailors wore no man's livery; that there was nothing in the shipping articles to warrant their toeing a seam every morning to have another man—no better than themselves—see that they washed their faces and combed their hair, like school boys. Hawse came along and remarked to Ruggles in a stage whisper: "I wonder how much commish the old man gets on these white clothes?" and the group working on the garments had another thought—that of being swindled—added to the feeling of imposition already agitating them at having to get the clothes at all.

Up to the time of entering the Trades, and while there

was much to be done by the Captain to impress his methods on the ship's company, he had exercised a close supervision; but always through the First Mate: he himself had held as much aloof from direct intercourse with the men as the autocrat of the quarter deck does on a ship-of-war. But having devised the mechanism, set it running, and oiled the parts, he thought no friction could arise to require such close scrutiny as he had previously given—that, now they were enjoying equability of wind and wave, he could withdraw somewhat from overlooking details: accordingly, he left the management of affairs much to his subordinate.

Hawse thus seeing himself established between the source of power and those subject to it, began fortifying his position, so that he should both seem, and really be, the commanding officer: he was determined to grasp for the independent action he had under Rowley. And the men were in a fit state for this sower of tares; the novelty of the uniform and of the drills had worn off, and the latter were now only tiresome daily grinds: the sailor is a colt that rears at bit and saddle; his roving existence is but the craving for unbridled action; like the Indian that is domesticated, he longs for the vagabond life—the blanket, the buckskin leggins, the gun, and the free tread through the depths of the forest.

Hawse was quick to perceive his opportunity: he would humor the men—make the inspection a farce—allow them to wear what they pleased—and grant on the spot their requests, so as to show them he was master; at the same time he would foster their antagonism to the Captain by many ways in which he was an adept.

And it must be confessed that the advantage of personality for dealing with the men lay with Hawse: he was more

imbued with their spirit, habits, feelings, and sympathies, than Colburn; he had an adaptability of action toward human weakness, customs, and prejudices that Colburn had not. Colburn looked at the absolute right—the legal requirement—the proper course—of any procedure; and endeavored to conform his action to it as circumstances would reasonably allow: Hawse, on the other hand, looked at every matter from the utilitarian stand-point, with, however, a keen eye, primarily, to any advantage he could get out of it for himself. Hawse was practical and politic: Colburn, a little of an idealist—a stickler for the fitness of things, tempered, however, with good, practical qualities. Both knew their profession, but Hawse was by nature the better seaman; he was, however, a moral degenerate—absolutely devoid of principle. Colburn's impulses were toward the right, and though, like everybody, he did wrong at times, still it was never premeditated, as was most likely to be the case with the First Mate. Hawse could be companionable with the men; he spoke oracularly on things of the sea, which pleased them: he was popular. Colburn was taciturn and did not attract.

Soon after the Captain began to absent himself from the morning inspection, Hawse called up the mates and said, "The men keep pretty straight now, do you think they need such close watching?" and the wink that followed, conveyed that the question was less of a query than an order.

Accordingly, the next day, only the front of the line was inspected—the back might be down at heel and out at elbow, but neither was examined. A few days later, the inspection was reduced to a hasty walk along the line, scarcely looking at it—correcting nothing—finding fault

with nothing: finally, it came to omitting even this semblance—the mate simply stood in front of the lounging group that did not even toe a seam—nodded to them, and said, "That will do, boys—go forward."

The natural result soon followed: frowzy heads began to appear, and faces that looked dirty from sprouting stubble. The Captain called Hawse's attention to the neglect, but was met with a ready excuse—the men were thoughtless—he had to nag them constantly to keep them up to the mark: but he found it politic to have them shaved and cropped. A few days passed, and slouchy, dirty clothes were seen; Colburn told the Mate, and again the excuse—those men had been doing dirty work and hadn't time to shift: but they got into clean clothes, nevertheless. Next, a pair of heavy cowhide boots came from their hole and shuffled along the deck, one trouser leg tucked in, the other hanging over the boot. The Captain ordered them off and stowed away, and again the Mate made the plea that the man put them on while washing decks and forgot to take them off. Heavy boots to wash decks in the Tropics! The absurdity of the excuse did not strike him. The real reason—that the man wanted to indulge his wayward spirit—kick over the traces, even to his discomfort—would be incredible anywhere but on board ship.

Days passed, and with them successive lapses in dress and discipline: a battered derby came to light and replaced a uniform cap; a red shirt occasionally flashed forth or a striped one with a bob-tail jacket, which brought to mind the harlequin aspect of the first quarter-deck muster in San Francisco.

At every new symptom of decline, Hawse was ready with an answer for the Captain's fault-finding: the men were

mending their uniform; or, in the Tropics, they couldn't be kept up to the notch they had been in cooler weather; or, the Captain had said they could wear out their old clothes brought from shore; or, or, or, etc., *ad nauseam*—all frivolous and beside the question. Each time, however, there was a sprucing up for a day or two, and then a relapse into greater neglect and disorder than before.

All these trifling infractions exasperated Colburn beyond their intrinsic importance; to him, their persistent recurrence indicated the trend: like the woolen garment that is moth-eaten in every thread and needs only a shake to have it crumble into dust—so the discipline and efficiency were being sapped by this gnawing canker of petty disobedience.

And it was not in dress and personal appearance alone that the Captain saw a change; the men were no longer respectful in demeanor when he passed, neither did they move as quickly at work, and the drills and exercises dragged—evidently the poison was working everywhere.

The Captain was studying the situation. It is not always necessary to be an eye witness of an act, to be satisfied that it occurred: circumstantial evidence is often the most convincing; and so Colburn pondered and made his deductions from passing events, determined to do nothing until sure of the course he should take.

In another direction the Mate ingratiated himself with the men by an occasional gift of a plug of tobacco or a few cans of condensed milk from his grocery store, recouping himself afterward by the next article he sold.

In order to impress the men that *his* was the all-watching eye, he used to say in a very official voice to the Mate that relieved him at the end of the second dog-watch, "Let me know if the ship is headed off much during the night—

enough to need tacking; and call me in case of foul, threatening weather."

These behests were such as only the Captain should make, and being overheard (as was intended) by the man at the wheel, they soon found their way to the forecastle.

Brooks with his early experience of ship life, and the keen scent for man's duplicity and craft (acquired as a newspaper reporter), quickly saw what was going on; moreover, he had, what the Captain did not—ocular evidence of its source.

The passengers roamed at will over the ship and mingled freely with the men forward: the sailors' quaint, direct ways of saying things, their highly colored tales of the sea; their simple games; and (in the main) their guileless actions —all amused and interested Doctor Austin and his family: little Adeline was seldom happier than with them; they loved her and never wearied of devising novel pranks and frolics to astonish her. There were Spaniards, Frenchmen and Italians in the crew, and each took pleasure in teaching her a few words of their own patois, merely to hear the earnest, pretty way she would repeat them:

"Buon giorno, como sta angelita?"

"Que tal, cara mia?"

"Mon enfant, je te salue!" all these greeted her appearance, when she would courtesy, and answer with sprightly mien, "Messieurs, je vous remercie; me alegro mucho de verlos; state tutti bene?" and the ring of laughter that would rise from assembled Jack was a joy to hear.

It was thus, in loitering about the decks, that Brooks and the Doctor, without intending to play the eavesdropper, heard many a word and saw many a move between the men and officers, especially between Hawse and Ruggles,

that indicated some common interest actuating them against the Captain. They could see the pooling of the issues, but not their raison d'être. At first, they thought to apprise Colburn of what they suspected and knew, but on further reflection decided to wait and watch the scheme develop.

That individuality characterizes animated nature is evident to all: each living thing has traits that distinguish it from others of its kind; but that there is also an individuality among *in*animate things is not so apparent; and yet it is true.

The woman who runs a sewing machine finds some small differences between even those from the same maker: she prefers the one she is accustomed to—she knows its antics and can manage them; she would have to learn those of a new one. So, with the man who has a stock of razors from which to choose for his morning's use: through long acquaintance, he knows the keenest and smoothest; the one which retains its edge best; and the one whose edge turns and grits like a fine saw: in a word, he knows the temper and temperament of each.

And so with ships, only in a greater degree because of their complicated structure, which introduces many sources of variability even when built on the same model.

It is well known that every seaman, however capable, has something to learn of the qualities of a ship he goes aboard of for the first time: her best point of sailing; her capacity for beating and for tacking; whether she rolls easily and without danger to her spars, or quickly, and is liable to snap them off in a heavy beam sea; what sail she will best lie-to under—in fact, her faults and caprices of every kind. These he can learn only by working her in varied conditions

of wind and sea. And a man with this experience has a great advantage over him who has it not, when both are officers of the same ship; if the former be the chief officer and the latter her commander, the situation is most unfortunate—and this was the relation Hawse bore to Colburn. Hawse had been on the Wenonah many years—he knew her in every part and in every movement; he knew when *she* would tack and when *he* must wear—indeed what she would do under any given circumstances: thus he had the whip hand and was disposed to use it rather arrogantly. He was constantly magnifying trifles to worry the Captain—raising obstacles to momentous size, only to level them himself, and thus impress others with his skill. If there was one quality predominant in his character, it was simulation—he was a balloon of pretence; and for this there was neither need nor excuse: he was really capable, but his natural abilities were wholly unequal to the personage he wanted to appear—he was an insufferable braggart.

Previously to the present stage of our narrative, Hawse had been in the habit of consulting the Captain about ship matters—things whose importance determined whether they should be done by the Mate at his own discretion, or referred to the Captain for decision.

If the Mate be loyal, zealous, and sensible, the more such things are left to him, the better: it stimulates his interest and care, and relieves the Captain of little annoyances—free to perform broader duties. This was the principle Colburn acted on; but when the irregularities in uniform and personal appearance of the crew came crowding into view, he found also that many things which should have been referred to him in any case, had been

attended to by Hawse without even reporting his action. Thus, one day when they were to have a drill at "Man overboard," he found *all* the boats stripped of every equipment —masts, sails, oars, boat hooks, breakers (all stowed away where they could not be got quickly), and the boats themselves wet with fresh paint. He told Hawse of the imprudence of such action—that an emergency might arise, and that one boat should always be ready for use. The Mate met the rebuff with a contemptuous look, as if to say: "O you are entirely too prudent."

On another occasion the Captain heard much hammering—a carpenter busy at work; and going forward, he found him beginning the construction of a light bridge from the top of the galley (where there was a small chart house) to each side of the ship. He sent for the Mate, and said,

"I don't remember your asking me to do this."

"No, but I thought you would like it; it will be convenient going in and out of port."

"Well, whenever you think of doing any other work of this size, let me know before you begin it—I may not want it done at all."

"Do you want me to ask permission to do everything about the ship?"

"No, not everything; but certainly things of this importance."

"Very well, sir": and the Mate's impatience was evident in his manner.

Still another time, the Captain heard the rat, tat, tat, of short sharp clicks of iron upon iron: he went to ascertain its cause, and found the whole ship's company with belaying pins beating the anchor chains, which had been hauled up on deck for cleaning.

"Mr. Hawse, why have you all hands at this? I told you the watch below was to be called up only in very urgent cases."

"This work belongs to all hands and I want it done quick—one watch would take too long."

"Well, sir, I won't weaken your authority by sending the watch below now; but never repeat this action."

"Very well, sir," replied the Mate with a scowl.

The Captain came on the poop one afternoon when the breeze was fresh, and found the topsail sheets running a fathom slack with every lurch of the ship, the yards in great need of trimming, and the Second Mate (who had the watch) in jolly converse with the man at the wheel: the Captain, in consequence, had to brace the *Mate* up rather sharply for his oft-repeated instance of general laxity; and of course the Mate added a new grievance to his stock against the Captain.

Again, he found the ship headed off so much, by the wind veering, that she would approach the port more by going round on the other tack: the sneaky Snively was on watch, and the Captain asked with much severity,

"How long has she been headed off like this?"

"Two hours, sir."

"Why didn't you report it?"

"I did, sir—to Mr. Hawse; and he told me to keep her so, and he would let me know when to tack."

"*Tack ship immediately;* and understand once for all that I command here—not Mr. Hawse."

"Yes, sir; but he told me always to let him know about changes of wind and sail, and everything else on the ship"; whined the treacherous Snively, anxious to clear himself of blame.

"You heard my order—obey it."

"Yes sir, I will"; said the Snively thoroughly frightened.

And so it was from day to day, one thing after another—always butting against the Captain's well known views. The spirit of insubordination was rife, imperilling the organization and working its downfall—just as the ship worm bores the piles of a wharf through and through, until at last a vessel strikes them and they fall to pieces: and Jacob Hawse was the human teredo that bored into the brain of every member of the ship's company and left his corroding poison there.

The Mate seeing that his scheme was succeeding, grew bolder—ignored the Captain's orders more frequently, and followed his own way oftener: his course was as close to actual disobedience as he could steer without committing the overt act; he was far too crafty, however, to stumble into that pitfall. Even more, there was often a thin veneer of deference in his manner toward the Captain, but always streaked with impatience and self-will.

Colburn fully realized the seriousness of an open break with Hawse: the Mate was vicious and determined, and in a position to make the ship a cauldron of discontent; Colburn therefore used every means consistent with self respect and his own authority to mollify him; but

"Thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which" on revenge is bent.

During the early days of the passage (ere he had come to know Hawse well) the Captain was in the habit of asking his opinion about many things on the ship, as he

considered him a sensible man; but gradually he gave this up, as he judged that Hawse attributed such action to a motive other than the real one—the desire in every human breast to know another's point of view regarding a new situation, especially when that other is familiar with its conditions.

In *every* human breast? Not quite. There is your self-sufficient, arrogant man—almost devoid of sympathy with his kind—whose vanity is so great that it would conceal any mass of ignorance rather than ask another's opinion or advice. To do so, would be weak in his eyes: but, if weak at all, his own motive is far weaker—it is insufferable vanity, and not in any degree the noble quality of self-reliant Pride.

And so it came about that Colburn thought over the conditions of every situation himself—came to a decision—and then announced this in few words and clear; he kept his own counsel, never talked of a contemplated act, but waited until the time was fit, and then did it: it weakens an *order* to issue in drops—it should come en bloc, with the force of a cascade.

This ignoring of Hawse stung him—he snarled like a dog when an attempt is made to snatch away his bone; and every new order that came without preamble was but the occasion for greater show of teeth. The scowling spread—the other Mates, the Engineer, even some of the men, became affected; so that the Captain scarcely met a cheerful look when he went about the ship; and yet there was sunshine in their life—the fictitious gloom was solely for him. The twang of the Spaniard's guitar was often heard in accompaniment to Adeline's sweet voice in a stanza of the *Paloma* which he had taught her; a fiddle

supplied a lively tune every evening; and there was a group to join in the song and dance: all this merriment was an indication of the contentment that really existed—and why should it be otherwise? Their food was good, their work equitably apportioned, their proper rest ensured; they were justly and considerately dealt with; and the substance of everything conducive to their well-being was provided: it was only the *mask* of discontent that was put on.

Sea life, whether in the merchant marine or in the naval service, is no more exempt from craft than life elsewhere—it only manifests itself differently; and on the Wenonah this craft took the form of thwarting the Captain by a multiplicity of petty devices.

Hawse planned with the utmost cunning the situation he would create for Colburn—he would deprive him of the good will of officers and men alike, who should watch him with the eye single to seeing only harm to themselves in his every move; this would prey upon Colburn and bring about physical and mental nervousness, if not collapse: then *he* would step in and seize the control he exercised under old Rowley.

But he had now another than Rowley to deal with.

Notwithstanding the emotion that was raging within him, and his mobility of feature that was prone to show its fire, still Colburn kept his actions well in check: he was thinking hard—aware that some commotion was surging beneath him; but how much he knew of its nature and extent, his serious look gave no sign. They were now nearing Callao—within a week they would be at anchor—and he must have some little time to see the effect of the course he should adopt, before entering port.

Accordingly, one morning, after breakfast, he sent the steward to tell the three Mates that he wished to see them in his cabin, the one on watch to be relieved by the Boatswain. When they came in, he said:

"I need not tell you of the state of affairs that exists on this ship—you know it well, and also its cause, no doubt, better than I do. I have called you in to let you know what I have decided to do toward remedying it. You will, hereafter, be in three watches, Mr. Hawse taking his regular turn, instead of the morning and dog watches as now. The morning inspection will be at nine thirty and I shall be present at it. The Second Mate alone will have charge of the cleanliness of the men, and he will inspect both the watches and report their condition directly to me, instead of to the First Mate as now. The Third Mate will have charge of all the boats; he will inspect them every day and see that they are always serviceable, and report directly to me at inspection. The First Mate will have charge of the sails, spars, rigging and all other parts of the ship; he will inspect them periodically and report their condition to me. I don't want it understood as a threat, still I think it due as a warning, that unless matters mend—unless there is a cheerful and ready compliance with my orders, I shall set the person ashore that I consider responsible for the insubordination: he will be paid off at the next port we reach after I am convinced of his offence. I have no intention of allowing the present surly condition to continue to New York. This is all I have to say, except to Mr. Hawse, who will remain."

When the others left the cabin, the Captain turned to him and continued: "When I came on board this ship I asked you to give me a list of the articles in your store-

room with the cost and selling price of each: several weeks have passed, and you have not yet done it; now I want it by to-morrow night, and also that you post a list of the articles with their selling price only, on the door of the storeroom and in the crew's quarters. I have only one thing more to say, and that is, that I shall hereafter take a more direct part in the management of affairs; but this is not to be a reason for you to relax in any way."

The Mate had come in with a defiant spirit—ready to deny any accusation the Captain might make, for he had expected only such: when, however, this was made only by insinuation, and that what *was* said, and with all the directness possible, was merely an order to be obeyed—with the alternative of open revolt and be set ashore—it took all the fight out of him.

He had been found out: he had been humiliated in the presence of the other Mates: he no longer occupied a coigne of vantage, but was on the common level—shorn of the independent action which he might have exercised, had he not over-reached himself: he was discredited with the Captain, and was merely another cipher added to those he himself had reduced to naught—not the significant figure that gave them value.

He recovered himself enough to say with some submissiveness, "Captain, this is a hard thing you've done to me: I don't deserve it; I have always done my duty."

"It is nothing to what you have tried to do to me: do you know what your offence is? I call it inciting to mutiny, and if I could get witnesses to the fact, I would not stop at the only means within my power, but have you before the first court that could try you: your grasping for power has impelled you to this outrageous act: you are old

enough in years and in the usages of the sea, to know that it is the greatest crime that can be attempted on board ship: you deserve the severest punishment, without consideration. I will speak no more on the subject, but hope this mild lesson will be of use to you."

During the following few days, the behavior of the First Mate was all the Captain could desire—he was respectful and eager to do his bidding; and as a consequence, the others did likewise. Colburn had judged them aright—weather vanes that would be quick to turn with any new shift of wind.

The change was so noticeable that the Doctor remarked to Brooks, "Do you see how smoothly everything is going on now—'tis wonderful: the Captain must have given heroic treatment for the malady."

"That's true," said Brooks: "Colburn's thoughtful look for the past two weeks showed he had a serious case on hand: the diagnosis must have been correct and the remedy effective—it certainly was not homeopathic. I am very glad now that we gave him no hint of what was going on."

"O yes," replied the Doctor: "'tis generally best to keep out of family feuds."

The weather was now decidedly changing: the customary sunshine was gone, and banks of vapor filled the sky, sometimes in dense masses shutting out the horizon, and again in long filmy streamers torn by the wind: the air was very damp—they were nearing Callao, the place where it never rains, but where the fog closes in with such penetrating wetness as to rival the downpour of other places.

One day more, and they would be at anchor. Colburn had never been in this port, but he had made himself familiar with it by study of the charts and sailing directions.

Notwithstanding the frequent obscuring of the sun, he got good observations for latitude and longitude, and also (what was no less valuable) a series of time-azimuths by which he determined compass errors on the courses he should use running in. Working out these and having an eye on the preparations for port, kept him very busy during the day. He hoped that night-fall would sweep away the mist so that he could see the high land of San Lorenzo well out to sea; but in vain: the fog settled down denser and wetter than ever, and the breeze began to fail. Toward midnight it was almost calm, with everything dripping with the heavy, wet fog. He gave orders to get up steam and couple the propeller, and when these were ready, he had the sails furled, and proceeded cautiously under steam—blowing the whistle continually. His observations now stood him in good stead, for he could shape his course with safety through the fog and darkness, and avoid the outlying islets that are so dangerous and worrying to one not sure of his position and compass deviations.

Daylight came, and with it the fog began to drift away. The sun shone forth—the mist grew thinner—it faded to a gauzy veil, and through its folds Colburn was delighted to see the prominences of San Lorenzo coming out directly ahead. He had been up all night and was worn out, but this his first successful landfall in command was a spur to his spirits and a source of much satisfaction.

The First Mate had the morning watch and made everything ship-shape, as he well could do: the anchors were got ready for letting go; decks washed; bright-work cleaned; sails neatly furled; yards squared; rigging hauled taut and snugly coiled on the pins.

At eight o'clock a large new ensign was hoisted at

the peak, and both watches went to breakfast.

The ship steamed rapidly on—a beautiful specimen of American marine architecture. The Captain piloted her in.

When close to the shipping, he descried an American flag on a vessel at anchor, so he steered to take up a berth astern of her.

The Boatswain piped: "All hands bring ship to anchor!" and men and officers went to their stations: the former were in mustering clothes, and the latter in uniform.

The Wenonah slowed down, made a graceful sweep around the stern of the United States Flagship Adirondack, which was the vessel that bore the American flag he had seen, and when off her port quarter, let go the anchor and swung to the Trade Wind.

The crew of the Adirondack swarmed at the rail, waving their caps, while her band played the Star Spangled Banner.

It was an inspiriting sight—this fine ship and her majestic entrance among the vessels that thronged the harbor.

CHAPTER V

Callao

Callao, the chief port of Peru, is built on an expanse of flat ground that is but a few feet above the level of the sea; and the rise of this plain toward Lima (eight miles distant) is very gradual. Further on, however, the ascent is rapid, and soon the steep slopes of the Andean Cordillera are reached, towering more than seventeen thousand feet into the region of perpetual snow.

The port has an inner harbor made by artificial constructions, and an outer one naturally formed by a projection or spit of the mainland south of the city and an island (San Lorenzo) lying a short distance to the westward. In this outer harbor the great bulk of the shipping lies at anchor—riding to the winds that blow through the Bocaron, the passage between San Lorenzo and the spit.

The city is the headquarters of English, French, and German lines of steamers that maintain regular communication with Europe by way of the Straits of Magellan: more steamers go to Panama, Valparaiso, and other ports north and south: numerous sailing vessels and several ships-of-war of different nationalities are always in harbor; and indeed so much is it the entrepot for merchandise, that more than two thousand craft of all kinds enter it annually. This means that sailors abound at all times—sailors of every race and of every grade; and likewise, that allurements to attract them also abound and flourish—the

gambling den, the house of ill repute, and the groggery.

The population numbers more than forty thousand—some of pure Spanish blood, a sprinkling of Americans, English, French, Germans, and Chinese; but the great majority is native, either Mestizos—a mixture of Indian and Spaniard—or pure Indian.

A railway and a carriage road connect the port with Lima, the capital—a fine city of over two hundred thousand inhabitants.

Both Callao and Lima have many of the modern improvements and comforts that cities of similar size in any other country possess: the houses are generally only two stories, however, on account of the danger from earthquakes. The original settlement of Callao, which was a little south of the present city, was destroyed in 1746 by an earthquake and tidal wave. Pizarro founded Lima in 1535, during his conquest of Peru; and in that city he was assassinated.

Callao being in the midst of the Southeast Trades, enjoys the mild, equable climate of the zone swept by those winds: they come from the Atlantic heavily laden with vapor which they gradually discharge as rain while blowing over Brazil, giving growth to the luxuriant vegetation of that land; they deposit more on the eastern slopes of the Andes; and finally as they rise to the summit of the Cordilleras, the last vestige of moisture is wrung from them by the frigid peaks, in the form of snow. Thus, the Trades pass as dry winds over the narrow strip of plain west of the Andes in which Callao and Lima are situated, making of this region one of the rainless areas of the globe. It never rains at Callao—but FOG! dense, wet, and dripping, is frequent.

As the ocean that washes the coast is within the Tropics, there is necessarily abundant evaporation from its surface: this vapor fills the air, and would generally be invisible, or at most fleck the sky with light feathery clouds (by reason of the natural warmth of the locality) but for a cold ocean current that skirts the coast on its way toward the equator from the Antarctic. The inroad of cold air from this current condenses the vapor, and this saturates everything—drops from everything—obscures everything, and makes the run into port a worrying procedure for ships.

Nothing burns the skin so much as fog—a sunny fog, if one may so call that which often settles upon Callao; where the misty vapor is impenetrable all round, and yet the sun shines down from a small blue dome. But it is not always foggy at Callao: many—very many, genial, sunny days occur; and then the soft, balmy feeling of the Trade-wind climate is experienced.

Among seamen, Callao is noted for its "Painter"—an atmospheric condition that arises suddenly, and in a night turns the white paint of ships a dirty, streaked, blackish hue: it is supposed to be due to sulphuretted hydrogen and other gases that strongly impregnate subterranean springs which periodically force their way through an overlying stratum of mud and clay in the harbor.

Of late years, food of all kinds is abundant and reasonable in price in both Lima and Callao; and the fertile spots along the valley of the Rimac yield a plentiful supply of fruit: the alligator pears are especially fine.

The most delicious cup of coffee in the world can be obtained from the bean grown in Peru: Cuzco coffee, as it is called, is unexcelled for its smooth taste, aromatic perfume, and rich pleasing savor: freshly made, with its own

excellence brought out and enhanced by pure cream—giving it a fine golden color—no beverage can surpass it: it is well worth the high price it commands even on its native heath.

The general features and aspect of Callao and Lima are Spanish: the language is Spanish: the habits, customs, and practices bear a strong Spanish impress; and the intercourse of the people is characterized by Spanish courtesy and deliberateness that makes one feel he is living in a reposeful community. The hustling American, impatient of their easy way of conducting affairs, calls them mañana people—which, being freely translated, means that they seldom do to-day what they can put off till to-morrow.

There are many beautiful women in both cities, and they constitute a distinctive type—having small, regular, delicate features; clear, pale complexion; black hair; and very black eyes—full of sparkle, directness, and candor. Their organization seems to be of the nervous, decided kind, rather than (as one would expect in a tropical clime) a languid and pliant one.

With entire modesty and propriety, they call a spade a spade: one day a party came on board the Wenonah to see the ship; they were from Lima and consisted of several young girls and some married women—all far above the middle class. Brooks, who spoke Spanish, acted as host to entertain them, and found their language cultivated and refined. He said to a young señora who gave her age as eighteen:

"Do you marry young in this country?"

"O yes, sometimes at fifteen: my sister there (pointing to her) is only twenty-eight, and she has seven children."

"And you," said Brooks, "are you married?"

"Yes."

"Have you children?"

"No."

"But," continued Brooks, thinking she was only recently married, "you will have some in time?" "No lo se: he sido casada dos años"—with a shrug as if to say, the case is hopeless.

Brooks thinking it was an instance of marido viejo y mujer joven, asked—"How old is your husband?"

"Twenty-two!"

There is neither prude nor brazen in their manner, actions, or speech; but honest, frank, innocent nature.

The first steamer sailing for Panama after the arrival of the Wenonah, carried in her mail the following letter from Jacob Hawse to his friend Angus Bain, a clerk in the shipping house of Alec Campbell & Co. of New York, owners of the Wenonah:

American Ship Wenonah, Callao.

Friend Bain: Before you get this, you'll hear Colburn got the ship. He's that fellow that done wharf duty so long in Frisco that he forgot sailorizing. What do you suppose he's done here? Put us all in uniform! He sprung it on the men after we left port. He had a supply of clothing hidden on board, and they had to draw suits when we were two weeks out and couldn't help themselves. He won't let them wear the clothes they came aboard in. They think he's making money out of it, and are wild about that and other things.

We have inspection every day. The men would keep clean of their own will, if let alone; but it is having the Captain look at them to see that they are, that angers them.

We have exercises, too, of all kinds. That's all right, to look out for a man if he falls overboard, or if the ship takes fire; but to be tacking ship and reefing sail so as to have it done ship-shape—I never saw that before. I can tack ship with a dozen men any time, and I can reef in any storm with all hands, and I don't want any drill beforehand to do it well. It is a waste of time, and we wasted many hours in it. We ought to have reached Callao long ago. Colburn was in the Navy during the war, so we have all the slow, costly ways of running a ship that he learnt there. He takes in the light sails whenever the wind is strong, when they would give the ship another knot. That's Navy style, but not the way we do in the merchant service. Then he don't know how to take advantage of the wind. Instead of keeping close-hauled and heading right up for the port whenever the wind let him, he followed some kind of a race course he laid down on the chart which he showed us.

All rot! In this way we idled away out almost to Easter Island before heading up for Callao. At the rate we're now jogging along, it will take two weeks more than it should to reach New York. O he will cost the owners a nice penny before he gets the ship there! But he won't run her into any danger while I'm aboard. I've told the mates to call me at night in case of bad weather and to keep me posted on everything going on. When the Captain is not about, I mean to have the ship steer a course that will bring her quickest into port, and carry all the sail she'll stand. But I can't prevent some delay, as he is on deck sometimes.

He don't know how to handle men. They won't work for him. And unless you know the sailor and humor him,

he's like a mule, and you can't get over his stubborn spirit. Who suffers for this? Why, the owners, of course. How would it be in your office, for example? If the clerks had ill will for Alec Campbell & Co., do you think things would get on as well as with their good will? 'Tis the same on board ship. Things don't go well when the skipper don't understand the men, and if damage don't come to the ship, delay will: they won't be in a hurry to brace yards, or shake out reefs, or bend new sails when others carry away. Their ill will takes a hundred forms of butting against the Captain, who, they know, wants to stand well with the owners.

You can put it down as fixed that Jake Hawse don't make any more passages with that man Colburn. I wouldn't have my reputation spoiled by having it said that I was Mate of that tub Wenonah. But the ship's all right. 'Tis the way she's run is all wrong. You ought to see that the owners look out for their interest in this matter.

Yours truly,

JACOB HAWSE, *First Mate.*

CHAPTER VI

John Northrup

"For see your vocation, brethren, that there are not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble: but the foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the wise; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the strong; and the base things of the world and the things that are contemptible, hath God chosen, and things that are not, that He might bring to nought things that are—that no flesh should glory in His sight."—*New Testament.*

John Northrup was not a great man in the sense that men were, whose names appear in this chapter; but he wrought out his own career with courage and honesty, and contributed in no slight degree to the success and happiness of others: he made the most of his talents and opportunities, and therefore deserves to have his life told in brief, as typical of multitudes who, by judicious, persevering effort, become the support and mainstay of society. The meteor blazes forth and astonishes, but it is the steady genial sunlight that gives us the fruits of the earth and the buoyancy of spirit.

John Northrup became a passenger on the Wenonah at Callao, and in the closing scenes of this most veracious tale he plays an important part.

Man (using the term in its generic sense) comes into the world marked as distinctively with certain characteristics as

articles of commerce that bear the stamp of the manufacturer. As he grows, and the features acquire a cast and expression that distinguish him from other men, these features will, in different degrees, bear a resemblance to those of his parents: his organs, also, will partake more or less of the condition of his progenitors, and be correspondingly sound or defective: likewise, a vigorous or weak brain may safely be taken as an index of the source from which it sprung.

This transmission of the material impress is easily conceded to be in the natural order; but there are other attributes—the will, temper, passions, emotions, and conscience—which are no less the outgrowth of the stem than those that are obviously so: and even qualities that may be chiefly of cultivation in the parent—affability, grace of movement, elegance of speech—all that constitutes refinement of person—are not wholly lost by the death of the perishable matter upon which they were grafted and nurtured, but become part of the new life that succeeds to it.

The first generation toils with its hands and has the plainness and brusqueness that such a condition engenders: savings accumulate, and in the second generation the amenities of life creep in: while with the third generation we have wealth and the refinements of culture and taste. It is the same stock, but bred under steadily improving conditions.

During the lapse of years, certain traits, like distinctive threads woven into cloth, permeate the organism of a whole people, and hence we have the characteristics that distinguish one race or nation from another: man is born not only the inheritor of his parents' acquisitions, but also

the heir of his race or nation—streaked with those peculiarities that single him out as American, French, or German; Caucasian or Mongolian.

It is not, however, that this seed of family or of race will produce an offshoot exactly like its progenitor—the resemblance will be only in general characteristics, more or less marked in the individual: nor yet can the inherent traits of the child be so cultivated that improvement may be insured in each succeeding generation until eventually perfection is attained—that would place man in the category of growing plants, beyond the pale of emotions, passions, reason, and judgment; but the inevitable frost comes and blights the most carefully nurtured shrub, and so the Might of God often strikes man in his arrogant self-reliance. Moreover, as if to impress him with the reality of this Higher Power, how often do we see the most striking examples of human greatness rise direct from the soil—from the most humble conditions of life—devoid of previous cultivation—without a trace in their antecedents of those qualities that make the world resound with their fame!

If we ask who has described with greatest accuracy the varied emotions of the human heart—placed before us its workings with such strength and aptness of expression that they have passed into daily speech as the very embodiment of what we wish to say—does not the name of Shakespeare rise to every lip? Shakespeare, the son of a glove-maker!

Seek for an example of courage, tact, judgment, and prudence—for intrepidity to go where man never ventured—to penetrate the unknown, strewn with shoals and reefs, without chart or guide, or aught to inform him of wind or

current, even while dependent on mutinous sailors; and we find Columbus—the son of a woolcomber!

If we pursue our quest into the Fine Arts, for men born of parents without distinction, but who themselves became famous, there is Raphael, whose pictures are almost animate with the purity, nobility, and charming traits of womankind—whose Sistine Madonna alone should entitle him to a place in her heavenly court; and Canova, whose beautiful marble figures lack only the vital spark to give them speech—his very name signifies how humble was his origin; for he had been a waiter in a canova di vino.

In wisdom and philosophy, Benjamin Franklin stands preëminent—the fifteenth child of a family of seventeen; which indicates how little training each could receive from a father whose trade was soap-making.

John Bright, the eloquent reformer and just man, was the son of a cotton-spinner; and Daniel Webster, the eminent statesman, jurist, and orator, whose very name typifies strength of intellect, was a farmer's boy.

Joseph Fourier, the celebrated French mathematician, whose analytical process is universally employed in physical investigations, was the son of a tailor: he became an orphan at the age of eight and was brought up by a friend.

If we look for linguistic versatility, there is no name that will stand beside that of Cardinal Mezzofanti, the son of a poor Bolognese carpenter, and who himself was destined for the same trade. Mezzofanti, who conversed with almost every celebrated person of every country who visited either Rome or Bologna, and with each in his own language so fluently, so correctly, so idiomatically—yea, even to provincialisms of the several nations, as to astonish the listener; who preached to the Chinese students of the

Propaganda in their own tongue; who was Professor of Sanscrit and Arabic at the age of twenty-two; who, in the course of his life, learned Greek, Latin, English, French, Spanish, German, Portuguese, Russian, Polish, Turkish, Welsh, Irish, and other tongues and dialects, until at death he was the possessor of seventy-eight different ways of making himself understood; and who could pass from one to another with the utmost facility! Truly, such marvel of tongue and memory could never be *evolved* or cultivated.

Another prodigy that baffles speculation and reason alike to account for her achievements on the basis of mere human effort, is Joan of Arc: the peasant girl, who, at eighteen, without military knowledge, led the armies of France to victories that ultimately freed her country from English domination; who foretold events that occurred exactly as she predicted; who by simple honesty turned to confusion the craft and astuteness of her judges; who bore martyrdom at the stake with Christian fortitude—the victim of foreign hate and native treachery; who in camp and in court as well as in the humble home of her childhood, was noted for generosity, religious fervor, trust in Heaven, uprightness, modesty, *and purity*—Shakespeare to the contrary, notwithstanding. His vilification of the Maid of Orleans is one of the most striking instances of national prejudice leading even a great mind astray.

If we push our enquiry into the walks of literature, we find the dramatist Molière—born of a dealer in tapestry—endowed with a sarcastic wit and laughable humor that have no superior for ridiculing shams, hypocrisy, and silly pretensions. Or, to turn for opposite qualities: the noble, elevated, thought running through the Essay on Man

and the Universal Prayer—both expressed in the most pleasing rhythm of the English language—are due to the offspring of a linen draper—Alexander Pope, small, sickly, and ill-favored of person. Or again, in a still different vein, the most vivid poetical description of disaster at sea—the Shipwreck—is the production of William Falconer, who served before the mast.

If we turn to music, how many millions have been delighted and thrilled, whether in the rich boxes of the opera house, or among the squalid streets of a city where only the hand organ is heard, by the soul stirring melodies of Verdi, the son of an humble innkeeper!

As this is a narrative of the sea, it is highly appropriate that one of the most renowned of naval heroes—John Paul Jones, should receive some mention; a word upon his humble origin and the hard conditions through which he worked his way to distinction. He had a positive nature, and made friends and foes; there was not a neutral tint in his character to leave any one indifferent. The Scotch extol him—he was of their race, the son of a poor gardener. The English decry him—he inflicted great injury on their shipping both naval and mercantile; but always legitimately, in fair war, in the service of his adopted country—the United States. In early years he spent much time boating in the waters near his lowly home, and at twelve was apprenticed on board a merchant vessel. Eventually, he emigrated and settled in Virginia, and subsequently entered the Navy—or rather, helped to found one, in 1775. He had no early education, no friends to promote his aspirations, no family to point to with genealogical pride—in a word, no *influence*, no backing to further his aims: he had to fight his way singly, and he won at every step,

through force of character and ability. Even at the age of twenty-eight, his views (as expressed in letters to the Marine Committee then considering the formation of our Navy) could hardly be surpassed at the present time for enlightenment of thought and soundness of judgment. When but thirty-three, he had won victories on the sea that made him famous the world over: not only that, but he had shown unusual skill in an entirely different arena—diplomacy: such was his suavity, courtesy, and acuteness of mind. He was the favorite of the polite and refined French Court, as well as the friend of the rugged, straightforward founders of this republic. He possessed two very dissimilar traits—prudence to do the proper thing, and quick decision to act at the right moment: he was a determined fighter on the quarter-deck, and an affable gentleman in the parlor. He made up by diligent study the defects of early education. Fame was his even during his lifetime, as is shown by the number and variety of publications about him: and he was also long made infamous by the British; they tried, and to some extent succeeded, in branding him as a ruthless pirate; the punishment he inflicted on them in open war goaded them to blacken his name, but one has only to read Buell's biography to see how malicious was the act of his vanquished foe. No: Paul Jones was no pirate; but a man full of honor and the finer feelings—a regular officer of the Navy, commissioned to fight and destroy the enemies of his country. which he did most effectively. He died in Paris, and there his body remained for more than a hundred years, but now at last it has been brought to rest in the soil he helped to free—to be forever an inspiration to the youths of his profession (the midshipmen at the Naval Academy)

to cultivate the commendable qualities he possessed—courage, pertinacity, and penetration, combined with generosity and kindliness.

For centuries men groped and pondered upon the system of the universe, and acute minds of every race devised their own order: the earth was flat and rested on a turtle; it was girded by Ocean from which Phœbus rose every morn—soared through the ambient air and made the day—sank again at eve into Ocean, to float round by way of the north during the night—and once more and forever begin its bright career of day as before; the earth was fixed in space—a sphere—and the sun circled round it. Finally the truth was allowed to dawn upon the human mind: Copernicus—a monk, the son of a merchant—saw the first glimmer, and to this day we know the results of his insight as the Copernican system. Another ray was shed upon the offspring of a musician, and Galileo proclaimed of the earth, e pur si muove. Next came Keppler, who collated the heterogeneous mass of astronomical observations that had been made by his predecessors, and out of their entanglement evoked the beautiful and simple laws of planetary motion: now what parental inheritance had Keppler for this task of marvelous patience and deep penetration? His father was a reckless soldier of fortune and his mother a woman of violent temper, unmitigated by the rudiments of culture—an ill-assorted union: he himself, through premature birth, had a sickly, undeveloped physique, racked by ailments, with crippled hands and permanently impaired eyes. Truly, the ways of Providence are inscrutable! But the laws of Keppler needed a binding force, and Newton—whose father was a farmer—appeared and announced the coherency as gravity, and

proved its applicability in diverse ways. At last, to establish all the preceding on a firm basis—to treat the system of the universe on principles that neither change nor deceive—to account for its phenomena and whirling motions, as well as to supply the methods of calculating its future movements, came the renowned mathematician—Laplace, the son of a poor French peasant, who has left in the *Mecanique Celeste* one of the greatest monuments to the human intellect. And the celebrated translator of this work into English, who elucidated it by copious notes and developed formulas—the American mathematician, Nathaniel Bowditch, was the son of a cooper; and he himself had been apprenticed to a ship chandler in early life. Thus, the most intricate of problems—the system of the universe—did not find its solution in the brains of those who could trace their lineage in the peerage of intellect through ages of culture; nor was the solution to confer fame on any one man: but, as if to proclaim that the Almighty favored neither race nor condition of men—that if upon particular families or nations He allowed wealth and distinctions to accumulate and be transmitted from parent to child until they deemed such their birthright, still He could at will check this assumption, and raise from deepest obscurity and on any soil those who should shine with immortal brilliancy.

And so, during a period of three hundred years—from Copernicus to Bowditch—and in Germany, Italy, England France, and America, we find names that will be famous in every land when those noted for mere wealth and what it will buy, shall be effaced from the world's memory.

Again: in the realm of a force that charms, astonishes, and dazzles by its diversity of power and use—electricity,

we find the prominent names those of men who achieved distinction by their own efforts, and not through ancestry of unusual talents: Ampère—the son of a merchant—stands first among those who treated the subject mathematically and built on its isolated facts a beautiful structure of principles; Faraday—the son of a blacksmith—made the exhaustive experiments and researches which exposed to view something of the nature of the phenomena, and made possible the telephone and dynamo by his discovery of the induced current; and Edison, the newsboy, whose intelligence and ingenuity put this force to so many uses both practical and pleasing, that, had he lived in an age less enlightened, he would be considered a necromancer.

Lastly: when men's passions rose and they heeded neither concession nor compromise, but sprang at each other's throats with the ferocity of tigers—bent upon disrupting the government that did most for the freedom and self-respect of man, it was not one full of the wiles of politics or skilled in the functions of government that guided the ship of state; but a plain man, born in the backwoods of the West—Abraham Lincoln, who with tact, patience, good sense, and straightforwardness, conducted to a successful issue, a war that meant more than a struggle for supremacy—rather, a struggle by a nation for the survival of its self governing principle. And his ablest lieutenants in the field and on the sea—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Farragut—were all men of the same stamp: honest, frank, and true; men of strong mind, strong will, decided convictions and sound judgment; but who were little known before the occasion arose for calling their qualities into action.

On the other hand, Lee had been the fondled favorite of the South previously to the war: and greater than Lee, a

military star of not only the first magnitude, but of unequalled grandeur—Napoleon—was not allowed to set in splendor amidst the brilliance of kingdoms he raised and sought to set crouching at his feet; but, shorn of pomp, on a barren islet in mid Atlantic, he dragged out a weary captivity. Who will say that it was merely a Wellington that thwarted his ambitious dreams?

Notwithstanding all this, there *is* a heredity in man himself as well as in the conditions into which he is born; and the use to which this inheritance will be put—the trend of his endeavor, will depend largely upon the training of the child during the years when character is malleable, as well as upon the surroundings and circumstances in which the adult grows to manhood: even after, for the mature person never loses all susceptibility to the molding processes of environment.

But let any one rise above the conditions in which he was born and bred, and he will find few among the mediocrity he has distanced to acknowledge his worth: rather, they will have that other feeling indicated by the question—"Is not this the son of Joseph?" Jealousy and proneness to depreciate, will actuate them; and a generation or more must pass ere time—acting as upon wine—will mellow the asperities of early life.

"Family" is worshipped and commands the respectful consideration of the world, and rightly so—in the main; for what does blood—lineage—ancestry—mean, if not accomplishments, abilities, virtues, refinement of manners; qualities of mind and heart that have distinguished many individuals of a long line?

But on the other hand, there must have been a beginning to that line.

Who, to-day, would not be proud to claim descent from Columbus, Franklin or Laplace? And who of the "Families" of *their* day that heard of their approaching fame, but probably spoke of them with some sneering allusion to their humble origin!

The monarchs of Europe could speak of Napoleon only as an upstart, or the Corsican ogre! What had *they* done to look down from such a height of superiority? Nothing, of themselves: they simply formed part of the downward slope—perhaps even the low level of some towering peak, which, like Napoleon, had brain and energy to rise from the common plane to an eminence from which the descendants become visible by the reflected light.

Due respect should be had for the qualities represented by the term *Family;* for they reduce the friction of life and tame the harsh traits of man: but, equally, should full appreciation be accorded him who by ability and strength of character rises from the slough in which nature placed him, and attains honorable prominence.

The giants of fame have risen from obscurity; and by these is not meant the captains of industry—far from it. Not that commercial ability is to be treated lightly beside the ability that shines in science, or law, or literature, or statesmanship, or medicine, or military prowess; for in the complicated machinery to supply the material needs of the world, there is opportunity for the exercise of high intelligence; but with mere money getting and its methods—especially in immense amounts—there is often coupled the taint of dishonesty; and it is this taint that detracts from the distinction that wealth alone confers.

John Northrup was the founder of his own fortune. He was one in the family serial whose numbers appeared

almost with the recurring harvests. They did not exactly grow to seed, but as the crop was large, each tender plant received rather its quota of parental affection than any special cultivation to improve its faculties or supply it with correct principles.

The stock was good, however; and what culture failed to provide, was made up in young Northrup by traits of inheritance—honesty of intent and act, earnestness of endeavor, and an equable temper.

The family lived on a large farm in the rich valley of the Mohawk, not far from a thriving town: the land had been theirs through many years and yielded a comfortable support.

John went to the district school in early youth, and later to an academy in the town. He was studious, and besides being thorough in his lessons, had read almost every book in the small but select family library.

The itinerant book agent is not wholly bad: as an offset to his tantalizing persistency and wiles, must be placed the incidental good of distributing wholesome reading among the families of scattered farm-houses—works which, on account of their small number, and the inaccessibility of the trashy fiction of circulating libraries, are often carefully read.

And chiefly to the book agent was due the Northrup collection of standard works on history, literature, poetry, fiction, and biography.

The boy had a healthy constitution and a companionable nature. At sixteen his father died, and to John fell the task of taking up the family burden. A few years passed, during which their means steadily grew less; for John was not an adept in the ways of selling farm produce, although

under his management the yield of the land was the same. Then the mother died—the only one of mature experience in the household.

It will not avail for the purpose of this story to recount the incidents following the bereavement of the growing brood. For years the elders cared for the fledglings—clothed and fed and educated them until they grew to full feather, got strong of wing, and (ambitious for adventure) took flight, each in his own direction: the nest of their childhood became a memory—the farm was sold, and the money equitably divided among all.

But those years of union were marked by the faithful performance of the obligations that had fallen upon the elders toward the youngsters—years of simple family affection and numerous happy episodes to brighten their plain home; and years, too, of anxiety and hard toil: but thrift and uprightness characterized their conduct, and the family grew in the love of God and esteem of man.

This breaking up of a family means much more than the mere separation of its members—it oft times means a severance of affectionate ties, of sympathies, of joint pleasures and interests: true, intercourse is maintained by letter or periodic visit; but each member becomes more and more imbued with the associations into which his new road leads, until eventually the old bonds, for want of frequent renewal, become less strong and at last end in practical disruption. And thus it must be recorded of John's brothers and sisters that while in the long years after they had grown to maturity, they retained in the inmost recesses of their hearts a sincere fondness for each other, still it was so much in abeyance that, like the phosphorescent glow from wood long dead, it indicated rather a

decadent than a healthy life: in the lapse of years they really knew less of each other's true character than of the friends they casually made.

The breaking up of an old homestead is a misfortune not only for the individual, but also for the public weal: the family continuity being broken, go with it all those ties—social, religious, and business—all that network of connections which have sprung from it as one of the roots of the social fabric; and which form an incentive to the growing members to live up to their traditions, as well as a check upon such of the family as have a tendency to be wild. There will be clods in life—light weights in the scales by which every public question is determined; and only the thinking man will tip the balance in many a case. It is the thinking man that proposes the new measure—it is the thinking man that decides its acceptance—the man with family, home, duties, and responsibilities which knit him to society and conduce to regularity of life.

The Northrup home was extinct—the family continuity broken—every tentacle that stretched out into the social order was cut and dead—the effort of years wasted—the family scattered, and each obliged to begin a foundation with almost the simplicity of the pioneer who clears a spot in the forest for the log cabin he will build of the felled trees.

Let us trace the career of John: he began life in the town near which the farm was located, entered a lawyer's office as clerk, and commenced the study of law. No connections remained to aid him—every effort had to be his own; but he was capable, and full of buoyancy and hope. His share of the money derived from the sale of the farm was intrusted to an agent for investment—a nest egg which

he hoped to add to, rather than call upon to make up deficits. He was now approaching thirty. As time went on and he became known in the community, he was favorably received by all—was trusted and considered a man of ability. Eventually, he was admitted to the bar and began practice; but the remuneration was meagre and the daily expenditure had to be carefully adjusted to the monthly income—in that staid old town the opportunity for making money was very small.

In almost every community there is a local magnate—a man whose name is associated with every undertaking, and whose dictum is oracular to his followers. Let a man suddenly rise to wealth or political power, and he becomes exalted in the eyes of such a following, who look no deeper than the mere fact of prominence—who think not of the means by which this prominence is attained nor the qualities that work for it: both the means and the qualities may shine like the diamond, or be black and base as the coal: it matters not—to the hero worshipper, notoriety is everything. Like the benign Buddha, to such gentry the hero is enthroned amidst an effulgence of gold leaves.

With the growth of the village, the local magnate multiplies, and when it has reached the size of a town or city, he has increased in proportion; so that now it is not an individual we hear of, but a galaxy of central figures, each with its satellites—the "Families"—the *Society* of the place.

Among such in the town in which John Northrup settled, was the family of Alexander Frazer, holding its footing on a basis that nobody could clearly define: there was, however, a kind of vapory halo of antecedents.

In this family was a daughter who had a heart sprouting with all the tendrils of youthful affection, that in the order

of nature sought a prop round which to twine; and when that offered in the person of John Northrup, it was not long ere each discovered that the other satisfied its yearning. But Northrup's present was based on slender means; his future had yet to be assured; and his past, O well—he had none, in the opinion of the circle in which Miss Frazer moved. He simply embodied in himself all that could be said of him—a man of ability, character and agreeable manners: but these qualities were not sufficient for *her* family and set; and it mattered not at all that both parties to the prospective union were personally acceptable to each other—the barrier of family lay between: besides, another suitor was in the field—a man in no wise agreeable to the girl, but entirely so to the father, on the twofold ground of belonging to their set and possessing a goodly income; and so the daughter was bidden to cut off the advances of John Northrup. It was a keen cut, which became the head of a festering sore.

When a deep gash is made in a young pine, its sap oozes out and hardens over the wound, and the bark rises in an oval hump: the vigor of the tree, however, enables it to grow and be strong; but the healed spot remains a blemish on its smooth skin and is a sign of the gnarled fibre beneath. So, with John Northrup: his sensibilities were wounded—his frank ardent affection was dammed up—it soured—and throughout life formed a mental ailment exuding cynicism.

It was a wound to his self respect, too; for he correctly divined the chief motive that inspired the refusal.

"Can it be," thought he, "that sensible people place so much value on matters of really minor importance? I am simply not in the same category with her family. But

am I in a lower one—wherein consists the difference?

"My parents and forefathers were honorable and upright. Large families prevented them accumulating wealth, and so we simply didn't have those things that come from a condition of ease—familiarity with the conventionalities of society. But these are the mere clothes that should *not* make the man beside the qualities which I know I possess; and moreover, my manners and conduct (though not conventional, I grant,) shock the code of no grade: they are those of a nature that, in the main, is considerate of the feelings of others. And evidently the Frazer estimate of me did not differ from this; for I have always been cordially received until this closer union loomed into view. The aureole of family and affluence are wanting in me—all else I have: money and station Mr. Frazer has, and has had; they came to him like his blue eyes and sandy hair—but all else? that remains to be tested: he has never done aught to conquer a place in the world.

"I have good prospects of ultimate success and of making a happy home; but no—here, the rearing of the farmer's boy will ever cling to me, and spiteful tongues will use it to point a sneer: I will cut away from it all—I will go where every breeze of fortune will not raise a fetid breath to say I was not always what I am now."

John Northrup was right. Unless some good reason exists to the contrary, the rising man should mount the swelling wave and be borne on its crest into a haven where his early struggles are unknown: however manly and honorable these may have been, still they constitute a handicap in the arena of their origin—an unjust prejudice which cannot be reasoned away or combated—which only the lapse of time will wear down to harmless size: meanwhile,

the mere consciousness of such a treacherous undertow robs every stroke of its security and vigor. Only, it must be remembered, that other roots will be severed with such a tearing up. Man is essentially an associate of his kind, and is happy and fulfills the object of his being only in the measure in which he mingles with other men—takes an active part in the business, pleasures, and management of society—a live and alert man in the community, breathing its air, buoyant with its success, saddened by its afflictions —a sentient member of every phase of its activity. In whatever degree he partakes of all this, he forms ties—ties of affection and of interest; and these, too, will be ruthlessly plucked up—the wheat goes with the cockle; and, as in the vegetable kingdom every transplanting is a check to the vitality of the shrub, so with man, every cutting away from the community in which he has intimate connections is a blow at his usefulness; and if such removals be frequent, he becomes a nullity—a dead limb on the body politic. The citizen of the world may find diversion and a kind of freedom in the variety of his wanderings; but he is an egoist; and to be of any use in the world, a man must be an active citizen of a particular country, state, and city, taking pride in its welfare and doing his part to promote it—deeply attached to its interests.

Another consideration also arises: can a man ever sink his identity? Poor Fantine thought to bury her past and begin life anew and honorably, for the future of her child; but in the remote hamlet where she sought work, there was Madame Victurnien who ferreted out Cosette in the obscurity of Montfermeil. And there are Mesdames Victurniens at all times in all countries, who are ready to pay much more than thirty francs to defeat the efforts of

the fallen to retrieve their past, and who hypocritically credit the expense to the furtherance of morality.

Northrup had no vile deed to conceal by going to a community where he was not known; but on the other hand, why should he forever stem the tide that rose with every advance he made? There was no good reason; so he rent the ties of youth and went to the great metropolis. New York is a city where you may walk without either notice or comment by the multitudes that throng its streets: they are alike ignorant and heedless of your past, present, and future. You may have committed some shameful act, or the deed of shame may have been another's, and you merely the innocent victim smarting under its sting; still you can pass among the jostling crowd—your step as firm and your head as high as any: they neither stop nor turn to ask who or what you are. Each is too much occupied with his own affairs. There is an unintentional balm—even moral agency in this characteristic of the great city: it is an opportunity for the dejected and full of heart to recover their self-respect, and avoid the ever tingling goad of a small town. Nothing rasps more on the sore feelings than the consciousness that every passer knows your history and comments upon it.

The world is small, however, and New York only a spot upon it, and when least expecting anything untoward, you may meet at the turn of a corner the very face you wished most to avoid; but that matters less in New York than elsewhere: evil report and petty gossip find there a cobblestone pavement for their circulation, rather than the smooth roadway of an idling village. New York is such a cosmopolitan mingling of race, religion, and condition, that by mere business attrition, if through no higher

motive, the asperities of intolerance are ground down to at least a working basis; and the vicissitudes of fortune are so numerous and extreme, that men may rise and men may fall, but it causes only a ripple of comment—no lasting prejudice as in some provincial community.

But many currents of life course through the great city without mingling, or affecting one another, any more than the clear blue of the Gulf Stream mixes with the turbid green of the Cold Wall; and it depends greatly on which current you launch upon, the kind of eddies and whirls you will encounter.

John Northrup came to New York wholly unacquainted with the city and its customs: he brought no letters of introduction, knew no one, and had but little money.

In explanation of this, it must be said that the agent who invested his money, acted dishonestly; and when the time came for settlement, there was some plausible but wholly false tale about disaster having befallen the investment, so that Northrup got only a small part of what he had given.

For the second time he had to begin life anew, only that now it was under much greater disadvantage.

It is a weary, disheartening search, that for employment in a large strange city: if you have no one to whom you can refer—nobody who knows you—it constitutes a kind of stigma which makes success difficult: people look askance, even with suspicion, on such a one.

The trades-union is not the only combination that works counter to the employment of those outside the guild: in recommendations, as in numbers, there is strength; and he who brings them, carries by their aid alone the first line in the battle of life; while he who can win without influence of any kind is indeed a doughty knight.

INFLUENCE! the word stands for all that is subservient in life—its quest is emasculating. There are those in public office who use it to build a sub-structure of benefited dependents upon whom they may count in their hour of need; and less do such functionaries enquire into the fitness of a subordinate than into his connections—his pull, and what advantage will accrue to themselves therefrom.

Influence! Backing! Support! In the measure in which you are known to possess these, will certain men flock to your standard—be proud to follow it—be indulgent of your caprices. If you are in a position of authority, they will obey with alacrity—nay, even anticipate your wishes. They are anxious to appear well in your eyes, and your every act is lauded as of great significance. You may be of mediocre intelligence—it matters not; the backing behind you gilds every quality. Remove that backing, and with it goes the roseate hue, just as the crimson cloud becomes a leaden pall when the setting sun no longer reflects his light upon it. Woe betide the man without backing whom circumstances may have placed in a position of responsibility, where he has to depend largely upon the efforts of others for carrying on his office! Worse still, if added to this he has incurred the displeasure of those above him: it were better that he had never undertaken the office.

His character may be excellent, ability superior, and judgment sound; but the subordinates find nothing in these to impress them: when his position is gone, he can be nothing to them, and so their service is grudgingly given, and only to such extent as will save appearances. If not active in measures to thwart his success, their indifference is in itself a means to that end.

For weeks Northrup searched the city for means of making a living, but every night he returned to his little room, weary and without success. Each day he made a further reduction in his aspirations—would accept humbler and less remunerative employment; but still the quest went on. His clothes became threadbare and glossy, and his appearance wan and thin; sleep and food did not renew each day's waste. Food? He could give but little to the craving maw; and sleep? One does not slumber with an empty stomach, and a nervous mind hotly discussing a dire situation.

No: he suffered now, but that would pass. He would eventually get something to do and acquire comforts.

Meantime he had to endure the cheapest of lodgings, and not only the plainest, but most scanty of food; for his means were dwindling, and every cent had to procure its utmost: add to this the daily rebuff to his enquiry for employment—and his condition was indeed pitiable.

Months passed, and all he could get was a precarious living by odd jobs that paid but little: they were the first rent in the clouds, however, through which a vista opened that led to steady employment and a fair salary.

In a few years the prospect so brightened that he opened a law office: clients came, but they were chiefly of the criminal class, and this was not what he wanted. The courts of a large city for the trial of such malefactors are not calculated to inspire respect for mankind: quite the contrary—the moral ailments there exposed are like the physical sores in a hospital.

Northrup himself had a tender wound in his feelings, and shrunk at the prospect of having it opened afresh by the plaint of every new client: it would result in turning his

whole nature awry—drying up all frankness, sincerity, and sympathy—making him feel that only vice existed—suspicious of every human act. It was a tendency he fought against for ten years while building up a civil practice and letting the criminal lapse. At length the day came when he tried his last case of this kind, and entered solely on the occupation that was both congenial and remunerative.

In ten years more he accumulated a fortune; and now he began to make periodic trips for his health, enjoyment, and variety of scene. In this way he visited many States of the Union, travelled in different countries of Europe, and extended one voyage to India, China, and Japan, thus becoming familiar with the ways—and also the wiles, of the world at large. His law practice, even at its best, forced into view many an instance of these wiles: the juror who had been fixed; the plaintiff who brought suit on fraudulent injuries; the corporation which defended its case with perjured testimony; and the judge who had a leaning toward favorites in distributing referee cases—all, moral ulcers.

He would leave it for a while—take a trip by sea—breathe the salty air of ocean, and mingle in the simple life of the sailor. A client told him of the unusual route of the Wenonah: he engaged passage at once, left New York by steamer for Colon, crossed the Isthmus by rail, and took a coast steamer at Panama to join the ship at Callao. Alas for cherished hopes!—he had not been on the Wenonah a week when his practiced eye discovered among the guileless sailors the most despicable of all traits—disloyalty to a superior, spread in full leaf and thorn throughout the ship.

When Mr. Northrup entered on this voyage, he was more

than fifty years of age—in the prime of manhood: he was of medium height, and his figure and movements conveyed the idea of strength of mind and strength of body. He had the habit of directing his faculties toward the comprehension of any subject that interested him; and as complementary to it, a practice of looking at matters from different points of view before forming an opinion. He had an established reputation and independent means—a typical solid man of the community; who voted for the candidate or with a party, only after close scrutiny of both. He was decidedly one who thought for himself and accepted ready-made opinions from no one; and withal, his endeavor was to make the best of every situation—to give and take as he found life; to be genial, tactful, generous, and companionable.

He was a most agreeable addition to the little band on the Wenonah; and eventually when need arose for a knight errant to poise his lance, we shall find that he did it with skill and courage.

CHAPTER VII

Traits of Sailor Character

The government of a ship-of-war, whatever the flag at her peak—whether the blue diagonals of Russian absolutism, the black cross and eagles of German imperialism, or the red-white-and-blue of American and French republicanism—is always a constitutional monarchy, with more or less of the spirit of autocracy actuating the man in command; and the government of a merchant vessel is not much different in essential features.

For the guidance and control of him who commands at sea, special laws are enacted by the legislative body of his country; these are supplemented, for the military branch, by Regulations covering almost every possible contingency; and for the mercantile marine, by a variety of Rules.

But there is a more potent power than either law or rule —*the Custom of the Service:* though not defined by words nor printed in statute books, it is more immutable than either; for it is the product of evolution through many years—a course of action in accord with the inherent fitness of things; and no man can disregard it with impunity. Like the sap flowing through root, trunk, and branch of a tree, it permeates every situation of nautical life, giving it vigor and stability: it is woven into the fibre of the sailor; and the careful observance of it will, in the main, make of him a contented man and good worker;

but more than all, it will tend to deprive him of that prolific source of disturbance—a grievance.

Let no one scoff at, or think lightly of, a sailor's grievance; for be it great or small, a grievance is generally born of injustice.

Injustice! the word maddens—it makes the blood hot and the heart thump: it blanches the face, parches the lips, and one cannot speak—the words stumble on each other. The person who maliciously plans and executes a grievous injustice on another, has in him much of the demon: he has his day now—he can gloat over wrecking a human life; but there *is* a Heaven, there *is* a Hell, and there *is* a God; and as it is written: "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for what a man soweth, that shall he reap also"—this *un*just man shall one day stand before that just God, and be judged.

Laws, Regulations, and Customs are the safeguards of the sailor—the fly-wheels to unify erratic motions of the human machine at sea; but they cannot prevent grit getting into the parts, causing jars, hot journals, even stoppage of the whole mechanism: whence courts-martial, consular enquiries, and other means of righting sea-faring wrongs.

Aside from all this, there is much of paternalism in the government of a ship. Jack is careless of himself and his belongings. If soaked to the skin in a storm, he will steam in the clinging shirt—run the risk of a hacking cough or pneumonia, rather than change his clothing: he must be sent below to shift—he takes pleasure in needless exposure, just like a boy. In money matters he is proverbially at the mercy of any one he deals with, and invariably gets the worst of the bargain—a bauble for hard earned pay.

Even in his good impulses, the sailor is often deceived: let some one come on board with a harrowing tale of want (fictitious as it often is), and Jack will never enquire into its merits, but consent to have the amount he gives, charged to his account.

These collections on board ship are a vicious method of raising money. The list is passed round, and bold is the man who would say: "I will give nothing." He is in a community that stigmatizes such refusal as *mean;* and few can live every day on the most intimate terms with those who entertain that opinion. Those who give are not always actuated by charity—their mite hardly merits record on the page where the worm may not gnaw it: they often give because some one else gives, or several give—they follow the bell-wether; they have not the moral courage to say no, or ask if the object be a worthy one. Their convictions—if they think at all—may be opposed to their act; but they are intimidated: there is no more prolific breeder of moral cowardice than unthinking communities; and of these, the ship's company is among the worst.

Another trait of the sailor that requires a watching eye—he will barter his clothes for a drink of whiskey; and the profit made in the trade would enrich any dealer if he had enough of it. And again: his cleanliness of clothes and person becomes habitual only by the daily inspection and periodic caution to remedy some slip or omission—just as with growing youth in the home.

Indeed, the ship's company is much like a family; and the head of either who should fail to direct, watch over, and care for those under his control in the manner that his superior knowledge, experience, and capacity enable him

to do, is clearly wanting in one of the essential duties of his position.

But the father of a family has advantages for rearing his offspring that the Captain of a ship has not for intelligently commanding his crew. The father meets his children at table, sometimes romps and plays with them, and is ever answering their little questions—all, means to make him familiar with their temperament, wants, and tendencies; and he can shape his own action toward each according to its idiosyncrasies—avoid even the suggestion of a prod toward the sensitive and high spirited, while urging the slow and indolent to exertion. But the *Custom of the Service* restrains the commanding officer from mingling with his subordinates: like a grandee of Spain, he is hedged round by customs which limit his knowledge to observation from the quarter deck and inference from what he sees. It were beneath his position—undignified, to have closer intercourse!

In days of yore, the oriental potentate secluded himself from public gaze in order to inspire his people with that awe which accompanies the invisible: and so must the captain of a ship maintain a strict reserve that will impress those he commands. Even more: the barbaric ruler trapped himself out in showy ornaments, practiced pose and deliberation of speech and manner, and affected a general pomposity of bearing—all to increase the reverence of his subjects for both his person and his behests: and something akin to this is not wanting in the commander at sea, to give greater weight to his authority. True, the means he employs may be wholly different; but the object to be attained is the same. Furthermore, he has to live somewhat the life of a recluse—consulting no

one as to his actions—open to no sympathy in disaster—inviting no congratulations in success: to do so would be a sign of weakness; and he must ever be the strong man—the one to command in all cases—stolid as a statue under trying circumstances—ready in every crisis with the line of action to be carried out. To the extent he is all this—to that extent will he have the confidence and obedience of his crew: his every move is open to their scrutiny—they are quick to perceive and competent to judge; and woe betide him if his seamanship be at fault, or his decision lagging. The pharmacist is not more quick to detect a mistake in the physician's prescription, than is the common sailor to see bungling in the management of a ship.

And yet the Captain must govern and wield this community so that he can depend upon it in the hour of need, while not contravening those traits that run like veins through all humanity: but what, in reality, does he know of his crew—of the temperaments and prejudices of individual men? Little more than what his middle man—the Mate—chooses to tell him! And if, instead of conveying the requisite information honestly, he gives it the turn of a vicious tongue, intent upon misrepresenting to further his own scheme, what a situation that Captain is in!

The Mate has intimate relations with the crew: he has the means of knowing every man to the core, and if he is loyal and truthful, he can enable the Captain to deal intelligently and fairly with all. But if he be deceitful and devoid of principle, it does not need a vivid imagination to picture the mischief he can create—discontent among the crew, false views in the Captain, hostility and ill-will in both. Such a mate is the analogue of the unjust man, and he too will eventually reap as he has sown.

The Captain of the Wenonah found what every man finds who tries to overcome laxity and negligence in a situation to which he falls heir—antagonism and animosity: knowing this, his thought was how to deal with it; firmly, of course—with tenacity to the line of action he should lay down, but also with justice and tact.

Although Colburn had been in command only a few weeks, still we have seen that he obtained some insight into the condition of affairs; and we have also seen the first step he took toward dealing with it. He was a man who never avoided work or responsibility; but was painstaking in the performance of every duty, and thought out his course in regard to it.

Some men rise from the forecastle to the quarter-deck, and all their professional knowledge is acquired in much the same way that the trained dog gets his little tricks—by practise: others there are who supplement experience by thought and study; and to this class Colburn belonged. That such a man could act a secondary part to his First Mate—as old Rowley did—was impossible. He was entirely willing to let the Mate have the fullest freedom in his own sphere, but Hawse was not content with this: his qualities were not those of a submissive subordinate, but of a domineering master; hence the clash—a sub-current more powerful than any foaming wave: on the part of the Captain, to exercise what was his right—command; on the part of the Mate, to keep what he got by craft—independent action.

Colburn had some original ideas for the improvement of the common sailor: he did not see, for instance, why, by persistent effort, the seaman should not be transformed from the reckless drunkard he often was, into a self

respecting man—full of dash and boldness, if you will, as befitting his occupation; but still imbued with feelings of manliness. He wanted to make him hang his head in shame for the besotted brawl which stranded him in some filthy gutter, rather than take pride in recounting the degradation to others whose ambition it was to imitate him.

The sailor's proverbial growl was harmless, but he wanted him to meet hardship in a manly way, and not be eternally spreading discontent among the younger men by harping on his troubles. The sailor's was a life that brought out all the hardy, self-reliant qualities in man; and he wanted these to stand forth in bold relief, clear of the slime of the brothel and saloon. The dream was a noble one, and he intended contributing his mite toward its realization. It was for this that he put the crew in uniform instead of letting them remain the piratical looking rabble they were on first coming aboard. The sailor often takes delight in vagabond clothes: a slouch hat, broken and tilted at any angle over his head; trousers with one leg long and baggy over his foot, and the other tucked awry into his boot top; no neckerchief; and colors of every hue—this is the rig in which he revels: it is a sop to his freedom of action.

But looseness of dress is near kin to looseness of manners—to looseness of conduct and morals—to lapses in respect for others as well as for oneself.

It was to insert a second round in the ladder of ascent, that Colburn had the daily inspection of the crew, as already related; and it was to add higher steps still that, as days progressed, he introduced other measures for their improvement.

There is an innate stand-off on the part of the officers

and men toward a new commanding officer. If the faults of the old one be not too deeply rooted, they are soon torn out of memory, and only his good qualities remembered; and these are soon glorified by a periodic sigh for the good old times of the former captain: it is the tribute humanity pays to a condition to which it has become accustomed—the facility of intercourse brought about by daily contact, whereby the roughest parts are worn away and there is no longer the continual jar and friction as at first. We are much more disposed to run in ruts—to be upholders of the established order, whatever phase of activity that order takes, than those will admit who are forever extolling the variations of man's endeavor.

The good old times have been recurring in unbroken series ever since the world began: rascals there have been without number, yet how few are so stigmatized in their epitaphs! And heroes always shine with virtues and abilities undimmed by the defects we know common to all men. Some may have had greater talents and more virtues than others, but they were made of the same clay as ourselves and streaked with the same weakness. No, the bad is generally forgotten, and the good alone remains. In the main, this is beneficial to man; but in particular cases it works a hardship—an unjust prejudice toward the new order.

No one can doubt that in performing those duties that were properly his, and in introducing measures for the moral and physical improvement of his crew, Captain Colburn did what any conscientious and intelligent man would do: yet his action created a deep feeling of discontent in the ship—a rich mine for the Mate to work; and he worked it with such skill and assiduity that by the time the ship

reached Callao, there was a cauldron of animosity seething beneath the commanding officer. Only its sputterings, however, came to his view—the untidiness of the crew's quarters, the slovenliness of their dress, the shaggy hair and face full of short stubble: all these appeared; but the Captain never saw the sneer—the derisive gesture with which his orders were conveyed to the men, and which bred more contempt than open ridicule.

Not that outspoken ridicule was wanting either.

Those two boon companions, Hawse and Ruggles, were forever on the to'gallant forecastle—walking, smoking, talking; their voices raised so as to be heard by the men within reach. Their conversation was mostly about the Captain, but neither by name nor title did they ever mention him—they were far too cunning to lapse into any such error: they resorted to what is frequent on board ship —they gave him a *nickname.*

Now, Colburn had no personal attribute of a ludicrous nature, and so they were in despair for an epithet, when the apparently endearing word "Collie" shot across their minds: instantly, they seized upon it, and ever after ranged through every canine breed to gratify their spleen. The drift of the conversation clearly indicated who was meant, and whether one species of dog or another was named, the Captain was always the individual stigmatized.

One should think that grown men, engaged in the hard struggle with wind and wave, would be above such puerilities; but no: there are childish veins in those who follow the sea that find a counterpart only among school boys—and the giving of nicknames is one of these.

The nickname is the meanest of all weapons: the stealthy stiletto-stab is open warfare beside it. The

attack by nickname cannot be parried, nor met by counter thrust: the viper that concocts it, has fastened the laugh on his victim—made him ridiculous—humiliated him in the eyes of his companions—stung him in his dignity—assailed his self-respect—and blighted his reputation; and the jeering laugh will resound with every repetition of the contemptuous epithet, even though the one who utters it has a mind as vacuous as a parrot.

Closely allied to the nickname habit—equally despicable, and also the product of herding human beings together—are two other practises: one, that of the many to run some member of the community; and the other, that of a small minority to lord it over the others. This turbulent, aggressive minority is like the single bull-dog that has only to snarl, to keep a whole pack of spaniels in subjection. And while the snarling bull-dog is not an example to be recommended, still a show of teeth is often a good check to the mere bully—he is essentially a coward.

If a person is by nature timid and sensitive, it is especially incumbent on him to spur himself to the contest for his rights and self-respect—to be morally courageous: it is in the struggle of the faculties that character is developed and formed—not in their somnolent ease.

In every ship's company there is somebody who can be run—made a butt of—a laughing stock: of such a weakling, it can only be said that he deserves pity and compassion; but he is scarcely more weak than those who find amusement in his foibles.

But again: the object of attack may be a man of fine fibre; yet, because of reserve, or some other trait that stirs up the antagonism of the bully (who will bluster on any irritant to his bile), he is covertly assailed by this bully and

his followers—a gang ever ready to echo his gibes and ribaldries. Petty annoyances from such a source are hard to meet and resent; they are intangible; you strike at them and meet nothing—they are the yelps of lap-dogs at a chained mastiff. And yet they worry—just as in the fable, the stings of the gad-fly tortured the noble lion.

The intimate relations aboard ship, whether in forecastle or wardroom, bring out all the gad-fly spirit in man: it tortures and maddens the sensitive person who has to live in its midst: he cannot get away from it—he has to eat with it—sleep beside it—work jointly with it—and have it in view even during relaxation. It is his worm that dieth not, and his fire that is not extinguished.

CHAPTER VIII

"Rum Done It!"

> Who hath woe? Whose father hath woe? Who hath contentions? Who falls into pits? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? Surely they that pass their time in wine, and study to drink off their cups. Look not upon the wine when it is yellow, when the color thereof shineth in the glass: it goeth in pleasantly; but in the end, it will bite like a snake, and will spread abroad poison like a basilisk.—*Old Testament.*

Soon after the Wenonah came to anchor at Callao, Mr. Northrup went on board and introduced himself to the Captain: he, in turn, introduced him to the passengers, showed him his stateroom, and as a means of breaking the ice that naturally surrounds strangers, and opening the flow of cordiality that it was desirable to establish, ordered wine and cigars to be brought into the cabin. These aids to good feeling and companionship had the desired effect, and before an hour elapsed, the skirmish line of chit-chat gave to each an inkling of the other's personality: all the old party were openhearted toward the new comer, and he was toward them. Thus, the outworks of mutual acceptability being carried, the Captain announced that for a week or so (while discharging cargo and taking on more, as well as refitting the ship), she would not be very habit-

able; and he advised that the passengers take up their abode ashore and enjoy themselves in trips to surrounding places of interest: when they came on board again, they would find everything settled and the ship clean and newly painted.

The suggestion pleased them—trunks were quickly packed, and in the afternoon all moved to Lima.

The Captain being now alone with his command, set about establishing port routine; and in order that all should know what was to be done, he first sent for the mates and informed them that the Second and Third Mates should take alternate days on duty from the time of calling all hands in the morning until pipe down at night; and that the First Mate was to exercise supervision at all times: their going ashore for enjoyment could be done whenever the work allowed it. He then directed Mr. Hawse to have the crew sent aft on the quarter-deck.

When there, he said: "I have called you aft to let you know the work to be done in this port. Some cargo will be discharged and more taken on. When that is done, we shall fill the bunkers, set up rigging, tar down, and paint ship. All this will take some days, and I intend to give you a run on shore during that time. A dozen of you will be allowed to go every evening at sunset, to stay until seven the following morning. If we are here two Sundays, as seems likely, each watch in turn can have from Saturday noon until Monday morning ashore. You can wear either uniform or plain clothes, as you please. You will be set ashore in one of the ship's boats, and it will be sent for you, which will save your paying for shore boats. I expect you to come off on time, sober, and fit for work. If you fail in this, or behave badly, I shall keep those that do so,

on board. You will get a part of your pay, and I want you to act sensibly. Some of you will drink to some extent, I suppose; but I hope none will get drunk: a glass or two affords all the light feeling that is enjoyable; but to get drunk and dirty and lie in the gutter, or be arrested and put in jail, or get into a fight with other sailors—that is only to let the animal in you get control. It is degrading, and there is no pleasure in it. I want to break up that practice. If you act like men, I will treat you as men—giving the liberty and money I have stated. That is all. Pipe down, Mr. Hawse." The Mate repeated the order to the Boatswain, and the men went forward—buoyant with the expectation of a good time.

They gathered around a hatch where tackles were to be rigged for handling cargo: the First Mate and Snively (the Third Mate) came immediately to direct the work; and while it was going on, they kept up a running conversation which might be summarized as follows:

The First Mate said: "Well Snively, what are you going to do to-morrow with your day off?"

"O, I guess I'll have a bang up time—get drunk, I suppose; haven't had a run, you know, for some weeks, Mr. Hawse."

"What! go by the board so soon after the lecture you just heard!"

"Yes, he aint going to get me to join any Young Men's Christian Association"—

"Nor make a saint of you for the Roman Calendar—eh?" interrupted Hawse, chuckling.

"No, nor that neither: I want no new fangled ideas—good old way is good enough for me."

"I don't know but you're right, Snively. When I was

before the mast, we used get our shore liberty by watches—forty-eight hours each watch—a lot of us go together—get horses or donkeys—ride like hell round town—be taken up by the police; that is, they tried to do it, but often we were too many for them—had a fight—some of us were nabbed and put in jail—more licked the police—then at night we all got roaring drunk and slept it off in a—: the next day we straggled aboard with sore heads, teeth knocked out, and black eyes; but we had a bully time!

"Telling of it afterwards gave us pleasure for many weeks. Those were the good old times! No uniform then! I remember one jollification in Rio years ago: the little dago policemen couldn't handle us at all; we got into a saloon and smashed the whole outfit—chairs, tables, decanters, glasses—but no bottles, you bet; we emptied them down our throats: when we had enough, we called the landlord in and asked him the damages; he said some millions of milreis—I forget how many—but we all chipped in and paid him: he was happy, and we had a good time. But, really, you know, Snively, that is degrading—it lets loose the animal in us."

"Yes: well, I guess I want to take the halter off mine for a while and let him loose," replied the Snively; and if many others present did not say the same, they none the less thought it. Such were the brutal appetites Colburn hoped to reform!

While listening to the Captain, there was a momentary ascendency of their better instincts; but the shreds of talk between the Mates put this quickly to flight, and made them eager for the free rein and downward course.

That evening a dozen of them cleaned up and dressed for liberty, and—strange to relate! all chose to go in

uniform: when they lined up on the quarter-deck to be inspected (which, by the way, they seemed in no wise loth to do—they looked so well), no party from the Adirondack lying ahead of them could have presented a neater appearance. They looked trim and stalwart, and with their cap ribbons bearing the name Wenonah in gilt letters, they might readily pass for men o' warsmen: they felt proud of both ship and uniform.

Such is the sailor—pleased with what strikes his fancy, and as whimsical as the variable airs that often baffle his efforts to make a port! No reasoning—no tenacity to any line of conduct; but all childlike, momentary gratification. Their ship's boat looked well, too; and as it pulled in toward the landing, a boat from the Adirondack, full of liberty men, passed them, and they felt they lost nothing by comparison of either boat or men.

The Adirondack had been in port a long time—her crew had had daily liberty, and so the delights of shore had become familiar—even palled on them: besides, they were accustomed to amusement and different duties and employment on board; and the natural craving for variety being thus satisfied, they were, for the most part, disposed to take their liberty easily and enjoy it rationally.

The Wenonah's crew, on the other hand, had been cooped up for weeks—going daily through the same routine—seeing only the same few faces—hearing only the same voices—listening to much the same orders: it was monotony in the extreme compared with life on the war ship—the check rein and narrow stall, without ever an open field for free curvetting; and is it any wonder that when they jumped ashore they tore off bit and bridle and made a wild dash for the grog shop, the billiard room, and the concert

hall?—everything that afforded what they could not get on board. Yes, the animal *was* loose, and a wild night he made of it!

Let those who can alternate enjoyment with labor at will—satisfy each craving in its turn, experience what the sailor does on a long tedious passage—weary days of hard work and deprivation, with no respite; but work, work, work, and no adequate pleasure; and he will find that the desire for this pleasure will eventually reach such head, that when the opportunity offers, it will burst and overflow all ordinary bounds.

Jack's explosion is rough, like the blowing out of a man-hole plate by accumulated gas; while the expansion of a refined nature may be gradual, like the effervescence of champagne: but both are due to the same cause—restriction of natural tendencies—unequal distribution of work and play; and neither of these can be long continued by itself without detriment to the individual. This is not said in excuse of the sailor's extravagance, but in explanation of it; and also as a hint to those who have him in hand, and who may not realize the necessity of affording vent for his natural longings, to the extent the conditions will allow. Alternation, variety, change—work and amusement rationally mingled—these are potent means for keeping a ship's company happy.

Morning came, and with it the boat at seven o'clock for the men: all but two were there, and went aboard. The Mate on duty had them form a line on the quarter-deck for inspection, but what a wabbly line it was!—bowing forward, falling backward, bending sideways: a dirty line—some with caps gone; others without neckerchiefs; many blear-eyed and drowsy; and all covered with the signs of a

debauch. It was a pitiable contrast with the same line the evening before! The Captain viewed it sadly from the break of the poop, but was not much disappointed: he knew the sailor's cravings, temptations, and want of restraint; so he simply told the Mate to let the men go forward and wash themselves and get breakfast, ready for work. Toward noon, the two absentees were brought aboard by a policeman: they had been in jail all night, after a row in which their uniforms had disappeared and been replaced by a dirty tattered garb.

All day the work of discharging cargo went on—but slowly: some of the liberty men lay down and could not be roused—it was the stupor that generally follows a carousal; others manned the tackles, and more carried packages; but all with such want of grip that they were of little use: their legs were unsteady, their hands could not hold, and with drooping head and half closed eyes, they stumbled about—objects of gibes and laughter for the rest of the crew.

Toward evening, the First Mate asked the Captain if he should let a second batch go ashore.

"Yes," was the answer: "we will try them all in turn; no man shall have the grievance of being kept on board because of another's bad behavior; each will be dealt with according to his own conduct. I think when this first run is over, we shall have had the worst of the drinking. Those two men that were in jail can not go with their party when it goes again; and in fact I will go over the list of each night's liberty with you, and we will determine from their conduct ashore, their promptness in coming off, and their work aboard, who can go, after all have had their turn."

The second party went and came—with much the same

result as with the first party; only that four overstayed of their own free will until late in the afternoon: the third party had similar delinquencies in both drunkenness and overstaying: while the fourth and last party, whether because of the cumulative bad example of those preceding, or of the greater delay in getting liberty, fell entirely into the pitfalls of the sailor. Not half of them came off on time, some were lodged in jail for brutal assaults on people ashore, and all were soaked with vile rum.

A week passed: the men became sore-heads, and acted so badly that now only about a third of them had the privilege of evening liberty.

Work on the cargo lagged, both from the sulkiness of the men and the mañana trait of the people ashore in supplying merchandise. What the Captain expected to have done in four days was still unfinished at the end of a week. By this time, the passengers had exhausted the marvels of the Oroya Road, had seen a bull fight, and had visited every place of interest in Lima and its vicinity: they returned, and finding everything topsy-turvy, fell into ill-humor, thinking the condition due to the Captain—that he was either too sanguine in promise or inefficient in performance.

Among the crew the surly slowness became rank: the disgruntled were in the large majority, and set the pace at which work should lag. It mattered not that it was their own misconduct that deprived them of shore liberty: they were neither reasonable nor reasoning beings to take this view of it—they thought only of the way it affected *them;* and they would wreak their anger on the Captain by delaying the work. This is a favorite and frequent method with Jack for venting his spleen: it is a boat that is walked

up with the measured tread of a funeral march, instead of being run up; or an anchor that holds forever against the simulated tugs of all hands; or a topsail that thrashes to splitting before it is taken in; or any other means of squaring yards with the old man.

And many an officer gratifies his resentment in much the same way: human nature is alike in both, only that the officer has time to brood, and intelligence to concoct. His methods are less brutal than those of the common sailor, but not less effective or irritating: he will answer Aye, aye, sir, to the order; but his ingenuity is at work devising means to thwart or evade it—of sailing as close to the wind as he can without being caught aback—of being insubordinate just short of being disobedient.

And so—whether from forecastle or wardroom, one phase of exasperation follows another until the commanding officer is forced to drastic measures; and then the offenders launch into fine frenzy over his harshness and injustice. It is a sad spectacle—this want of reason in man! The real offender for much that is laid to the Captain, is he who creates the situation that requires severe action: it is not always the one who commits the overt act that is the culprit—many a time it is he who pursues the covert course—the cunning serpent whose craft is hidden.

All the cargo they could get, was now stowed; but another lot was to be ready in a few days, and the Captain decided to employ this time in coaling and refitting ship.

The number of men whose behavior entitled them to liberty was reduced to ten, so the experiment was made of again allowing some of the early delinquents another trial: they went, and returned nearly on time and also in better

condition than at first; but whether because the pace was too fast, or their money could not keep it up, or from a latent sense of decency, could not be determined.

A new matter now arose to worry the Captain: for the past few days he had noticed signs of drink on several men who had been kept aboard on account of misconduct; and it was evident that liquor was smuggled among them. They were not exactly drunk, but in that limp condition which renders one incapable of work. The Second and Third Mates, too, bore evidence of their days off—puffed, blotched faces; watery eyes; and a tired, listless, yawning manner. The First Mate either did not drink at all, or had such capacity for it, that it made no inroads upon him: his inclination was gambling, and every evening he went ashore and spent until the small hours of morning over poker with others of his ilk: it is needless to say that his energy during the day was far from what it should be. The Captain's failure to instil any decency into the men regarding liberty and liquor, as well as the general apathy on their part, were savoury morsels to the Mate: he and Sam Ruggles had many a coarse jest and laugh over the hell of a time the Captain was having in improving the sailor.

Finally, a climax was reached the second day of coaling ship: a barge full came alongside, and from it an innocent looking small keg or breaker (such as is used for carrying water in boats) was passed on board: it was done openly, as if for refilling at the scuttle-butt; but the word soon spread that it contained rum! Instantly, men gathered from every quarter, like flies round a molasses cask: in, out of the lighter—up, from the bunkers—down, from aloft—from the chains and various jobs about deck;

and they drank and drank and got boozy and hilarious.

At this stage of the orgie, the First Mate and little Snively made but faint efforts—rather, simulated efforts, to check the men; and this only encouraged them the more. Greater excesses soon followed: they shouted—they hooted at the Mates—they got more drunk.

Then one man bawled out, "Let's have the belaying-pin chorus!" when each went to the rail, threw down the rigging and took out one of the heavy iron pins. Then they dropped on deck around the coal pile, and each took a big lump of it in one hand and his belaying pin in the other. A ribald song was started in grating discord, each joining in according to his degree of drunkenness, and keeping a kind of rat-tat time by beating the deck with his pin: at the end of every verse, they made an effort to hurl their lumps of coal together at some object on deck.

Hawse and Snively were alarmed—the animal was not only loose but raging: the uproar could be heard all over the harbor, and men were seen watching the Wenonah from the deck of every ship about her.

The Captain heard it afar off—he had been ashore to see the agent about more cargo, and was returning: he ordered the men to pull hard, which they did, for they were four of the decent few in the ship's company; and in a short time he was alongside: he ran up the ladder and as he stepped over the gangway, a shower of coal shot in that direction, for it was the finale of the song. He took one look—saw how matters stood—and went hastily to his cabin, while the men burst into a shout and called him foul names. He put a revolver in his pocket—strode back to the mutinous gang—and in a firm voice ordered them to stop the noise instantly and get to work. This was met

with an oath and vile epithet from one of the worst men on board while attempting to hurl a lump of coal at Colburn.

The latter saw the motion, and quick as a flash, put a bullet through his arm: the man dropped on the deck in a limp heap, and instantly silence fell on all.

The Captain ordered them to put down the belaying pins, which they did—the animal was cowed and again submissive to bit and halter.

A single decisive act showed them that their master was in full control: they knew he had been through the Civil War in the naval service, and that four years' fighting gave him ample experience to cope with such as they. All this flashed upon them with the crack of the pistol shot, and they stood ready to obey any command: they were not so drunk that they did not realize the gravity of their action.

The Captain sent for sets of irons and had the Mates put them on the hands and feet of four men who he knew were leaders in every disturbance since leaving San Francisco: thus manacled, they were led to the forecastle and confined in cells. He then ordered the remaining men to pick up the pins, return them to the racks, coil up the rigging, and get to work: this they did with as much alacrity as their partly sodden condition would allow.

The wounded man still lay on the deck, moaning and begging the Captain not to kill him—a miserable example of the cowardice that streaked them all. He was really more frightened than hurt; for a hasty examination disclosed it to be merely a flesh wound: it had the full moral effect, however, of a serious one.

At the sound of the shot, every ship-of-war in harbor despatched an armed boat to the Wenonah: the one from the Adirondack arrived first, and when the lieutenant in

charge stepped on board he said he came to offer assistance in case there was any trouble. Captain Colburn thanked him—replied that there had been a disturbance—but that he had quelled it, and the men were now at work: he said, however, that he should be glad to have the service of a surgeon, as he had wounded a man.

The boat returned to the ship; and the other boats seeing this, took it for granted that there was nothing for them to do, and returned also to their respective ships.

The Captain sent for both Mates on the quarter deck and gave them a severe reprimand for allowing the insubordination to reach the stage it did: "Both of you know well that if you had shown a determined front at the outset, this disgraceful scene could never have occurred: it was only by neglect, or perhaps worse—by winking at it, that it got beyond your control. Now keep a close watch on the men—stop the slightest insolence at once—and report it to me." The two turned sheepishly away, the First Mate greatly nettled: he began at once to throw all the blame on Snively—abusing him for his weakness; and thus they fell into mutual upbraidings.

The ship quieted down, and the various kinds of work went on as usual.

The passengers, who had been ashore since early morning on a pleasure trip, returned toward evening; and on learning from the steward the events of the day, felt a sincere sorrow and sympathy for the Captain: this they delegated Brooks to express to him, and also their own regret for the irritation shown on finding the work unfinished when they returned from Lima: now they knew the delay was in no wise due to him. It was a new experience for Colburn to find a just and appreciative view

of the situation on the part of any one; and he was not a stolid block of self sufficiency not to be gratified by it. It would be a cold egotist, indeed, that, in such straits (with all around him hostile and vindictive) who would not be touched and encouraged by a little human feeling!

During the night following the disturbance just related, the dinghy, which was kept hoisted at temporary davits on the to'gallant forecastle, was lowered, and three men escaped in it to the shore. The next day the boat was recovered, and the men arrested by the Consul and sent on board.

A mania for evil-doing was rife in the ship—such a spirit as arises when the men know that the officers do not pull together: it was the fruit of insubordination that the First Mate and Sam Ruggles had been sowing ever since leaving San Francisco; it was the natural outcome of the antagonism exhibited by all three Mates toward the Captain in slighting his well known orders; it was the outburst due to the sly laughter and averted face of all subordinate officers at every petty breach of discipline; it was the rude protest against the Captain's endeavors to improve the sailor—efforts in themselves laudable and worthy of success but which, in addition to the opposition ever met by the reformer, were turned awry by the sarcastic sneers of Jacob Hawse.

The Captain at once took the following measures to restore order: the Mates were put in three watches, day and night, as at sea; all liberty was stopped, except for the few who had behaved well from the first; the ship was searched from stem to stern for liquor, and some that was found in the men's quarters was thrown overboard; every boat and every man returning from shore was searched for

liquor; the dinghy was hoisted inboard; only the quarter boats remained at the davits; during the night the Mate on watch was required to make a complete tour of the ship periodically; no boat was allowed to approach the vessel at night; the morning inspection of the men and ship was made with the closest scrutiny; the Captain himself went on deck twice during the night and took a look at everything, and as these visits were irregular, they served to keep the Mates alert; and during the day the Captain was almost constantly on deck to see that his orders were executed. He was rigid and severe, but the spur he applied soon brought about discipline and speedy work.

Opposite qualities in the same body is a matter of almost universal observation: the chemist tells us that the fruity odor of apples and the disgusting smell of rancid butter come from two substances—acetic ether and butyric acid—that are composed of exactly the same elements (oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon) united in absolutely the same proportions; also, that the thistle which yields honey to the bee secretes a poison that stings like venom from a serpent's fang. So, from the ear of corn, which affords a wholesome nutritious bread, there is distilled a liquor which destroys the body and damns the soul! Even this liquor—rightly used—will arrest the ebb of life and strengthen the weakened physique; whereas its abuse shatters the system, crazes the mind, and reduces to grovelling mendicancy the man once proud, erect, and a power among men.

"Rum done it"—what a field of misery, crime, and shame might be portrayed under the ungrammatical, but forcible phrase!

It is known that many things taken into the system

impart foulness to the body. Take a single instance: the metal tellurium may form part of a compound that, in itself, is entirely free from odor; but let a person swallow some of it—even less than a grain—and he becomes a human horror! A ferment arises in his organs which taints his breath and perspiration with a disgusting, fetid smell that may cling to him for days: yet, there is a substance more noxious, more loathsome than tellurium—*whiskey!*

It imbrutes man. Whiskey—it reeks with the fumes of acrid pipes; a bar-room with sanded floor and men in shirt sleeves; dirty, greasy tables surrounded with besotted inebriates sprawling over the oil-cloth covers for the half filled bottle. Whiskey—it buys votes and corrupts the stream of ideal democracy, the hope of man to rise from the hard conditions that the rule by divine right has imposed upon him. Whiskey—it suggests the one room of a whole family—stove, bed, and table in slovenly disorder of a Saturday night, with the week's earnings spent in abasement of both parents in sight of their children. Whiskey—it stands for thousands whose inordinate thirst for it has made them what they are—outcasts, employed in positions far beneath their talents, education, and social grade. Whiskey—could it be given any other name that would sink all these associations?

Many things that might be left to the discretion of men when not herded together, nor under the dominance of brutal appetite, must be controlled by a superior when these conditions exist; and the larger the community, or more intimate its association, or more beastly the appetite—the tighter must the bonds of control be drawn.

The temperate indulgence in wine which imparts

geniality to the table of a self respecting man, is no argument whatever for the use of liquor on board ship.

No: a ship is no place for liquor, among either officers or men. If alertness of every faculty—firmness of will, quickness of perception, soundness of judgment, readiness of act—a strong hold, physical and mental, of the conditions in which one is placed—if all these are ever needed in any situation, it is on board ship.

Storm, wind, and wave; the hurricane; the threatened collision; the man overboard; the mutinous crew; the carrying away of masts; the break down of an engine; the lee shore in a gale—these, one and all admit of no deliberation or delay: action must be immediate and judicious to be effective; and that it may be both, the man who has to do with them must not be sodden with rum.

Now, what does liquor do to the man of sharp eye, strong will, firm tread, and powerful grip? It relaxes everything; the eye swims and becomes watery, the will vacillates, the walk stumbles, the hand trembles—it makes him an imbecile. The baneful influence permeates the whole system—making lax every member and dull every faculty: mind and muscle lose their power—ideas float hazily through the brain, and the hand can hold no object—both matter and thought elude the physical and the mental grasp. Let any one recall his first excess in drink, and see if he does not recognize in this picture his condition after it! The second excess finds everything weakened and more easy of assault; the third and successive ones a still more easy prey, until, eventually, the victim becomes a sottish wreck, devoid of decency or refinement, gross of speech, coarse—brutish in manner and in appearance.

The incidents of the present chapter tell a truthful tale

of the ravages of liquor among a ship's company—filling them with sour dissatisfaction toward the Captain, morbid querulousness toward each other, laxity of discipline, and sulkiness in work.

The most pitiable sight possible is an old sailor the morning after a spree, when he comes to the mast, abject and trembling, and begs the officer of the deck for Heaven's sake to let him go ashore to get just one drink to steady himself! And the officer is sorely tempted to let him! It is the opium slave in another form, shattered by his drug.

And to this, is God's image and likeness brought! and "Rum done it!"

CHAPTER IX

A Trip on the Oroya Railroad, and a Bull-fight at Lima

Ecco alfin, ed ognun silente.
Cos' avvenne, cosa fu?
Corre il toro ed è furente,
Salta fuori dal toril.
Toreador, atento! Toreador, Toreador!
Non obbliar che un occhio tutt 'ardor
Ad ammirarti è intento, e che t'aspett 'amor.

—*Carmen.*

Our literary passenger, George Brooks, went up the Oroya Road, and saw a bull-fight at Lima: he wrote to a friend in San Francisco of his trip, and we reproduce his letter here:

Callao, Peru.

My dear Dan: You wanted me to tell you of anything remarkable I should meet in my travels—if remarkable thing there be outside of our glorious California!

Well, I have something to recount of this place—a railroad up the Andes, which is a marvel; and a slaughter of semi-wild beasts, which is abominable! The road is worthy of our great State: it should be among her stupendous works—in fact it may be claimed by us; for it was built by a Californian—you remember him, Henry Meiggs—a man of bold enterprise. But the bull-fight—the protracted torture of dumb animals ending in a death

thrust—that, thank Heaven, we have a Bergh Society to prevent! We have no trait of American character that takes pleasure in seeing the fury of poor beasts spent upon each other—a bull goring the horse of a picador, or a pair of game cocks scratching and tearing each other with spurs.

The Oroya Railroad—how shall I describe it? Shall I open a dictionary and pick out a lot of words: towering peaks, precipitous slopes, yawning chasms, roaring torrents, abysses, gorges, tunnels, switch-backs, bridges, et id omne genus—and jumble them into a kind of pot-pourri? I think it would be about as impressive and convey as much meaning as if I were to arrange them systematically and in the order of their occurrence—neither of which I shall do.

No, there must be some object for comparison—you must have seen something similar in grandeur and greatness in order to appreciate such word painting. Well, then the Oroya Road is grander than the Gorge of Gonda, which *I* did not see (but will take your word for it); or the Pyramids, which *you* did not see (but must rely upon my say so).

To compare it with something we both saw—the Royal Gorge of the Grand Cañon in Colorado—is to liken the murmurs of a rippling brook to the voluminous roar of the Nevada Falls in the Yosemite: they are in the same category—but one is ordinary, the other extraordinary. The very name of the mountain chain that the road climbs —la Cordillera de los Andes—is suggestive of majesty that cannot be portrayed.

This reminds me what a grandiloquent language these Spaniards have, and what a leaning they exhibit toward

the grandiose in everything. The other day I read a good illustration of it—here it is:

"A person of high diplomatic talent, with the unpretending and rather plebeian name of Bubb, was once nominated to represent Great Britain at Madrid. Lord Chesterfield (then Minister of State) on seeing the newly appointed minister remarked: 'My dear fellow, your name will damn you with the Spaniards; a one-syllable patronymic will disgust the grandees of that hyperbolic nation.' 'What shall I do?' said Bubb. 'Oh! that is easily managed,' rejoined the peer: 'get yourself dubbed before you start, as Don Vaca y Hijo Hermoso y Toro y Sill y Bubb, and on your arrival you will have all the Spanish Court at your feet.' "

But to return to the road: grand scenery, like stirring passions, must be experienced to be appreciated—the person who has never been deeply injured, knows not the savour of gratified retaliation!

Once again to the road, and this time I hope to make a start: you see, some of the fanfare of Italian railways still haunts me—the clang of the gong, the scream of the whistle, the ding-dong of the bell, and, Partenza! shouted again and again in fearful apprehension lest some one be left.

Partenza! then, and we step aboard the train at seven o'clock at Callao, eight feet above the level of the sea which almost beats upon the tracks; and toward evening of the same day we are amidst crags and peaks covered with eternal snow, nearly sixteen thousand feet in the air: we have been travelling about one hundred and thirty-six miles; for that is the distance by rail from station to station —Callao to Oroya. But, to particularize—to make the

actual trip, and not this flight of the condor (you know this is the habitat of that bird).

I used the word *we* above, not in the sense of the editorial figment, but to denote that I had companions: Dr. Austin, his wife, daughter, and governess, and Mr. Northrup, a lawyer from New York—all people that it does one good to be with.

In half an hour from leaving Callao we reach Lima; and here most of the passengers get aboard for various towns and hamlets strung along the mountain side—for Chosica at an elevation of nearly three thousand feet; San Bartolome, almost five thousand feet; Matucana, about eight thousand feet; San Mateo, over ten thousand feet; Chicla, nearly thirteen thousand feet; and Oroya, over twelve thousand feet. Oroya is on the *eastern* slope of the Andes; for, soon after passing Chicla, the road traverses a tunnel (el Paso de Galera) which is the highest point on the *Railroad* 15,665 feet above sea level; and Mount Meiggs (visible from the train) is 17,575 feet.

For ten miles or so after leaving Lima, the ascent is gradual and without particular interest—ordinary foothill scenery; but at Chosica, thirty-three miles from Callao, the climb begins—up, up, up, steady and slow. The road winds, turns, and twists: it retraces its path in many a switch-back—in nautical phrase, the train makes a tack, and indeed its whole course up the mountain is like beating to windward: it shoots through dark tunnels sonorous of name, and plunges across innumerable bridges, some of them strung over mighty deeps. Turn to your Dante, Canto XVII of the Inferno—look at the illustration of Gerione bearing the two poets from the seventh circle down to the eighth across a dark abyss: well, on the Oroya Railroad,

there is one bridge called El Infiernillo that spans a gulf not unlike that in Dore's picture; its elevation above *sea level* is 10,919 feet, and its height above the visible ground beneath *seems* to measure at least that extent of void.

From many a point on the road you can see numerous doublings upon itself—convolutions and contortions lassoing the mountain: now don't tell me that metaphor is trite—I know it—but it describes the condition.

The little villages present a very pleasing appearance: they are generally located on small patches of level ground: the houses are one story high, whitewashed, and are grouped about the church like the flock about the shepherd. The cross and the bell-towers à la española, project conspicuously from the group and testify to the flourishing condition of the Faith of the Conquistadores along the sides of the Cordillera.

Humboldt says that in the ascent of this mountain chain, one meets the vegetable growth of various climes, ranging from tropical luxuriance to polar sterility: on the narrow hot plains from their base to the sea (as around Callao), the palm and banana; higher up, tree ferns; still higher, large trees and among them the cinchona from whose bark quinine is obtained; beyond, ivies and myrtles; then stony regions swept by cold damp winds, and occasional meadows which afford grass for the llama; after this, lichens and other sturdy plants; and finally all vegetation disappears, snow flakes begin, and eventually become the steady product, covering the peaks with an eternal mantle.

Now I cannot vouch for all this variety of flora, not being a botanist; but presume it is accurate—Humboldt was an observant man. I can, however, testify to the correctness of the dismal weather near the snow line; for it came

toward four o'clock in the afternoon—snow and sleet with piercing wind, and a bleak desolate outlook.

In this region, we saw a line of llamas trotting single file along the mountain side, each burdened with a sack of ore: there are mines up in those heights, and the ore is carried by these animals.

There is nothing like coming to the habitat of bird, beast, or herb for impressing its individuality upon one: an hour of such intimate "at home" acquaintance is worth pages of description. Now, here are four names—alpaca, vicuña, llama, and guanaco—that have ever floated like misty vapor o'er my brain: alpaca, as the material of a sack coat that brought comfort on a warm day; and vicuña, as that kind of cloth our tailor on Montgomery Street was forever extolling for the climate of San Francisco; while llama and guanaco are known to us mostly as names—llama, as a zoological classification, and guanaco, as the flamboyant advertisement on those big umbrellas that shade truckmen of a hot day down on the wharves. But here, these names have a habitation and a home: they stand for four animals of the same species differing slightly one from another; all are of the camel family—no hump, however; smaller, and not cumbrous like that slow creature, but on the contrary, neat-footed, lively and alert; some are beasts of burden and bearers of wool for the natives of these elevated regions, as well as a source from which other countries derive material for clothing.

Another matter brought home to me by experience here —the change of pressure as we rise through the atmosphere, and the consequent physiological effects.

You know that on an average the weight of the air at sea level is equal to a column of mercury thirty inches

high—the barometer; and if this column has a cross section of one square inch, it will weigh about fifteen pounds: therefore at sea level the pressure per square inch on our bodies, both inside and outside, is fifteen pounds. As we rise above sea level, the barometer falls about one inch for every 950 feet, so that at the highest point reached on the Oroya Road, viz. 15,655 feet, the barometer indicated only about 14.5 inches; or the external pressure on our bodies was reduced to about one half, that is, to about seven pounds per square inch. The air *in* the system naturally pressing outward to restore equilibrium, distends the delicate tissues: the vessels burst; the skin cracks; blood issues from the nose, ears, and lips; there is difficulty in breathing—the air is so thin; the heart beats violently; nausea and faintness ensue; and one is weary at the least effort.

Such is theory: I experienced some of these effects—lassitude, nausea, bursting headache, and, generally, a most miserable feeling: no issue of blood, however.

On arrival at Chicla, we went to the Hotel Transandino, which is situated at an elevation of 12,697 feet above sea level: I went at once to bed with the above host of miseries and a threatened congestive chill; the weather was dismal and raw; I covered up with all the bed clothes available, and spent one of the most sick and wretched nights of my life. The next morning I felt better; and on rising would barter all the real estate of which I was seized in fee simple for a cup of good coffee; but alas!—the mañana trait delayed it until I grew weary unto collapse.

O the dilatoriness of these people! And yet the card of the hotel proclaims it to be *magnifico*. What hyperbole! About nine o'clock, we took the train for sea level and made the run down to Callao in much shorter time than

the ascent. When the miserable feeling had passed, we were glad to have seen the grandeur of the Cordillera, but —like the opera of Parsifal—we did not want to see it again.

There! so much for that marvel of engineering—the Oroya Road: now for the Bull-fight! And short shrift I shall give it—I hate bloody spectacles. Even on the stage, I cannot endure simulated murder—I will not go to see it. My greatest source of enjoyment is the opera, and yet the tragic deed at the end never fails to give me a shiver: Siegfried stabbed in the back; Aida suffocated in the tomb; Traviata wasted away by disease; Carmen pursued round the stage by Jose with the gleaming knife; Faust dragged to his doom to the strains of grandiose music so fitting to a departing soul—all these sadden me, even though the crime be attempted rather than performed: I prefer the wholly imaginative deed of Lucia di Lammermoor.

But the actual shedding of blood—Ugh! that is horrible.

The street fight—two human faces bruised and trickling with blood—well, there may be some excuse for this: it may be the only way of settling a score—*some* differences between men cannot be carried into court nor arbitrated.

The contest in the arena between two dumb animals: bull and lion, or tiger, or leopard, or elephant—merely to vent the antagonism each instinctively feels for the other by tearing, clawing, goring, and biting, until both are racked with pain and exhausted by loss of blood—this is revolting; and yet it is near kin to the combat between man and bull. Not so many years ago, such conflicts took place in the ring at Madrid, and (incredible though it be) the bull was victor over lion, tiger, and leopard, being vanquished by the elephant alone. Think of the courage

of a man who will face the conqueror of such monarchs of the lair and jungle!

But for a poor beast to be incited to fury—prodded by the lance of the picador, tortured by the barb of the banderillero, enraged by a hypodermic injection of fire, and pierced again and again with a stiletto when the matador fails in his aim—Oh! this is the worst of all: it is horrible to see—mere brute force and animal rage butting against dexterity of hand, nimbleness of foot, and skill begotten of practice! The inevitable is apparent from the first—clear sighted intelligence must win against blind instinct.

The struggle is typical of the efforts of the criminal against his Creator—he goes on breaking every law of Heaven in a wild career of sin, crime, and shame; but the eternal justice of God will give the final thrust!

But I wander—let us return to the gory deed.

I have seen ten thousand people of all ages, both sexes, and every condition of life, shout and applaud in a mighty roar—at what? At the spectacle of a slender youth, in rich apparel—holding a small red flag in one hand, and a long sharp sword in the other—quiet and cool—waiting the onset of a maddened bull; and when it was upon him, thrust the blade up to the hilt in the animal's neck, and in an instant the raging life became an inert mass. Self possessed courageous manhood—sure of eye and hand—pitted against blind fury! I must say it was admirable.

And again I have heard the same multitude hiss and jeer and utter every cry of derision—at what? The same spectacle!—but this time the man's arm failed—the steel stuck in the animal's neck, a foot deep, and he went careering onward—furious under the blade's wriggling point.

Such is the lesson of failure; and you'll find that the multitude in matters much more important, are often swayed by a mere balk to their expectations, like the emotional spectators of a bull-fight.

Mr. Northrup, who has seen the spectacle in the home of its greatest splendor (Madrid), tells me that it is about the same here as there. Descriptions of it abound; so if you are interested in the details, I must refer you to other sources, as I shall give only an outline of it.

The bull-ring is a huge round structure of masonry on the outskirts of the city; it is supplied with seats like a circus, but has no covering, so that on a bright, hot day one half the seats are desirable, and the other half scarcely endurable: the latter correspond to the gallery of a theatre, and are sold at low rates to the populace; the former correspond to the dress circle, and command high prices from the better class. The arena where the action goes on is of vast size: around it runs a railing a few feet from the lowest circle of seats; and the toreros scale this barrier when hotly pursued by the bull.

The butchery is advertised as a corrida de toros—a mere running of bulls; but it is a tragedy in three acts—the Tantalizing, the Torturing, and the Death Thrust.

There is a programme of the play, giving the names and parts of the dramatis personae, both biped and quadruped; for several of the latter are run. I spoke above of a hypodermic injection of fire being administered to the bull to make him active when sluggish; and lest you think I am indulging in facetious metaphor, I quote from the Programa oficial de las corridas de toros: "*Cuarto.* Que se usaran banderillas de fuego para los toros que no hayan tomado mas de tres varas." The banderilla de fuego

has a fire cracker attached to its barbed point: when this enters the flesh, the cracker explodes, burning and infuriating the poor animal, and converting what was little more than a vicious ox into a maddened bull raging for fight.

And that you may see that all ages, even the child at the breast, are present at these performances, I quote again from the programme: "Los niños que no sean de pecho, necesitan billete."

Under the name Cuadrilla (troop) are included all who take part in the performance: the matador (killer) is the swordsman who gives the fatal thrust; he is agile, alert, of undaunted courage, complete master of nerve and muscle, and thoroughly skilled in the use of his weapon, by whose Spanish name, Espada, he is generally known. The banderillero (from bandera, a small flag on a staff) is a torturer; and for dexterity, self-possession, and courage, ranks next to the Espada: the staff is not a simple stick, however; but has a fish-hook barb which enters the bull's hide—sticks there—and penetrates more with his every motion—an automatic spur. The capeador (cape bearer) is a tantalizer and foil, who carries a large red and yellow piece of cloth by which he decoys the bull from a fallen picador, or practises feints upon him; he must have a sharp eye, fleet foot, and ready hand. The picador (lancer) is armed with a long lance having a dull prod—it gives the first wound to poor toro: the picador is mounted—all others perform on foot—but such a horse! "Shylock might probe in vain for a pound of flesh on the entire herd of old nags used by the picadores]—diseased, emaciated, shattered in wind and limb—a pitiable museum of equine skeletons." The chulos are the supes of the theatre.

Torero is a general name applied to any member of the cuadrilla; and toreador is reserved for the espada or matador in particular. There are several matadores, banderilleros, capeadores and picadores in every performance —all varying in attainments and importance like the players in a drama; and the Booth, Irving, or Mansfield of the bull-ring is even more of a personage to the lovers of that pastime than were these actors to their admirers.

In the pristine glory of tauromachia, it was the grandees and men of celebrity who fought bulls: Fernando Pizarro was a valiant toreador before undertaking the conquest of Peru. In our unromantic era, however, the practise has fallen wholly into professional hands—men who rise from the populace.

But 'tis time to ring up the curtain and begin; the band is playing, the audience is gathered, and ten thousand people make a vivacious assemblage—laughter, noise, merriment, and a great ebullition of life.

First, we have the majestic entry of the cuadrilla or whole troop who make the circuit of the arena with a proud step, to the strains of lively music and the plaudits of the audience: they are dressed in every costume of their profession—short jacket, knee breeches, silk stockings, dainty shoes, jaunty caps, and sashes of every hue; their apparel is red, yellow, green, and blue—of velvet, silk, and fine cloth, and covered with decorations and gold embroidery. It is a brilliant scene of a far away age and clime.

Then the trumpet sounds and the decks are cleared for action: the picadores take position at different points and stand at gaze; the banderilleros and capeadores scatter about the ring; and the matador seeks a coign of vantage—as well as of refuge, to bide his time.

The bulls are kept in a darkened pen under the seats, and from this a dark passage leads to a door opening into the ring; one bull is separated from the rest and allowed to seek this door. At a blast from the trumpet the door was flung open, and the bull rushed into the arena: there he stood for a second—bewildered—dazed by the uproar of the multitude and dazzled by the sunlight. He was a fierce animal—full of fire and fight. Seeing a picador, he rushed for him—head down: the onslaught was sudden and violent—the man failed to plant his lance in the bull's neck, and the latter tore his horns through the belly of the horse, rolling him over the rider on the ground. Instantly, the capeadores came to the rescue—some baited the bull with their capes and lured him away, while others helped the fallen foe. The horse was killed outright—his entrails burst forth in a mass, and the man was seriously injured. Meantime, the bull went for another picador; but this time the man was ready and powerful—he planted the lance behind the horns, arrested the bull's career and held him at bay, while the horns grazed the horse's breast. The capeadores were on hand and drew off the bull by waving their capes. The bull's neck was streaming with blood, and for a few seconds he stood undecided: then he made another dash for the picador—struck the horse in the breast and upset both him and the rider. The capeadores threw themselves again into the breach; and after a few more such assaults, the picadores withdrew, and the first act closed.

Then the trumpet sounded again and the banderilleros came into action. One of them took a banderilla in each hand, and at a distance of a hundred feet or more, stood taunting the bull to attack. He did not have to wait long—

the beast came on, horns down, and when they all but touched the man, the latter skillfully planted both darts in the animal's neck and nimbly jumped aside, leaving the bull to career onward, rearing and kicking under the new goad, while blood flowed from the fresh wounds. A second banderillero repeated the manœuvre with equal skill; four sharp barbs were now stuck in the bull's neck, and he writhed and bled with every motion. A third banderillero did the same: he planted the darts, but in jumping aside, he tripped and fell; and before he could rise, or the capeadores assist him, the bull turned and gored his life out. This closed the second act.

The trumpet sounded again, and the matador stepped proudly into the arena—the Toledo blade in his right hand, the red flag in his left. It was now bull and man alone: but the man was fresh for the fray, while the bull was weak from loss of blood, weary from violent effort, and distracted by painful wounds and harassing barbs: the contest was wholly unequal. For a moment each eyed the other intently at the distance of a hundred yards: then the bull rushed furiously at the man, as if to say, "Let us end it—either you or I die." The matador stood firm, and just as the horns touched him, ran the sword into the neck—in, in, in, until it touched a vital spot, when the bull stood still—staggered—and fell on all fours: for a second he held his head firmly up, then it dropped—he was dead, and the tumult of applause that rose from the spectators was deafening.

With variations due to the individuality of both toreros and toros—for the bulls, too, have distinguishing traits (they fight fiercely or shyly, and are eager for combat or recoil from it)—the teasing, torturing, and killing went on

from three o'clock in the afternoon until dusk; eight bulls in all were slaughtered. Funeral obsequies were held over each carcass as soon as life was extinct—a pair of gayly decorated mules were driven into the arena, hitched to the lately departed, and he was dragged out. His flesh was sold for food!

It would be curious to determine how much of his expiring rage and mad excitement entered the organism of him who fed on such meat, quivering with all the intensity of the most savage feelings that can animate man or beast! Is it possible that a sword thrust dispels it all? It would be, I say, very curious to ascertain the effect; but I am not one to try it—as soon would I experiment with a dog infected with the rabies.

I think, my dear Dan, you have now had enough of the bull-fight; at least, of the real one. When we see it together, it will be by suggestion—as in Carmen: what a magnificent Toreador Señor Del Puente made when we saw him last! Young, agile, handsome—I see his graceful movements now, and hear his sonorous voice: if he ever played a part in the actual ring, 'tis sad to think what a host of bleeding feminine hearts he would bear with him from the arena! Peace be unto his ashes!—he gave pleasure to many a one in his day. I wonder if he and Madame Calve ever sang together in Carmen? She as supple, as bewitching, as versatile, as handsome—as real in all that goes to make up the ideal Carmen, as he was the ideal Toreador! It is only in this opera that I shall ever again see a bull-fight.

Your sincere friend,

GEORGE BROOKS.

CHAPTER X

The United States Flagship Adirondack: Homeward Bound!

Mais enfin le matelot crie:
Terre! terre! là-bas, voyez!
Ah! tous mes maux sont oubliés.
Salut a ma patrie!

—*Beranger.*

As a rule, the Trade-winds blow steady but light at Callao, so that ships generally ride in a southeasterly direction. On each side of the Adirondack lay ships-of-war of different nationalities—French, English, German, and Peruvian; and when the wind was from a certain point, these swung with their bows in alignment, so that they formed a cosmopolitan squadron in line abreast.

Sometimes, however, in calms or variable airs, the vessels headed in every direction—an international mix-up.

The Wenonah lay on the port quarter of the Adirondack, close aboard, and thus had a good view of all that occurred in the squadron.

There are two functions on every ship-of-war that are carried out with appropriate ceremonial—hoisting the colors at eight in the morning, and hauling them down at sunset: at the former, light yards are crossed, or sail loosed to dry, or the running boats for the day lowered, while the ensign goes up; the band plays the national air and the

ship's company face aft and take off their caps. At the hauling down of the colors, the light yards are sent down, to'gallant masts struck, or all boats hoisted, with the accompaniment of band and personal salute to the flag as in the morning. All this in the days of sail—alas, gone!

Where ships of different nations are assembled, nautical courtesy has established the custom of hoisting and hauling down the colors with the senior officer present: the American Admiral was the senior here, and it was a beautiful sight to see these engines of war render in unison—each in its own way—patriotic tribute to the ensign at its peak. The Adirondack alone had a band, and every morning, after the strains of the Star Spangled Banner had died away, the national air of each ship was played in the order of seniority of her commanding officer. Such is the courtesy of the sea.

This gathering of many vessels is a great incentive to proficiency: each crew feels it is in full view of all the others; and national, nautical, and ship pride incite it to expertness and celerity; the rivalry of the race-horse is in its blood—straining to distance every competitor.

The drills and routine duties of the Adirondack formed a great source of interest and pleasure to the people on the Wenonah, and became almost as familiar to them as if carried out on their own deck. At five every morning, reveille was sounded by fife and drum, followed by the boatswain's pipe and call "All hands—up all hammocks!" Up they tumbled in a hurrying throng—from the berth deck and the gun deck, each man with hammock neatly lashed; or if not, he was sent below by the lieutenant of the watch to do it. They stood near the rail and passed their hammocks up to the petty officer in the netting,

who stowed them in an even row—an undulating snow-line.

Half an hour for coffee and smoke, and then, "Turn-to!" when a hum of busy life filled the ship—scrubbing, cleansing, scouring: they scrubbed their clothes, their spare hammocks, and themselves; they scrubbed the decks, the boats, and the ship's copper; everything was cleaned, brightened, and polished, until by eight o'clock (when the color evolution took place) the ship shone like the kitchen utensils of a Dutch house wife; and all things were in as thorough order as that precise dame could wish.

Then breakfast for three quarters of an hour, during which the band played on the quarter deck.

Again, "Turn-to!" and a further smoothing out of all rumples in the toilet of ship and crew—yards were squared, rigging hauled taut, and awnings spread. At half past nine, quarters: the crew being divided into divisions, as a regiment into companies, each division assembled under its own officers—a lieutenant and a midshipman: those stationed at the battery, on the gun deck; the navigator's division, on the spar deck; the powder division, on the berth deck; the engineer's force in the engine room; and the marines on the quarter deck. The size of the divisions varied from forty to eighty men. The Captain and Executive Officer stood on the starboard side of the quarter deck, and all officers wore their side arms. Each lieutenant inspected his men and made note of deficiencies in personal neatness and cleanliness: he reported to the Executive, who conveyed all reports to the Captain.

Then, for about an hour, drill—varying for each division according to the routine of the day—some, at the battery, howitzers, and gatlings; more, at the manual of arms, company and skirmish drill; still more, with revolvers,

handling torpedoes, single sticks, and setting up—the last a kind of limbering of all the muscles. When drill was over, the artisans and crew began various kinds of work which continued until noon: then all hands had an hour for dinner.

In the afternoon, more drill and work until four o'clock: at five, supper. The band played on the gun deck during the officers' dinner hour; and later, for the men, on the spar deck, when dancing, song and story formed the amusement of various groups until nine o'clock: then, "Tattoo—pipe down!" and all was hushed for the night—snug in hammock and bunk, save the officer of the deck, the quartermaster, sentries, and anchor watch.

Such was an ordinary day; but every few days some lengthy exercise took place: one of these was sail drill, for which advantage was taken of a clear day when a very light breeze was blowing. Sail was made to royals, and the yards braced up. Then, an imaginary gale coming on, sail was reduced to it—reefs taken—and more reefs—storm sails and preventer braces gotten up—and all preparations made for heavy weather, until eventually the ship lay-to under fore storm staysail, close reefed maintopsail, and storm mizzen. Finally, everything was restored to the statu quo ante exercitum; and it was a sight to stir the blood of even a landsman to see the celerity and skill of the whole performance.

Another long exercise, which even in those days was not frequent, was the following: in the afternoon, with lower booms out and boats at them, light yards across and all sail bent, the Captain sent word to the Executive to call "All hands down lower yards and house topmasts!"

Every officer went to his station. The light yards and

topgallant masts were sent on deck—all sail unbent—booms rigged in—boats dropped astern—top-pennants and tackles gotten up—jeers rove—topsail yards lowered on forward rim of top and lashed—topmasts housed—and lower yards sent down to rest on rail: in less than two hours the ship looked like a dilapidated wreck, everything was so dismantled. The next morning all things were restored to their customary places: sail made to royals; yards braced alternately to port and starboard—then squared; everything snugly furled; and at eight, with hoisting the colors, the booms were rigged out and boats lowered as usual.

One morning, instead of routine drills, the ship was cleared for action, when all top hamper was sent down and every article of equipment not essential in action, was stowed below; canvas was spread under the boats; hammocks formed into fortifications for sharpshooters; and the battery cast loose and exercised. A fine sight the gun deck then presented—an open vista, full of armed men grouped in crews around their guns, and all set in motion together by orders from the Executive. Then the rattle was sprung—boarders scrambled through every hatchway, revolver and cutlass in hand, and crouched below the rail, ready to spring at the word. Next, the gong sounded, and pikemen and riflemen hurried to form lines behind the boarders, their weapons couched in bristing barriers over the rail. "All hands repel boarders!" and everybody with every available arm rushed to the repulse. But without avail—the enemy gained foothold on the spar deck and fought his way aft. Then the gatlings were wheeled into action on the quarter-deck, and the crew retreated behind and beside them—a solid mass of bayonets

and cutlasses: they opened fire and raked the deck—the attack wavered—when, "Drive the enemy over the bows!" and with a rush, all charged forward with bayonet, cutlass, and revolver, and cleared the deck. It was an exercise full of spirit and enthusiasm.

Fire quarters was a regular weekly drill, but at times, it was followed by "Abandon Ship!" At the Fire drill, men laid into the tops and out on the yards to draw water in buckets in case of fire aloft; others formed long bucket lines on deck; the pumps were manned and several streams of water thrown; gangs had axes, hatchets, crowbars and other wrecking tools; a squad was equipped with fire extinguishers; another squad had bottles of liquid to throw on the flame; sentries guarded all boat davits; and the gunner's gang was ready to flood the magazines and shell rooms. Then on the supposition that the fire got beyond control, the boatswain was ordered to call "All hands abandon ship!" Everything was dropped—boats lowered and hauled under gun ports where they were quickly provisioned and equipped with the necessaries for existence; and then every officer and man got into his assigned boat: they formed line ahead, pulled around the ship, returned and discharged; and once more the desolation the decks had presented during their absence was dispelled; and life, order, and regularity restored. It was an impressive exercise performed with system.

Another drill was arming all boats for attack upon craft of any kind; and still another, landing the gatlings and howitzers as artillery in combination with several companies as infantry for battalion drill.

The most picturesque of all the drills, however, was fleet tactics with boats. There were twelve pulling boats; and

a steam launch, from which the manœuvres were signalled: each had a crew of ten men, coxswain, and officer in charge. When equipped and ready, they formed in single column, and lay on their oars: then, by signal, they were put through a series of evolutions—line abreast, double column, echelon, and various changes of front and course. It was a beautiful sight to see them move together and maintain their distances from each other. Finally, they were formed in line, and brought to a stop: signal was made, "Toss oars!" when these were brought to a vertical position with blades fore and aft—a pretty sight. Then, "Boat oars!" and all were laid together on the thwarts. Again, signal, "Make sail—close hauled—port tack!" Instantly, masts were stepped, sail set, alignment corrected, and they sped onward in line abreast under the impulse of a good breeze. Upon signal being made, "Change course eight points to starboard!" sheets were eased off, helms put up, and in a moment all were moving in single column. Again, by signal, they hauled by the wind, tacked together, wore in succession, and finally returned to the ship—a race to test the sailing qualities of each boat and the seamanship of her officer.

The cleanliness and care of the men was a very noticeable feature of the Adirondack: every morning, heavy lines of white and of blue clothing were hoisted to dry; once a week, all bedding was aired—hammocks opened and mattresses spread on the rail, on clothes lines, on booms, and on spars; once a month, all clothing was similarly opened and aired; and once a quarter, both clothing and bedding were spread out by divisions on the spar and gun decks, each man stood beside his belongings, and the Captain and Executive Officer inspected them.

On the first Sunday of every month a full dress muster was held, when everybody—officer and man—appeared in his best: all gathered on the quarter deck—the Articles for the Government of the Navy were read by the Executive—and the crew mustered; as each man's name was called, he stepped from the ranks on the port side, took off his cap, passed around the capstan and went forward after close scrutiny by the Captain.

Divine service was held every Sunday, at which those who wished to do so, attended: those who preferred to go to church ashore, were formed into parties each with one of its number in charge, and set ashore in the steam launch.

Liberty to go ashore was given every evening; and on Saturdays and Sundays, according to behavior.

Boat races were held, in which all the foreign ships entered, and which afforded intense excitement and rivalry.

Dancing took place every evening, and minstrel performances occurred periodically.

In all this, there was life, movement, vitality, emulation, and a spur to interest and exertion: the personal element entered everywhere, and was the directing, achieving power upon which success or failure mainly depended; but now with sails practically abolished, the stimulus to the topman is gone—there is no longer the elation of the fore beating the main, nor is there the pride of weathering a gale by reefing down and making everything snug. No: the modern monster of steel plunges right into the teeth of any storm, and the sailor takes it easy in the lee of some superstructure. He is not called upon to brave foul weather, and so it browbeats *him:* he is not the product of fierce struggle with it—a hardy, hardened, courageous fighter, who watches with grim pleasure its approach

for he feels he can baffle it with his strength and skill. Furthermore, the substitution of mechanical devices has rendered human endeavor secondary in all the arteries of modern war ships: the personal effort has been dwarfed by bloodless, nerveless, fleshless, brainless force—Electricity, steam, and hydraulic power, whose whole aim and tendency is to ensure results with deadly precision and rapidity. The old order was effective in its day—the new is essential to the present; but it is a regrettable fact that with the change much of the personal element—the emulation and enthusiasm that diversify the sailor's life, should have to disappear. When there is no sail exercise to give play to his bold manhood, either in drill, or to weather a gale, many of his affections fail to take deep root: the cold steel with which he has to deal is not a fertile soil —he does not warm to it as towards a topsail, a boat, and a gun that formed part of a harmonious whole.

It is a lonely feeling one has in a foreign land when he hears only a strange tongue from day to day: he craves the companionship that can come only from his native speech; and when he hears this, it is with an eager grip he seizes the friendly hand and gives utterance to his pent up feelings. From such a condition it was that the Captain and passengers of the Wenonah fraternized with the officers of the Adirondack, and each found pleasure in the other's company.

Doctor Austin, Brooks, and Mr. Northrup spent many evenings with the officers smoking on the gun deck while the band played; Mrs. Austin, Adeline, and Marguerite were frequently taken out sailing in one of the ship's boats; and all were invited to dinner, to luncheon, and to dancing parties on afternoons when the society of Lima and Callao

as well as the officers of the foreign vessels were gathered on the Flagship: these entertainments (which were returned in such way as Captain Colburn and his passengers could find means to do) cemented the good feeling between both ships.

Toward the end of her stay, the Adirondack had her quarterly target practice, and the party from the Wenonah were invited to see it. They gladly accepted, and the morning of the event, after an early breakfast, they went on board. At eight o'clock the Adirondack got underway and steamed a few miles outside the shipping where the firing was to take place. The target—a canvas screen—had been anchored the evening before at one corner of an equilateral triangle, the other two corners being marked by buoys: to these, boats now pulled with a midshipman in each provided with instruments for observing the fall of the projectiles. All fires and lights were extinguished (except those under the boilers) on board the Adirondack.

At nine o'clock, "Beat to general quarters!" Captain Colburn and Brooks had seen this many a time; but to Mr. Northrup and Doctor Austin and his family it was a novel and most interesting sight: the throng of men hurrying to and fro, each intent on his own duty—all apparent confusion, but in reality complete system. Within a few minutes, all was ready—battery cast loose—crews armed and at their guns—powder division in magazine—shot and shell at hand—and everybody at his station: the activity ceased, and silence fell upon the ship.

The Executive Officer was on the bridge to carry on the practice under direction of the Captain; the Navigator near the helm to direct the ship's course; and a Midshipman with sextant in the maintop to determine the range. The

The U. S. Flagship Adirondack

ship's speed was about seven knots: she had just passed the first boat, heading for the second, when the Executive gave the order—"Commence firing!" An explosion and flash! and the forward gun of the battery sent a shell to the target, a thousand yards off: it burst close to it: other shells from other guns followed in quick succession and burst near enough to the target to make short work of any craft that might be there. By the time the ship reached the second boat, the whole starboard battery had been fired, and everything was enveloped in smoke. The day was clear and bright with a light breeze. The firing ceased, the ship passed on, made a turn, again crossed the firing line for the port battery to fire; and so alternately back and forth to bring each battery to bear, until a number of rounds had been fired by every gun.

After watching the flight of the first few shells, the visitors betook themselves to the gun deck—the scene of real activity: there were the gun crews armed with cutlass and revolver, or battle-axe, each crew grouped around its gun, and the whole battery in various stages of action—this gun loading; another running out; a third training—side tackles in hand—every eye upon the gun captain, who, cool, and deliberate, motioned the right tackle or the left to haul handsomely, while with lock-string in hand and eye ranging along sights and target, he caught the critical juncture, and then, "Ready—fire!" when everything dropped—a crash—the gun recoiled—and all peered through the port to see the result.

It was a vivid spectacle—guns running out, training, recoiling; powder boys hurrying with charges; shellmen bringing up projectiles; the gun captain's voice of command; the frequent noise of discharge; the men's faces

smutty with powder; and all dimly seen through a sulphurous smoke that filled the deck—a scene of the Inferno!

The exercise was finished by three in the afternoon and the ship returned to her old berth.

About two weeks after the Wenonah had arrived at Callao, there occurred one of those events which periodically take place in many a port of the world—the departure of a ship-of-war for home after an absence of three years: the Adirondack was on the eve of sailing.

There is much of hardship, privation, and vexation in the life of the officer as well as of the seaman in the Navy.

It is not always the waxed deck, canopied with variegated bunting, bright with colored electric lights, flashing with weapons of strife formed into fantastic figures—the band playing, and beautifully attired women and brilliant uniforms winding in and out through the mazes of the dance.

This, however, is the side most seen by those who see much at all of life on board: but there is a reverse to the picture; and while it is most in view during the cruise, it is generally veiled or turned to the wall on entering port. On the dark side we have the debilitating heat of Tropical climes or the rigors of northern cold; the region infected with malarial disease; the semi-savage parts of the world, where life is little more of an existence than the rank vegetation that grows in the vicinity; the isolation from all that is ennobling, congenial, or enjoyable; the subsistence on unpalatable, coarse food; the close restraint to ship limits; and above all, the long and anxious separation from home and family. Many a tear was shed at parting; and many a sad hour has been spent during the cruise as the mail brought painful tidings. Death has

been in some home, yea, even more harrowing than death —the long and wasting disease that drags on and on only to claim its emaciated victim on the eve of return of him who has with pain followed its progress in every letter throughout the years. Can any one wonder at the feeling of relief that fills the heart as the day draws near to end all this?

Then there are the petty differences that arise in closely associated communities. Individual traits—the repellant personality as well as the attractive one—assert themselves on board ship as in every body of men: the selfish, aggressive nature; the taunting cynic; the mean, spiteful tongue; the plausible, crafty person—all these, the instigators of strife, discord, and unhappiness—are found in wardroom and forecastle alike, equally with the generous, frank, and cheerful man, with whom it is a pleasure to live. The stings of these human gnats inflame the sensibilities: the wounds fester and grow more sore with each new stab, until toward the end of the cruise the victim longs for release from them. As truly said by a classic writer on life at sea, " C'est les petites misère intestines qui remplissent lentement le vase de dégoûts, et finissent quelquefois par le faire déborder."

The man cooped up three years in their midst yearns for other faces, for more varied topics of conversation, for new veins of thought, for wholly different surroundings. With one or more he associates only under stress: ashore, he would have naught to do with him; but on board, he must—perhaps even receive orders from him—because the mandate of a common superior places both in these intimate relations.

It is in the communal life that coteries and cliques

flourish and do their most vindictive work—where jealousies arise and become most spiteful—where prejudices have abundant growth and inflict the meanest injustice: and is it any wonder that he who suffers from all such should anxiously look for the day of surcease—when the flag is hauled down for the last time and the ship is put out of commission?

The day of departure had come; and when the colors were hoisted at eight o'clock, there was rounded up to the main royal truck of the Adirondack a bundle, which, when broken, let fall a streamer that floated five hundred feet in the morning breeze—the homeward bound pennant! The band played as usual the national airs of every ship present, and then a series of operatic selections.

All was quiet until nine—it was the breakfast hour—but then a lively scene spread upon the water: the ship was to get underway at half past ten, and gigs and cutters pulled from every vessel toward the Adirondack—their captains and ward-room officers coming to bid farewell to those about to sail.

After the visitors went on board, the boats lay on their oars off the starboard side and astern—presenting an animated scene of variegated flags, rising and falling and variously undulating with every movement of the water. On board, in cabin and ward-room, conviviality reigned—an effervescence of good feeling in accord with the sparkling wine that filled the parting glass. Conversation was lively, and shreds of English, French, and Spanish floated in the air from different groups—regrets at parting, reminiscences of events enjoyed together, and hopes of meeting again in some other quarter of the globe.

The day was clear with a gentle breeze blowing from

the southeast, and not a vestige was in the sky of the damp fog that so often enshrouds Callao Harbor.

At length, the last boat had gone, the gangway ladder was whipped in, and then resounded throughout the ship the shrill pipe of the boatswain and his mates, followed by the call—"All hands up anchor for home!"

Instantly arose the activity of a bee-hive.

The Admiral, Captain, and Executive Officer repaired to the after-bridge—the first, chiefly as an onlooker; the Captain, to direct affairs; and the Executive (trumpet in hand) to get the ship underway. The Navigator went to his place to pilot the ship out. The senior Lieutenant took station on the forecastle; the second and third Lieutenants on the starboard and port sides respectively, near the mainmast; the fourth Lieutenant at the mizzen; and the fifth Lieutenant on the gun deck to attend at the capstan and chain. Midshipmen were assigned as assistants to these, and also as a signal officer over the quartermasters.

The ready-men were sent aloft (the ship was to get underway under sail alone); more men were preparing the gear on deck; and every one of the five hundred constituting the crew was at his station. The bars were shipped and manned—the capstan whirled round—and the chain came rapidly in to a lively tune on fife and drum. At the report —"Short stay, sir!" the order came from the bridge, "Avast heaving!" and then the boatswain piped, "All hands make sail!" The men sprang into the rigging and stood on the sheer poles: a pause, and then the following orders were given by the Executive officer: "Aloft sail-loosers!" and the men started quickly up the rigging. "Lay out and loose!"—they spread upon the yards, cast

off the gaskets and held up the sail, while those on deck kept a turn of the gear, ready to throw it off.

"Let fall—sheet home—and hoist away the topsails!" when, as if by magic, the ship was shrouded in canvas, falling from every yard in graceful folds. The men scrambled down from aloft—some, by long stretches in the ratlines—others, hand over hand down the lifts—and more by seizing upon a rope and coming down with it—on the run. The clews were quickly hauled out, and a hundred men double-banked the halliards and ran the topsails up. Then the top gallant sails and royals were set, the spanker hauled out, and the gear of the head sails led along.

"Lay aft to the braces: port head—starboard main—port cross-jack braces!" and the after yards were braced up on the port tack, the head yards abox.

"Man the bars—heave round!" A final tug at the anchor, which, though stubbornly held by the mud, was soon wrenched from its grasp by strength that was anxious to get away. The anchor tripped, and slowly the Adirondack turned to starboard. The head sails were run up to assist the movement, and the helm set for sternboard. Meanwhile, the anchor was run up and catted.

The after-sails began to draw—the head yards were braced around—the helm righted—spanker sheet hauled in—and a gentle breeze soon filled every sail: the ship was about to start on her twenty thousand mile run—to Japan—to Singapore—to the Cape of Good Hope—to St. Helena—to New York! The band on the quarter deck played "Home, Sweet Home," and every heart felt a yearning thrill. Suddenly, a signal of the international code was broken at the mast head—"Good bye!"

In response appeared a signal of the same code at the mast head of every man-of-war in harbor, which—however worded in German, English, French, or Spanish, had the common sentiment of good feeling—"Bon voyage!"

Then the Frenchman manned the rigging and gave three hearty cheers, which were quickly followed by others from the Englishman, the German, and the Peruvian.

The cheer is the embodiment of American good feeling; so when the Gaul, the Briton, the Spaniard and the Teuton had each exhibited his cultivation of this exotic plant, the American rose to the grandeur of his native outburst—he swarmed in the rigging, he blackened the rail, he filled the tops, and rent the air with three times three and a tiger, tossing many a cap skyward to intensify his enthusiasm.

By this time, the Adirondack had come abreast the Wenonah, as if for a final hand shake; it was given—metaphorically—and with a hearty grip. Captain Colburn, his officers and passengers stood on the poop waving adieus with hat, cap, and handkerchief; while the crew manned the rigging and cheered, and the ensign was dipped again and again.

Another round of cheers from the Flagship—the "Girl I left behind me" by the band, and the Adirondack stood out past the shipping—the throng on her decks light-hearted and happy.

CHAPTER XI

On the Lonely South Pacific Toward Cape Horn

American Ship Wenonah,
Latitude 13° 20′ south, longitude 80° 15′ west.

My dear Dan: I hope the tenor of this letter will not be melancholy, as the above heading portends; but I'll let that stand, as it tells briefly where we are, and whither bound.

I wrote to you from Callao about a trip I made up the Oroya Railroad, and a bull-fight I saw in Lima; now I will endeavor to give you a view of life on board here, but despair of throwing much lightsomeness into my mood —the crop of incidents is meagre. We are, in truth, upon a waste of waters: traffic is confined either to the coast or to narrow belts well out to sea; and all else is arid of life. From the coast of South America west to Australia is the great Sahara of the ocean, so far as the wings of commerce take flight; the caravan routes of the sea between Cape Horn and California alone exist, and only on them is one ever likely to meet a sail.

I shall divide my epistle, not into installments by days, but (as the French would say) into étapes—halting places spaced apart according to the inclination to write; and one day or many may intervene between stations: in order that you may follow us, I will set up sign posts of latitude and longitude along our route.

We left Callao two days ago, in cheery sunshine, under sail, and with a good breeze; and are now standing out on the port tack, with, however, the yards braced in a point to get better speed. We shall be in the Southeast Trades several days and so shall hold this tack during that time: it means days of somnolent motion—rising and falling to the long Pacific swell, and lulled by the gentle airs that have such a velvety touch.

Soon after leaving harbor, we ran into the densest of Callao fogs, which gave us a parting saturation until night-fall; it was chill and dismal: at midnight it cleared up—yesterday was fine—and to-day is superb, but alas! there is little wind.

The first days out after a long stay in port are, as you know, like one's return home from a summer trip—a cleaning of everything that has become covered with dust, and a connecting of all the threads of routine that had been severed; the laundry and the grocer and the butcher and the various other purveyors of household needs must again be established in their periodic trips: and so, on board, the daily scrubbing and cleansing and inspection and exercise in the several drills must be renewed; all stranded ropes of ship routine must be spliced anew, and all separated joints of discipline welded afresh. And such has been going on since we left port, so that now everything is ship-shape again; and order, discipline, and exercise go on as if there had been no break.

Our little band of passengers are most inquisitive—they see everything wherever we go: I'll guarantee they know more about Callao than many a native; and yet they offend nobody by their prying and questioning; but on the contrary, go about it in a delicate way, like the

doctor, who with a soft touch on your pulse, ferrets out your inmost working by a pleasant manner and sympathetic question. In our peregrinations we went aboard all the foreign ships-of-war in Callao Harbor, and so keen were our passengers in their scrutiny, and intelligent in their questioning, that if you wanted to know the peculiarities of a French, a German, or an English ship-of-war, none could give a more concise and accurate answer than Mr. Northrup, or Doctor Austin and his wife.

The foreigners treated us with "distinguished consideration"; so, to return their hospitality, just before sailing we invited the Captains, Executive and other officers to breakfast on the Wenonah: we called the meal by that name, but it took place at noon and was in every sense a square American dinner—from soup, through fish, flesh and fowl, to coffee and cigars. The Germans of the party spoke English, so there was no difficulty in entertaining *them:* the British officers spoke English, too; but with so many abrupt hitches—short, disjointed, ejaculatory grunts, and quickly uttered bob-tailed words, that I must in all candor declare that the deliberate Ollendorffian enunciation of the Teutons was more easily understood. The Frenchmen were as easily at home as in Paris; for there was Marguerite to whom their tongue in all its charming sinuosities is native; and Mrs. Austin and Adeline scarcely less facile with it; then Mr. Northrup spoke it correctly if not fluently; and as for the Doctor and me—well, we're not boasting of our linguistic acquisitions, but the quick witted Frenchmen understood us, and—we understood them. I pass by the viands and service—both did credit to American hospitality and taste (albeit the purveyors are Japs)—and I come to only two dishes which wrought

the guests up to enthusiasm—the coffee and a sweet-potatoe pie! The coffee was from Cuzco—rich and oily, and with an aroma and flavor that simply made all smack their lips with the unctuous savour. But the potatoe pie —that was *my* pièce de résistance, and none did resist it—even a full quarter section: each pre-empted it with the eagerness of a claim jumper on a mining lode. But think of it—pie for breakfast! and for a Frenchman!

Well, I pride myself on that pie—I taught the Jap steward how to make it: take boiled sweet potatoes, eggs, and cream—beat all together, bake (no top crust), saturate with old Maryland rye and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

It was a happy meal—all enjoyed it—and our guests went away full of joviality and good feeling, which we heartily reciprocated. And so endeth the first étape.

Latitude 15° 30′ south, longitude 84° 10′ west.

Truly, my dear Dan, the vicissitudes of a sailor are remarkable: you remember I told you that when I was on the Minnetonka, Flagship of the China Squadron, the Weehawken came out to relieve us; well, I find here a boatswain—Ned Gower by name—who was captain of the maintop on the Weehawken when I was boatswain's mate on the Minnetonka, and here we meet after ten years. Then, shortly afterward, you, as cabin boy, rounded Cape Horn with me in the Clipper ship Everglade; and to-day you are a bright marine reporter for a leading San Francisco paper, while I am on my way East in quest of literary ventures. Truly do our courses seem without guiding star—haphazard!

I told you we are going through the inland channels of Patagonia; it is a most unusual route for merchant vessels,

though frequently taken by ships-of-war. Our Captain has never been over it, but every day he spends some time reading it up and studying the charts. We have a volume of Spanish sailing directions on board which I am reading; and after deducting a fair percentage for the innate hyperbole of the language, there still remains a terrifying picture of what one may expect in those channels. Here are a few extracts: "El tiempo es incontestablemente muy malo, y es probable que en ninguna parte del globo frecuentada por el hombre se esperimenta un tiempo peor en todo el curso del año. Invierno y verano son semajantes: la lluvia, la nieve, el granizo, y el viento solo se ausentan por periodos breves. . . . Las observaciones hechas abordo de la Sylvia [a British surveying vessel] dan una media de once horas diarias de lluvia, nieve, y granizo durante los seis meses comprendidos entre Octubre y Abril. . . . Las observaciones de la Nassau [also a British surveying vessel] dan un resultado semajante. . . . El viento reinante es el del norte, y algunas veces sopla con gran furia. . . . El caracter peculiar del tiempo en estos canales no se distingue por una escesiva fuerza de viento, sino como antes se ha dicho, por la lluvia casi constante."

Now, this is not the inflated writing of a tourist, but the precise description of what trustworthy seamen have experienced. Swift currents—hidden rocks—entangling kelp—drenching rain—violent squalls—devious canals—thick weather—rocks—shoals!—all which I find from other parts of the sailing directions. I must say the prospect is not pleasing; but with a thorough knowledge of the conditions, and the skill to meet them—which is the equipment of our prudent Captain—I have no doubt we

shall get through safe. The foregoing description is applicable to all the Patagonian Channels and the Straits of Magellan that connect the Atlantic and Pacific through the lower part of the South American Continent. The length of our route through them is about seven hundred miles, and it will take several days to traverse it, on account of having to anchor every night: navigation in the dark would be dangerous, if not impossible; and there are few lights, buoys, or other aids to it, in the channels proper.

And this leads me to the thought (you know I am ever disposed to moralize), that it is not in the easy flow of life—midst sunshine and green fields, the warble of birds and perfume of flowers—that manly qualities are cultivated and character formed: no, but in the rough and tumble of life, as in the violence of nature's forces on the sea; or in the fierce contention of human activities ashore; where you have to struggle with all your might to keep from being swamped by their fury.

I bought some Spanish books in Lima to while away an odd hour on this long passage: they are chiefly translations from the French, and therefore more easily understood than if original—the briars of native idiom or the thorns of provincialism do not crop up in every sentence to scratch your interest and tax your ingenuity to unravel their meaning. As a rule, French novels are full of moral shoals and quick-sands—'tis well to give them a wide berth: the pleasure they afford does not compensate for the danger run.

Since my last étape, we have had fine, peaceful weather and gentle breezes.

At Callao little could be done toward the systematic

cleaning of the ship—airing bedding and scrubbing clothes and blankets: the frequent fog kept everything, even the person, in a state of half mould; but during these genial days the Captain is having a general house cleaning and airing; and with these occupations and the daily inspections, exercises, repairs, and reeving off new gear, this little community is kept busy—no idle hours for socialistic visions.

Latitude 22° 30′ south, longitude 90° 30′ west.

To-day we are about eleven hundred miles southwest of Callao, and several days out from port; for the winds have often been light: the last two days, however, they have no longer been the dry, mild Trades; but boisterous, damp, and squally, with a rough sea. The ship does a good deal of pitching and rolling, but more of that combined motion called corkscrew.

We are approaching a region where many of our life-long notions will be reversed: to-day, at noon, the sun was directly overhead; and henceforth for many a day, it will shine to the north of us instead of to the southward. The icy blasts will come from the South, whereas we have been accustomed to regard southerly breezes as soft and warm. In New York, it is the east wind that brings thick weather with rain: here, on the coast, the east wind is dry, and clears the atmosphere; while the northwest winds (which in New York sweep the clouds away and brace the system up) are here the harbinger of overcast skies, rain, and storm. We left San Francisco toward spring—here, the same month is the first of autumn: one hemisphere has everything the converse of the other.

This is indeed a happy trip for us who are merely

journeying—making a passage from one port to another without the responsibility and anxiety that harass those concerned with the means of transportation.

Mr. Northrup is a splendid fellow—genial and affable, yet very dignified: he has travelled a great deal—mingled intimately with men—is full of anecdote, which he relates well—and has a great store of information, which any one may draw upon, but which is never ostentatiously displayed. He goes among the crew and talks to them with the freedom of a true cosmopolitan, who has no fear of losing caste by letting a fellow man feel that they have something in common. He has that facility of manner—that open-hearted fellowship which, in the main, is so characteristic of our California life. You instinctively get the idea that he belongs to a superior category, but he never makes you *feel* it. It is the ease of cultivation, education, and refinement that characterizes him, not the brusque familiarity that sometimes mars the intercourse of our coast, and which has arisen chiefly from association while toiling on the same level.

Mr. Northrup acts toward the men as if they were sensitive to pain and pleasure as he is himself, and so he is popular with them. He and Mrs. Austin have daily contests at chess, and both are expert players.

There is a piano in the cabin, and nearly every evening we have music: the Doctor affords us pleasure with his fine tenor voice while his wife plays the accompaniment.

This is varied by Marguerite's pretty French chansons, of which she has an inexhaustible supply. We have asked the Captain to allow such of the men as wish, to come aft into the saloon during these little entertainments,

and it has been the means of contributing to the variety of the amusement; for we have thus discovered a couple of darkies with banjos, a Spaniard with a guitar, and two sons of the Emerald Isle who can perform a clog dance to my scraping of the fiddle. There is a brace of Italians who carol forth Neapolitan boat songs with a melody that is enchanting—one could almost imagine himself among their feluccas within sight of Vesuvius or lolling in a gondola on a Venetian canal. Even Mr. Northrup adds to the gayety of our evenings: he reads dramatic pieces like an actor—personates different characters so accurately in tone and enunciation that if you were behind a curtain you would say several persons were speaking. There is an excellent library in the saloon, and one of his readings draws a full house—Jack enjoys hugely his humor, or sentiment, or tragedy, whether in poetry, prose, or drama. All our little amusements attract the men and officers, except two, the First Mate and the Engineer—*they* never come.

One evening I had a severe headache and went up on the poop: mirth and laughter filled the saloon at Mr. Northrup's rendering of some passages in the *Innocents Abroad;* nearly everybody on board was there—but peering down through the skylight stood those two worthies (the Mate and Engineer) like villains in the Italian opera who draw aside from the main action, and plot and scheme; as I have no doubt they were doing—there was so much cunning and scorn in their faces.

I have left for a last word to-day, mention of the greatest source of happiness on board—little Adeline: forward, aft, everywhere, she brightens all; she has only to come running or skipping into any group of men for them to give

her a hearty welcome. I have been near—looking over the rail, apparently absorbed with wind and wave, but in reality with an attentive ear to all that was said and a sharp glance out of the corner of my eye at what was going on—when she was with the men; and yet, not a word or act ever escaped them but would be exactly the same if her mother were present: such is the power of youthful innocence over even these rough natures! In some respects they are like children themselves.

Latitude 30° 10′ south, longitude 94° 25′ west.

Since last writing, we passed the polar limit of the Trades in latitude 26° 50′ south and longitude 93° 30′ west: the winds died away like a flickering candle—a succession of strong puffs, when the ship would glide quickly on; and then some short gasps, when our only motion was a monotonous oscillation to the immense ocean swell. There is much of resemblance in the ending of all things, and thus our Trade winds passed away—quietly, as one whose strength had long been ebbing: then a calm—the stillness of death.

Steam was gotten up at once and for a day we sped on through tranquil waters—a clear, blue sky above, and a delightful atmosphere to refresh the lungs.

We are about thirteen hundred miles due west of Valparaiso. Yesterday morning, soon after sunrise, the Captain "swung ship": you never saw this procedure—they seldom do it in merchant ships, but it is familiar to me, having seen it on the Minnetonka.

The Wenonah is an iron vessel, and therefore a magnet; the compass needle is also a magnet: now if you suspend two magnets by threads and bring them near each other,

they will mutually cause motion: the ship rolls and pitches and steers various courses—all corresponding to the motion of one magnet which disturbs the other—the compass needle: it deviates from its proper direction, and the amount of this *deviation* varies with the ship's course and the strength of her magnetism. It is to ascertain this deviation that the ship is swung. The speed is reduced to mere steerage way, and then she is put successively on sixteen equidistant points and steered on each for about five minutes to let the ship's magnetism have full effect and the compass card come to rest: during this period, the Captain observes the bearing of the sun by means of an azimuth circle placed on the standard compass, and when satisfied that he has it accurately, he notes it together with the time by chronometer.

These observations, with the ship's course and the latitude and longitude of the place, are the data from which by calculations of a rather laborious nature based on intricate mathematical formulas, the deviations of the compass are ascertained.

O the intelligence and acumen of man, that from the position of the sun in the heavens can determine exactly the amount his little guide is astray!

As I have studied navigation and its related subjects to some extent, the mystery was not so thickly veiled to me as to others of our party: they were all on deck to see the operation and enjoy the delightful freshness of the morning.

I thought the Captain might like a little help, so I offered mine—I noted the time of each observation and kept the record of everything. The Mate observed the ship's head by steering compass, and the Captain himself

observed the sun's bearing and ship's head by the standard.

Captain Colburn has one characteristic very prominent —he is thorough in whatever he does: his whole interest—heart and intelligence—is in it. We were nearly two hours swinging on sixteen points, and now when he has made the calculations, he can approach the stormy coast of Patagonia with full confidence in his compass courses. If others took equal care, there would be fewer disasters. He spent two hours ensuring safety, whereas without it he might have wrecked a million dollars' worth of cargo and ship, and lost many lives.

But this was not the view our disgruntled First Mate took of the operation: when it was over, he said to me, "What damn rot this is! I've been going to sea man and boy for twenty years, and I never saw this done before. We always stood boldly in to the coast, for the compasses were fixed up before we left port by a man who knew his business. This Captain didn't have that done in San Francisco—he done it himself—and he's afraid they're all wrong, and I guess they are. I shouldn't wonder if we fetched up on some rock off shore; but I'll be on deck and keep a sharp look out—he's not going to pile my bones on that beach. Now, there were two hours that we might have made twenty miles straight on our course, instead of fooling them away going round a circle because he's frightened about the compasses. The owners don't want no such nonsense—'tis money out of pocket for them, and I guess he'll hear of it."

"Don't you know," said I, "that even if the compasses had been properly compensated by a professional adjuster in San Francisco, they would still be in error here, after

such an extreme change of magnetic conditions?"

"I know," he answered, "that when they're turned over to us as all right by a man who knows what he's talking about, they *are* right: to monkey with them afterwards is to make them all wrong. If we do come to grief, it will be the fault of this man—he'd better have stayed ashore, berthing ships and handling cargo as he was doing, and let blue water sailing to them as know how to do it."

I won't weary you with more of his speech; but tell you that before I finished I made clear even to Jacob Hawse, the full value of the Captain's swinging ship. I saw he had learned something about compass deviations, although sneering flings at the Captain were his only rejoinder.

We had but a few hours more under steam after swinging ship; for a gentle breeze sprang up—sail was made—steam let down—and we are again gliding on, all our wings spread to the westerly breeze. The weather is perfect—clear, dry, and genial, with just a touch of freshness in the air. Later, these westerly winds will become stormy—probably roar like lions. I suppose, Dan, you are weary of all this wind and weather palabreria; but I am far from the haunts of men, and variety of incident doesn't exist. In this little community, the events are prescribed, and they occur with the regularity of the hand to the hour upon the dial: one day, it is an exercise at fire quarters; another, a simulated man overboard; still again, a hypothetical abandon ship; then, airing bedding and clothes; and every day, it is cleaning and inspection of the ship and crew.

The Captain takes his observations for longitude and compass error every morning and a meridian altitude at noon; and even the posting of this information about one

o'clock—to see where we are, and how much we have made in the past twenty-four hours; to speculate upon the prospective run and the winds during the ensuing day—all this is looked for as anxiously as you would for your morning paper full of sensational news or the carnage of war.

So do trifles or tragedies interest us according to the conditions in which we're placed!

This is a little realm wherein the aim of him who governs it is to make it run with the regularity of a mechanism; and the lubricating means to this end are largely in the head, heart, and fibre of him who commands. His personality enters powerfully in imparting character to everything aboard: with fair knowledge of his profession and painstaking, persevering endeavor—above all, if loyally supported by his subordinates, there is no reason why he should not have a well disciplined ship, equal to any emergency. But however competent and zealous the Captain may be, if he is not seconded by his subordinates, his efforts will generally have inadequate results, if not meet with dismal failure.

You remember how slovenly things were on the Everglade, because the Captain was such, and I could make no headway against his lethargy: well, the converse is the case here—what efficiency exists (and there is a great deal), is attained solely by the Captain's tireless energy and watchfulness against, not even stolid apathy, but active opposition in every form it can be exerted, short of open insubordination. The cat-like purring that sometimes goes on in his presence by some officers, has its natural claw-like accompaniment—merciless scratching and tearing behind his back. It fills me with indignation to see the

game the First Mate is playing: I long to see him commit some open deed that the Captain can take hold of, in order to deal with him as he deserves.

Latitude 32° 18′ south, longitude 94° 13′ west.

More beautiful days—bright, fresh, and delightful; but with little wind: we are merely crawling toward our goal. There is a deep sense of isolation in our present position—as far from any land, and as remote from the highways of commerce, as it is possible to get: when the twilight of evening comes, and to the quiet of sea and air is added the hush of noises aboard, then, indeed, the feeling of isolation is impressive and conduces to reverie. At such times I light a cigar, go up on the poop, and, leaning over the taffrail, watch our wake, and think and think; and this is the burden of my thought—the condition of life on board this ship.

Here is a man with a fine command—provided with every comfort a ship can afford—his will apparently supreme—his orders (as far as one can see) obeyed; everything to flatter his pride and ambition, and yet I believe him to be unhappy. Why is this? A long story—I will merely touch on it:

Captain Colburn is a sensitive man who enjoys with zest all that affords him pleasure: he also suffers acutely whatever gives him pain. When we left San Francisco, he was buoyant and cheerful and threw his whole soul into making the ship and crew all that the most ardent enthusiast could desire.

All went well for awhile: but eventually, the cloven foot appeared in the person of the First Mate; and the clear, wholesome stream issuing from the cabin was literally

dammed in its course—made a stagnant pool, green with suspicion, slimy with innuendo, and muddy with every lump of ridicule that could be cast into it: men and officers alike became infected—imbued with animosity toward the Captain.

The inevitable soon followed; there was jarring in the whole routine of the ship—ill-will produced bad work—and failure marked the Captain's efforts. That was the second phase. Then something happened which we can only infer from the results; for matters again progressed smoothly—at least to our view—and efficiency and discipline prevailed.

It was the eternal struggle of ship life—who should command—Captain or Mate? And I guess the latter found that the former intended to do so; for there is now apparent peace and good work: but beneath, I know sullenness and disloyalty to exist among officers and men; while the Captain has become reserved, severe, and irritable—the natural outcome of the influences working upon him.

Pain, whether physical or mental, disposes us to find fault with others; and if it be recurrent, we become habitually peevish, unless blessed with the patience of Job or Tobias: so with our food, a bad meal puts us out of humor; and a succession of them breeds all the ills of indigestion with their reflex action on our temper and manner: similarly with continued failure—it so depresses its victim, that he finally acquires the cynical, morose nature of the baffled man. Let him who seldom knows an ailment, or him who generally gratifies his appetite with savoury dishes, or him who ever hears the plaudits of success, take the place of the man who is familiar chiefly with the opposites of these conditions, and see how long his suavity

will endure! His is an exceptional nature that will not turn sour under continued disappointment.

There is such a treacherous undertow in this ship, and the Captain is aware of it—carrying all his endeavor, if not toward total failure, at least toward only partial success—that I do not wonder he is taciturn and bitter.

The other evening I was leaning over the taffrail as usual, smoking, and not far off—stationed at the life buoy—was one of the Irishmen who contribute so much to our little entertainments by their rollicking songs and dance. The First Mate was on watch: he approached the lookout and said,

"Well, Mike, going into the saloon tonight?"

"Yes, sir; to be sure."

"Then you like to make a laughing stock of yourself for those people?"

"I don't know about that, sir; all hands take a turn in making merriment."

"Yes, but all hands don't feel towards you as these passengers do: don't you know they belong to the Know-nothing Party in the United States, that want to send you all back to English tyranny? Why, you're no better than a dago. They, too, go and amuse them; and you all get the same pay—a glass of beer! I wouldn't make a clown of myself for anybody to laugh at—let the dagoes do that. The Irish are men—let them act like men, and not like monkeys to caper about for the amusement of those whose ancestors oppressed them and their religion."

This, and much more in a minor key (which I didn't catch), was distilled into Mike's ear. The Mate knew I was there, so I couldn't be called an eavesdropper; on the other hand, his voice was so low that I presume he thought

he was not heard; but my ears are very sharp. I suppose I should have moved away, but my curiosity was aroused to see what new discontent Hawse would stir up.

To contradict him and set matters right might lead to complications which I thought best to avoid, and so after a few moments, I went away.

The Captain has introduced a new arrangement for stowing the belongings of the crew: each man has a cylindrical bag about fourteen inches in diameter and thirty inches long made of heavy canvas—his *trunk*, in which he can keep all his traps: caps, shoes, neckerchiefs, socks, trousers, pea-jacket, and shirts—each piece neatly rolled up and tied with twine. He has also a small box of about a foot measurement each way, in which he keeps odds and ends—soap, brushes, shaving gear, sewing materials, old letters, photographs, and little trinkets—a kind of magpie's nest. His bedding is stowed in a hammock.

Periodically, in fine weather, there is a field day when each man gets up his earthly goods, spreads them to air, and the Captain inspects them. Such an event occurred yesterday, and the ship from forecastle to quarter deck looked like a bazaar with this curious array; but it was most creditable for cleanliness and neatness: the Captain invited us to look at it with him, and it pleased the men highly to hear the praise we bestowed with entire sincerity on the appearance of everything. Many a pleasant word passed on both sides, and instead of it being a formal inspection, it was like an enjoyable first view of a connoisseur's collection with encomiums thrown in. Of course Jacob Hawse calls this care for the small comforts of the men, treating them like children—coddling.

This reminds me to tell you what I have done with *my* clothes: as I knew for a year that I should make this passage, I kept all my partly worn garments, especially underwear, with the view of getting a final turn out of them in the bad weather at sea; well, their tatters strew the Pacific from California to Patagonia; every night I commit a deed of darkness, and consign some article to the vasty deep without even a requiem strain. When I reach New York, I shall need almost a new outfit of every article that covers man—not that I shall be literally in the *altogether* upon arrival; but my wardrobe will be well within the hundred dollar limit of the Custom House.

Latitude 35° 16′ south, longitude 93° 11′ west.

A ship is an odd place to find home comforts, and yet I have found them here, and to greater extent than anywhere else for many a year.

It is a happy group that gathers round our board three times a day—the Captain, Doctor Austin and his family, Mr. Northrup, and myself. Promptly at the hour, we all assemble: at eight o'clock, breakfast; at half-past one, dinner; at half past six, supper—all in good whilom American style with substantial, wholesome food. No defrauding one's hungry maw with an egg and bit of toast for an early breakfast; but steak—or chops—or ham and eggs, with potatoes, coffee, rolls, corn bread, buckwheat cakes, and maple syrup—edibles to give the empty stomach something to act upon and enable a man to do his work.

The Captain sits at the head of the table and does the carving, while Mrs. Austin presides over the coffee and tea trays—'tis quite a family function our thrice daily reunion at the festive board.

Solidity of food and regularity of meals are great factors in a sound life: contrast their effect upon one's habits and manners with the influence of the vagabond browsing among restaurants that is becoming so common in San Francisco, and I suppose also in other cities where the exotic customs of Europe are creeping in! A cup of coffee with a roll and egg any time up to noon in any eating house you happen to be near: in the middle of the day, perhaps a steak or chop according to your purse; or if this be light, or you have a tendency to save, some dish that keeps up the fraud of the morning: at night you dine at random—it may be to repletion; or if you are on the keen scent for much food for little money (as some are), you continue the fraud upon your health by another meagre meal. Irregularity—insufficiency—subterfuge: they break down good habits, deform character, and lead to irresponsibility, if not immorality.

Then there is the *Tip* affliction: the waiter stands over you with the cowing look of a bandit—compelling you to put down an adequate fee. If not, you get scowls and sulks and bad food. Now all this is degrading to a man—it wounds his feelings and humbles his self respect—places him at the caprice of a creature devoid of all sense of obligation to do his work, actuated only by greed. From the eating house of low degree to the restaurant of high pretensions, it is all the same—the "stand and deliver" practice may be less brutally carried out in the latter, but not less effectively. The man whose digestion and sentiments can survive a round of this debauchery is indeed a marvel of stability. Now compare such a drifting existence with the regular, respectable life we lead here. Our little band has all the intimacy of a family with the natural

spur to self control and regard for one another—nay, more, a tendency to mutual kindly acts—that characterize a refined home. How different from the vagrant feeding in public hostelries, where self assertion, aggressiveness, and disregard for not only the conventionalities, but the barest civilities of life, are fostered—making of man an ill-mannered egoist, instead of a congenial companion.

Our food is plain, but appetizing and nutritious; and the table is served with a delicacy that adds zest to all that is put upon it. The cook, steward, and servants are Japanese—little people who by nature are neat, clean, and even-tempered: they take all one's varying moods with the same imperturbability—a compliment or a harsh word elicits neither smile nor frown; but they go quietly on, attending faithfully to all their duties. They are, besides, honest and economical. The tipping practice is wholly absent, and it adds immensely to one's self-respect to have his little requirements fulfilled without debasement of both giver and receiver.

It is a pleasure to see how these Japs attend to things without a word: the cleaning, sweeping, dusting, polishing, and arranging of articles in their accustomed places—all this is done with as much interest and care as if it were their sole thought in life to do it well.

Latitude 42° 31′ south, longitude 84° 16′ west.

This is my last étape. I shall close this letter to-day and send it to you from Punta Arenas in the Straits of Magellan. We are about five hundred miles from the entrance to the Patagonian Channels—the Gulf of Peñas, and Heaven grant it hide no treacherous rock for us!

Keep up your French and Spanish, Dan; you can't tell the day when they may come in handy: my stock of both has stood me well on many an occasion, and I have often been complimented on their quality. The truth is, I can get off a few phrases that are within easy reach, quite glibly: many more are in a state of somnolence, and if I could only awaken them to activity at the proper moment, they would serve me well; but, alas! they slumber on, and so by the ready utterance of a few words, I get credit for a reserve of fluency that I really do not possess.

The Irishmen couldn't stand the Mate's ridicule—they did not come to the saloon on the evening the conversation took place that I related a few pages back: then the Spaniard dropped out—next, the negroes went—finally, the Neapolitans were missing; and so crumbled our little variety show.

That man Hawse is an incarnate devil!

I scarcely believe in a single primal fiend: our own vicious vagaries are sufficiently explained by the evil traits that more or less streak us; while the wickedness from without is fully accounted for by such men as he. There isn't an imp of darkness that could devise more refined torments than he has for Colburn. The Captain doesn't speak of it—that is not necessary: we passengers are but lookers-on; yet we might be blind, and the strength of the countercurrent Hawse has set up against the Captain—defeating his efforts to make the ship happy and efficient, irritating him by petty insubordination, harassing him by traps, and loading him with anxiety lest he (the Mate) should do some dastardly deed at a critical moment—all this would make itself felt.

But we're not blind, and we clearly see its effects on the

Captain: no doubt the latter is biding his time to strangle the viper; and so we keep from mixing in what we might only muddle.

The others wondered at the sudden collapse of our little amusements: the Captain was present, but made no comment—I guess he knew the reason; so when he left us, I explained the cause, and they are all as wrathful as I am toward its snaky author. Well, it is a long run yet to New York; and we're going to try to devise some attractions for the men that will prove stronger than Jacob Hawse's taunts: I feel they do not like him—he simply pools their issues—a sluice to give outlet to their petty grievances.

There! I have written to you on everything I can think of regarding life on board. We passengers are jovial and happy; and the Captain has a happy moment, too, when at meals, or enjoying a cigar with us on the poop.

And so good bye. I shall go up on deck and watch the albatrosses. The weather is rough and stormy—the ship is bounding over the huge billows—and the albatrosses are following all the watery undulations with evident pleasure, or sweeping in graceful convolutions through the air.

Your sincere friend,

GEORGE BROOKS.

CHAPTER XII

The Boatswain

Hark you, Bear! you are a coward,
And no Brave, as you pretended: . . . .
Bear! you know our tribes are hostile,
Long have been at war together; . . . .
Had you conquered me in battle,
Not a groan would I have uttered;
But you, Bear! sit here and whimper . . . .
Like a wretched Shaugodaya!

—*Longfellow.*

The letter of our literary passenger, George Brooks, forming chapter eleven, brings the narrative down to within a few days' run of the coast; so the story will be resumed here.

In almost every ship there are representatives of well marked types; they may be among the crew or among the officers: The man who will perform duty only under surveillance—the shirk who has to be driven; and the goad must be applied often. Or again, the man who anticipates an order—the most exasperating type of person on board; he interrupts you with a testy assurance that he understands ere the order is half uttered; or he even supplies the words you would speak, as if a mere hint or intimation were all that was necessary for his quick intelligence. He is impatient of explanatory details and

eager to get beyond control. It is only natures full of vanity that act thus: do they perform duty well? Never. They have not character enough to do anything thoroughly; and when brought to task for delinquencies, they give the glib excuse, that they did not understand! O but they make a commanding officer writhe with their fatuous conceit! Or still again, the man who seeks favors and privileges by flattering artifices—that smooth, glossy address that is all things to all men, the contemptible degenerate of tactful action. Or finally, the man streaked with deceit—who will listen with apparent interest to all you say—will signify his assent by a cheerful "Aye, aye, sir"—and then go and either not do your bidding at all, or only in part, or wholly according to his own view: he trusts to the matter being forgotten; or, at worst, that he can make a plausible excuse; and meanwhile his craving to have his own way has been gratified.

In striking contrast with these traits were those of one man aboard the Wenonah—the Boatswain, or Bo'sun, as it is pronounced by seamen; a man whom Jacob Hawse could neither awe nor browbeat. Ned Gower was the name by which he was known on the ship; but this was only a mask to his identity, as is often the case with those who go to sea with something to conceal.

Gower was tall, well-built, and powerful—a man of fine physique, fine presence, and agreeable manners. His speech was correct, and his actions those of a person who had received a good early training. He was intelligent, and had a stock of information that surprised all who conversed with him. His control of the men was absolute; but it was not due to the authoritative way in which he gave orders so much as to the tone of geniality that tem-

pered them; the men respected and admired him; he was, besides, a thorough seaman, and this enhanced their regard for his personal qualities. He was never spurred to unusual effort by the presence of either Captain or Mate: neither was he obsequious if commended by them. He could be trusted in the darkness of night, with no eye near, to do as well what he had to do, as in the light of day with all hands looking on. When directions of any kind were given him, he listened to every detail; and wherein he failed to understand, he did not hesitate to ask for explanation. Deceit formed no part of his nature, nor did he resort to any tricks to make things seem other than they were; but in all things was true, honest, and thorough.

Why did such a man fill the lowly place of Boatswain? "Rum done it!"—as it has done to many more—weakening their will, paralyzing their ambition, brutalizing their manners, and destroying every taste except that for drink. With Ned Gower the temptation was strong—the resistance weak.

Ashore, he lost one good place after another, until at twenty-five he was so addicted to drink that he could no longer get employment. Then he entered the Navy and served on several ships; eventually he drifted into the merchant marine where he hoped some day to attain command after conquering the appetite that wrecked his early years.

In his varied service, he had seen almost every degree of nautical efficiency and discipline, from the ship in which thoroughness was dominant to that in which subterfuge prevailed. On the Sloop-of-war Keewaydin, for example, he had seen the bell rung for Fire Quarters, and ere its short, sharp notes had died away, several streams of water

were playing over the rail: in an incredibly short time hose had been coupled, nozzles screwed on, pumps rigged, and three hundred men startled from their occupations in different parts of the ship and marshalled into the regularity and order that the fire bill required. To the audience this was the perfection of drill and discipline; but the Boatswain had been behind the scenes—he had heard the word quietly passed that there was going to be fire quarters—he had seen spanners concealed under shirts—and knots of men gathered all over the deck, ready to spring to pump-brakes and hose reels, whose covers were removed and lashings cast adrift: the stroke of the bell was to the manœuvre but the electric spark to the mine—the on-lookers heard only the explosion and saw the air filled with stones, but they recked not of all the preparation that led up to this result.

And so, too, at General Quarters: the battery was practically cast loose and provided before the tap of the drum ceased; during the exercise, the main yard, weighing tons, was fished with small stuff and splints that would scarcely support a broken arm—time, two minutes. Similarly, with Armed Boats: falls were clear on deck ready for running, with crews standing in most convenient proximity to the articles they had to provide at the bugle call. Likewise with Man Overboard: the life boat's crew was in readiness, eagerly waiting the alarm to spring into the boat—the man at the buoy ready to drop it, the long painter in the bow clear for slipping, toggle well greased, plug in, and all other appliances prepared for picking up the unfortunate, even before he struck the water! And finally, Sail Exercise, and Up (or Down) Topgallant and Royal Yards: gilguys were used to such extent that the

light yards could be sent down by manipulation of a number of small lines from the tops.

All this looked well, and read well in a report; and the ship was cited throughout the squadron as a model of smartness—to be emulated, like the good boy of the village; although in reality both ship and boy might be the most vicious examples of their respective kinds.

But it is all a fraud—dry rot eating into the organization, as worms bore into trees. Such a ship has for her Executive a sleuth who scents out every drill or exercise that the Captain intends to have without warning; and then prepares for it so that the essential work is done beforehand. Result—the First Lieutenant gets the reputation of being a smart officer, full of resources, born to handle men, a thorough organizer, and an excellent disciplinarian —are not the exercises on record to prove it?

Of course it needs only a sudden drill—a real surprise in the midst of the daily duties, to expose the sham.

The injury of such procedure is not only to efficiency and discipline, but also to the moral fibre of the men—teaching the attainment of ends by trickery: it destroys the distinction between right and wrong; for if well ground into either officer or man as a system regarding drills and exercises, it does not stop there; but like the corroding acid dropped on cloth, spreads and eats its way until the whole fabric is rotten.

Nor can it be justified by the plea that all is fair in war. In the first place, it is not in war that it is practised, but in the preparation for war during a time of peace; and all preparation—all drill and instruction looking to war as an end, should be on solid ground, not undermined by quicksands. In the second place, it is positively dishonorable

to teach men to gain advantage by fraud; and what is dishonorable, is fair neither in war nor in peace. Yet, those who practise this art of dry rot do not regard it as dishonorable—they simply think it smart, something to be proud of and copied: their idea is merely to get ahead—to outwit or outstrip some one in the race for reputation—rather, for notoriety; and the moral aspect of the case does not occur to them. But it is vicious and degrading none the less, and whoever adopts it as his course of action can lay no claim to thoroughness, honor, or sincerity. And many who do practise it—how they would fume if their honor were impugned! Dishonorable? O no: to them it is only a trait that denotes the man capable of taking care of himself! Their idea of honor reminds one of the youth at college who deems his honor above reproach; yet who stealthily copies his lesson on the blackboard from a prepared resumé, and palms it off as the acquisition of hard study.

From the sham performances of the Sloop-of-war Keewaydin, Gower could turn with pleasure to memories of the Frigate Winnebago, where honesty and thoroughness characterized drills, discipline, and dealing with the men.

Jacob Hawse, First Mate of the Wenonah, was the very embodiment of nautical dry rot: not that he was incompetent—quite the contrary; he was both intelligent and equal to the performance of any duty of a seaman; and in matters pertaining to the sea, his judgment (when not warped by some controlling motive) was sound; but deceit was ingrained in his nature and impelled him, as a rule, to attain his ends by craft.

By preparing in advance for everything, so that when the

curtain rose upon his performance it should redound to his credit, the crew had become imbued with the same spirit: the spectre of sham and show was ever stalking about the decks. If the Captain came from his cabin and told the Mate that he wanted to take a look under the to'gallant forecastle, the Mate found it urgent to engage his attention with something on the quarter deck for a few minutes: meanwhile a nod to one of the men told him the part he had to play—he ran forward and had things put to rights in such haste that when the Captain and Mate appeared, everything was neat and orderly; and the Captain could not but think that such was their normal condition, whereas the direct opposite was the case.

The Mate, desirous of gaining the good will of the men as well as of worrying the Boatswain (whose domain the forecastle naturally was), let them litter and use it as they pleased after inspection: it was often in disorder, even dirty—sprinkled with half-smoked tobacco, and foul with the smell of old pipes, notwithstanding that the Captain had forbidden smoking there at any time.

The men disliked the Mate, but they also feared him; and to save themselves from his petty tyrannies, they would readily do his bidding—when under his eye. He had a nod, or a wink, or a grimace of some kind that conveyed to them as clearly under different circumstances what they were to do, as the numbers in the signal book denote the manœuvres of a squadron.

The Mate never liked the Boatswain: the two were representative of opposite modes of action; one was the embodiment of deceit—the other, the soul of straightforwardness, and there was ever between them the act and feeling of cat and dog.

But notwithstanding this, the Boatswain had many a happy hour: he was full of anecdote—the stock in trade of every sailor, and which has become threadbare in the telling; yet they were new and unique to the passengers; and the Doctor and Mr. Northrup always sought the Boatswain when they wanted a hearty laugh, and they came away full of good humor and happiness. Besides, he could talk well and intelligently on many subjects—with the keen insight of a man of sound common sense.

His repertory had two distinct categories: when a guide takes a party through the ruins of Pompeii, if the visitors are all men, they see everything; but if of both sexes, he politely says at certain points of the route, "Restez, mesdames—entrez, messieurs"; and so with the Boatswain—he had stories for all; and there were others—full of directness, but which would have to be softened by round-about phrase if related to mesdames.

During the passage the Mate nagged the Boatswain in all those small despicable ways that one in authority can practise, without doing anything that will sound like a harshness when related. It is in the look—the gesture—the tone of voice, that the sting of man is located: *there*, exist the fangs that will inject such venom into the blood of a fellow man as may impel him to murder.

Short of this, such petty tortures are like the oft repeated bite of a gnat—they inflame the flesh and make the feelings raw and sore; and this was the condition into which the Mate had gotten the Boatswain by his eternal nagging.

One morning, when about three hundred miles from the coast of Patagonia, the weather was very squally and the sea rough. It had rained heavily for several hours—everything was saturated, and the rigging was swollen and

stiff. The ship was running a point free under to'gallant sails and single reefed topsails. A heavy squall loomed in the horizon—one of those stiff winds that lash the waves into whitened foam and grow in violence as they approach. The First Mate had the deck—the hissing sound in the distance was ominous of the fury at hand, and Hawse had ample time to prepare for it; but he chose to show his boldness by holding on—to take in sail only at the instant of something about to carry away—a sail to split, or a mast to crack: he wanted to display the skill of the horseman who spurs his steed to within a yard of the goal, and then reins in, throwing the animal on his haunches. The Mate was a competent seaman, but this time he all but failed through reckless daring. With the sound of seething waters the squall bore down on him—still he held on, and it all but struck the ship when he gave orders to let go the to'gallant halliards and put the helm up. The main and mizzen came down without a hitch, but the fore stuck, and there was danger that the yard and mast would go by the board ere the ship could get before the wind.

One of those unavoidable accidents had happened—a kink got into the halliards at the leading block, and the whole wet coil jammed at the kink. A man was doing his utmost to rid the tangle, and the Boatswain was tugging with might and main to straighten out the coil. The Mate jumped forward, and seeing the accident, roared, "You damned lubber—you're not fit to be Boatswain!"

The latter dropped the rope, and with the ferocity of a tiger sprang upon the Mate—gripped him round the throat—and backed him up against the ship's side:

"You call *me* a lubber—you white livered coward! I have you now where I'll tell you what *you* are—a black-

hearted Judas Iscariot! You come forward and tell the men the Captain's no sailor—knows nothing about winds—doesn't even know his own mind—and if it weren't for you, the ship would go to hell: then you go aft and talk to him on the other tack. Yesterday, I heard the Captain tell you to keep those empty barrels, and last night what did you do? You ordered the cook to throw them overboard, snarling at him 'Never mind what the Captain says—do as I tell you.' What do you come on deck for every night after two bells and sneer at the night orders and leave word to call you in case of bad weather—what do you do this for? Every man of us knows it is to discredit the Captain. If a thing goes wrong, you say 'tis his fault: you'd have the ship under royals when he reefs, or bowling along under topsails when he lays-to; O you're a bold sailor—when he has the responsibility! You and the other Mates and Engineer are banded together. When a man is within hearing, you tell the Captain he's a hard worker and good seaman—but when you think him out of earshot, he's a lazy lout and beach comber. Then you try to curry favor with the crew—you don't do what the Captain wants. Why are you constantly saying 'O that is Navy style!' You know it angers the men to have their customs changed—they want no Navy ways—they're suspicious, and jealous of their own. There's one thing clear—you hate the Captain. Trim about as you will, you have one course in view—to make him out unjust, weak, and ignorant of the sea. The men know you, and neither trust you, nor believe you—nor does the Captain, either, for that matter: since Callao, we see the wind's been veering against you."

At every new charge, the Boatswain tightened his grip on the Mate's throat until his tongue came out thick and dry

and his eyes were bloodshot—the venom of long nagging was in Gower's blood—tingling in his finger tips—burning into Hawse's flesh—eager to strangle him once for all.

The watch dropped everything and crowded around—gloating over the choking their enemy was getting. Finally, the Boatswain finished with: "Now you know that every man in the ship knows what you are—a mean double-faced liar! If you had any grit, you'd jump the ship at the next port; and to help you do it—take that!" flinging him to the deck, with a final word, "I'll give you a chance to square yards with me at Sandy Point."

Then the Boatswain turned to the coil of to'gallant halliards to straighten it out.

Meanwhile, the ship had got before the wind, the squall was disarmed of its force, and the sail, yard, and mast held.

The Mate got up—humiliated—but with black rage in his face, and hissed through his clenched teeth:

"Yes, I'll get even with you yet." And he went aft without another word.

Gower felt a load lifted—a buoyancy that only the removal of an oppressive weight can give. For weeks, Hawse let no opportunity pass for harassing him; he found fault with everything—pursued him into every occupation, and pecked and pecked. Even where no cause for blame existed, he concocted one.

Gower had been steadily filling up with anger and resentment, and now the score was wiped clean with a single sweep of the sponge, and to his entire satisfaction: more than that, he even felt that he had the whip hand, and though it was not in his nature to apply the lash to a prostrate foe, still he knew that the days of the Mate's tyrannies were over.

And the Mate knew he was down, and that the fallen idol has no worshippers. But a minute ago, and he held these men in the hollow of his hand—through fear, to be sure; but still he held them like dogs in leash ready to spring at his word: now he was stripped of authority, and the sceptre was in their hands, to wield as caprice might dictate. He would never again dare treat them with his whilom harshness; he should now mellow his speech—it must in fact be almost "If you please."

Instead of trampling rough-shod on their feelings, he must cautiously pick his steps, lest the crop of nettlesome thorns so suddenly sprung up, prick, and remind him that he was in their power.

It was a great fall—for him; for he was arrogant, greedy for power, and happy in its display. To give an order and see a human puppet jump, brought sparkle to his eye.

He had been the proud lion whose roar was feared—now he was the slinking cur that any one might kick.

But to be shorn of his prestige was *not* what stung him most: it was the danger to his scheme for ousting the Captain and getting the ship himself when they reached New York. What the Boatswain did, would be spread about; for gossip—highly colored and full of malice—is ever rife among those who follow the sea; and ere the ship should be a day in port, this many tongued reptile would have spumed its venom throughout the whole seafaring community. This would dash his hopes for the Wenonah, and herein lay his deepest regret.

Ever since leaving Callao, he feared the Captain suspected the worst about him: Colburn was no longer frank and genial as at first; but confined his speech to matters pertaining to the ship—principally, orders that admitted

of no comment. The firm footing he had with the Captain during the early days had slipped away, and he was now on thin ice which might break at any point and close over him in chilling discomfiture—danger above and danger beneath, which required all his subtle craft to tread without harm.

The Mate's game had been running admirably—he was winning at every venture—it made him bold—he staked more—he even undertook at one time (as has been seen) to countermand the Captain's orders—when, lo! with all the gain piled on a single number, the wheel passed it and stopped at the next! Self-reliant pride wrought disaster.

Pride, like anger, is a fiery steed: in its headlong course, it risks both stumble and pitfall—the Mate lost all prudence in elation over a show of seamanship; but the fore to'gallant yard stuck—he uttered a single word, "lubber!"—the Boatswain throttled him—and in a minute he lost all that disloyalty, deceit, and craft had won! This was the thought that goaded him far more than the humiliation of his manhood.

When he reached the quarter deck, he set the sails again and got the ship on her course. An hour later, when the Captain came on deck to take the morning observations, the Mate met him with a self-possessed front, as if he had not been choked within an inch of his life while listening to a kind of ante-mortem obituary.

Throughout the day and during subsequent days, he pondered and planned: the bird had once been his—it had simply eluded his grasp—he would catch it again; and the net to snare it occupied the busy weaving of his brain until the ship reached Punta Arenas in the Straits of Magellan.

CHAPTER XIII

Stormy Weather off the Coast of Patagonia

The grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a duck for life that dives,
So, up and down, the poor ship drives.
—*Shakespeare.*

After the squally weather of the last chapter, the wind veered to the southward and then to the eastward, gradually falling light the while, and becoming soft and balmy—some strata of the Trades that had wandered from their genial zone and were striving to regain it.

The wind was fitful, however; and there was continual trimming of the sails to profit by every puff: hours of calm succeeded other hours of evident aerial conflict in some region not far off.

The calms increased, the sky was streaked with only filmy clouds, the sea scarcely heaved; but all this quiet boded no good in these latitudes—it was wholly unusual.

Toward evening of a day of such unnatural conditions, all the appearances of a change became better defined: the undulations of the sea from the southeast had become mere ripples against the bold front of a long regular swell from the west—a puny attempt to cross and confuse it; heavy banks of rounded bulky form loomed up in the southwestern horizon—their darkness in threatening

contrast with the feathery film that still brightened the eastern sky; the wind became flighty—it jumped from point to point—it sighed, it gasped, it fell altogether; then it rose again to a strong blast, only to relapse as before after temporarily ruffling the smoothness of the water. Sea and air were restless and ominous of evil: the human feelings partook of the unrest, and nervous irritability seized upon all aboard.

The ship was under a cloud of canvas, and she rolled deeply to a long beam swell from the southwest—every swing to and fro filling the sails or bringing them flapping to the mast. Night had fallen, the sky was black with clouds, and though the moon was only just waning from the full, still it was so hidden that the darkness could hardly be greater. At times the air was warm and moist, and again a fresh chill ran through it.

The ship was making little toward her port, and after hours of trimming the sails to every shift of wind, the Captain decided that the gain was not worth the wear and tear on the men, so he ordered the royals and courses taken in and furled and the yards counter braced. Besides, he did not trust the threatening appearances and falling barometer.

Mr. Northrup and Brooks were standing in the starboard gangway watching the weather, and not far off was the First Mate talking to the Engineer.

"What do *you* think of the weather, Mr. Hawse?" asked Northrup.

"O nothing will come of this: a puff—a shower—and then moderate southwest breezes. When you come on deck in the morning, you'll find us bowling toward the Gulf of Peñas, with a clear sky."

"Well, so much for professional knowledge, Brooks—the opinion of an expert: now, to my lay mind, there is every indication of a storm."

"I should think so, too," remarked Brooks.

At this juncture they heard the order from the poop to take in and furl the to'gallant sails; upon which Hawse exclaimed: "Hell! we'll never get to New York at this rate: better set the royals and courses—these squalls are nothing."

The physician's prescriptions are scrutinized by the apothecary and trained nurse, who can thence infer somewhat of the disease and the fitness of the medicine; but both generally keep a silent tongue, even if doubtful of the entire appropriateness of the remedy to the ailment: so, on board ship, the seamanship of the commanding officer is ever open to the view of his subordinates, many of whom are quite competent to criticize it, and are in no way reluctant to do so. But while doctors *sometimes dis*agree, it is rare for two men of the sea to be in accord on any matter of a nautical nature—the proper manœuvre for any given conditions, or the seamanlike way of performing it: their profession is a positive one—individualism is intense as to methods of procedure, and this precludes much agreement as to whether, for example, one should lie-to or run, wear or box-haul, in any given case. To coincide with another's views in such matters savours of conceding superior knowledge or judgment to that other, and this would never do—it would detract from the assertion of self.

The sailor is a growler, and this proneness to mere fault-finding so tinctures his opinions as to rob them of much of their value as indicating standards of procedure. It is

an instance wherein expert opinion is often misleading; so that Hawse's censure of the Captain for taking in sail, should be received with a large grain of salt, and would be by most seamen.

Mr. Northrup did not like the Mate's comment, so he said:

"Daring in a case of necessity with a full appreciation of the perils of a situation is very commendable; but blind rashness, when there is no great urgency, has often in it the spirit of bravado. Now it is evident that these sails have done little good for some time; and for that reason I should think it wise to make them snug before a possible gale. Besides, I don't agree with you about the weather: though not a professional sailor, I have made several voyages in different parts of the world; and that sky, to my mind, has a strong warning aspect. I should therefore call it prudence and not timidity that actuated the Captain."

"O possibly: he's very careful," replied the Mate, trimming his *own* sails to the unexpected rebuff, and passing from the group. A friendly word at the right moment (like Northrup's) often stops an unfavorable comment from swelling into a torrent of abuse.

The night advanced, but the ship did not: she rolled and pitched, and with every scend, the sails tugged at their clews as if to tear them from the bolt ropes.

The passengers went to their staterooms, but not to sleep—the irregular motion of the vessel was too uncomfortable: there was little or no wind, and the lumpy sea communicated all its roughness to the ship, so that she seemed bumping and jolting over the huge cobble stones of some titanic highway.

Mr. Northrup and Brooks could bear it no longer: they had been rolled from side to side of their berths until, nauseated and skin sore, they lost all hope of rest; so they got up and went on deck. It was midnight, and the shrill pipe and lugubrious voice of the Boatswain turning out the watch below, resounded throughout the forecastle.

The Captain was on the poop—he had not turned in at all, as it was evident from the scowling aspect of both sky and sea that a storm was brewing.

Suddenly, a blinding flash in the southwest illuminated the night with all its electric brilliancy, and a peal of crashing thunder reverberated through the clouds. It was a rent—a crash that almost shattered the nerves—so sudden, so violent was the bolt. There was but one, as if a summons to swing open some massive gates to the gale; for it burst almost immediately—hissing like a legion of serpents: it struck the ship—she heeled over—soon partly righted, and then sped on under its impulse. Only topsails, jib, and spanker were set when the wind rose, and with it abaft the beam, the ship made good speed on her course—still plunging and rolling. The wind stiffened and brought heavy rain, which did not merely fall, but pelted the flesh—the cut of a lash could not sting more.

Mr. Northrup and Brooks sought shelter under the break of the poop where they could watch the storm and still be protected from the rain.

"Lucky the ship was not caught under all sail by that squall," said Northrup.

"Yes, it is," answered Brooks: "the Captain's foresight proved more accurate than the Mate's; though, in reality, I think if he had been in the Captain's place last evening, he would have reduced sail and made everything snug,

just as the Captain did. His remark was prompted more by a desire to discredit him than because his judgment differed with him: it is only a mean nature that will try to build up a reputation on the ruins of another's good name."

"I think so, too," replied Northrup: "his conduct toward the Captain is a puzzle to me. At times I have seen him subordinate and respectful—a manner that would inspire any commanding officer with trust in him; and again, I have seen him surly and curt—inject into his look and bearing that streak of coarse temper which stops just short of the overt act—which cannot be adequately described or defined, but which in reality constitutes the gravamen of the offence."

The gale had greatly increased; the rain was still falling, but not in such quantity as at first; and rifts in the clouds occasionally let the moon shine through and light up the wild waste of waters. Like a savage beast foaming with rage, each sea spent its fury on the ship—she plunged and rose—and, the shock past, she stood quivering for the next onset; and so she proceeded—diving, rising, rolling, twisting, following tremulously every ridge and furrow of those gigantic undulations. Looking up at the masts, one could see them trace every variety of curve with swift flight across the clouds, and all in huge dimensions.

Here was a violence of force—an immensity of strength that man's most powerful effort was puny in comparison with. The ship's course brought wind and sea on the quarter—the worst possible, and it was evident that the danger of scudding was hourly increasing. The barometer was still falling, and more rapidly—indicating a quicker growth of the storm.

The Captain was on the poop, and the watch stood in

little knots about the deck in lee of the masts and rail. Their yellow sou'westers gave little comfort against *this* southwest gale; for though a mailed coat to rain, they afforded no protection against the chill that streaked this wind from the icy pole. It was not the southwest breeze of the other hemisphere—soft, and moist, and warm—the breath of equatorial zones; but the counterpart of the harsh, raw blast that comes out of the north in boreal regions.

Soon the two passengers from their sheltered spot under the poop heard the Captain give the order to reef topsails. The maintopsail yard was braced in and suitably laid for the purpose; the men jumped into the rigging, and in an instant were aloft and laying out on the yard, the leading ones taking their places at the head earings astride the yard. The sail was bellying out stiff with wind, but a few spokes of helm made it shake, and then the two passengers heard above the roar of the wind that lugubrious sound from the weather yard arm—"Light out to windward!" and, in the moments of moonlight between the driving clouds, they saw every back straighten to haul the sail out so that the head-earing could be passed. The ship was kept slightly luffing the while. Then—"Haul out to leeward!" and the lee-earing was passed, the points tied, and the area of the maintopsail had been reduced by two reefs. The men lay in and down from aloft; and the yard was hoisted and squared. Then the mizzen was close reefed, and the foretopsail double reefed. The fore staysail and foot of the spanker were the only sails set at this time, besides the topsails.

There was something grand to Mr. Northrup in this spectacle of human strength, skill, and intelligence pitted

against the might of terrific force—the few men on the yards, beaten by rain, benumbed by raw, chilling wind, now quivering on the crest of a wave, and now buried in its trough—plunging, rolling, and pitching with every wild sweep of their foot-hold, and withal tenaciously wrenching safety for their cockleshell against the violence of the gale. Brooks could appreciate it to the full—he had been there, too—it fired his blood to enter into strife with the elements —and it was with no slight effort that he restrained his impulse to lay aloft and lend a hand.

The rain lapsed into a mere spiteful spitting, the clouds broke up and drove in ragged masses across patches of blue starry sky, but the wind shrieked louder and stronger, and the seas were heavier.

Again—"Reef topsails!" and this time the fore and main were close reefed and the mizzen furled and well lashed to the yard: lashings were also put on the other sails that had been furled. Storm sails were broken out and bent, preventer braces put on the weather yard arms, life lines stretched along the decks, hatches battened down, and everything movable was securely lashed.

The barometer was still falling, even more rapidly than ever; a very dangerous sea was running—billow after billow came up astern—they seemed higher than the royal yards—and about to topple in a cataract upon the ship's deck as she lay for a moment in the yawning trough, until they proceeded onward and lifted her to their crest. The iron bound coast of Patagonia—a lee shore!—was not far distant if the reckoning was correct; and if not—if the ship had over-run (as was most likely the case), it would then be hazardous in the extreme to drive on before this gale in the darkness of night: the Captain, therefore,

decided to lay the ship to the wind. The foretopsail was furled and lashed to the yard; the storm mizzen set, and spanker taken in; fore storm staysail hoisted instead of the head sail carried until that time; main topsail braced up a little; helm put down at an opportune moment; and the ship came easily up till the wind was just forward of the beam, and there she lay—falling off, coming to, drifting to leeward, rising and falling with each succeeding sea as gracefully as the albatrosses that rode the waves about her.

It was now nearly four o'clock—a dismal, cold, raw, tempestuous morning, with a leaden sky and a wild foamy sea.

Mr. Northrup and Brooks were about to seek their staterooms again with the hope that exhaustion, at least, would bring on sleep, when they heard the Captain say in an undertone to the First Mate who had just come on deck for his morning watch: "Mr Hawse, I will send a few bottles of whiskey to your room—the men are all wet, and have had a hard watch—I wish you would call them in, a couple at a time, and give them a good drink to warm them up before turning in."

"Very well, sir," answered the Mate: "that will go to the right spot, and warm their hearts toward you, also."

Mr. Northrup's room was adjoining the Mate's quarters, and as he lay in his berth, unable to sleep, he heard the men come in, each get his three fingers' gauge from the Mate with the admonition: "Now don't go slouching around the old man—I don't want him smell that on you and ask where you got it."

"All right, sir—I won't give nobody away"; and on the way out to the deck, as he met the next applicant for

spirituous consolation, he remarked—"The Mate's a brick."

All day the storm raged with unabated fury: no sun, but driving clouds with sleet.

As always happens in a seaway, a number of moderate waves followed one another with regular uniformity, and these the ship would ride beautifully; but then surged along an abnormal combing mass—a rude intrusion into the rhythmical sequence of even a storm, which broke upon the ship's side with a stunning thud, topped the rail with its crest, and swept the decks with yeasty foam. Everything was wet—wet through and through—soaked; and the running rigging was so stiff that the men could hardly straighten it out: there were kinks and refractory bends from bow to stern—all typical of the First Mate's temper.

Mr. Northrup remarked to him: "Well, Mr. Hawse, there *was* something after all in last night's indications; we are not bowling along on our course now, nor does there seem to be much prospect of doing so soon, as you said."

"If *I* had command, we'd be making ten knots an hour direct for the Gulf of Peñas, under to'gallant sails: this is no storm to be laying-to for—wasting time," growled the Mate.

"Your opinion is not shared by some of the seamen, at any rate," answered Mr. Northrup. "I was on deck all night until the ship was laid to the wind; and I heard the seaman at the wheel and the one who later got astride of the weather yard arm while reefing, say that the gale was one of the heaviest they had ever seen; and that the sea in particular was the most dangerous they had ever attempted to run before: they wondered how much longer the Captain was going to keep on; and this was an hour

or more before the ship lay-to. After going below, I couldn't sleep, and I heard one man coming out of your room say to another who was evidently looking for something—' In here, Mike, you'll get a drop for that weather earing.' 'By—that *was* a tough job,' answered the other. I recognized the voices as those of the two seamen already spoken of: they are, no doubt, among the most capable and experienced in the ship, or they would not have such important stations in a critical period."

The Mate found it necessary to busy himself at once with ship's matters; and Mr. Northrup walked away, jotting down another mental note to his discredit.

On the poop, Northrup met the Captain, who looked haggard and worn—he had slept but a few hours during the forenoon.

"Captain, this is quite a contrast with a few days ago."

"Yes," replied Colburn; "but it is what we must expect: the coast of Patagonia is a stormy region. The wind will be mostly between south and west—raw at times, but always strong. We shall have no more of those soft days of the Trade Wind zone until we enter the same belt in the Atlantic."

"It will be pretty hard on your little crew, if last night is a foretaste of it," said Northrup.

"O it will not all be as bad as that," answered the Captain. "Besides, that kind of work makes the men feel their power and strength, and they like it. The man who straddles the yard arm in a gale and passes the weather earing in the teeth of such wind and rain as we had last night—who is dipped almost into the sea with every roll, and still holds on and does his work, is full of courage and manhood, and he knows it: he knows, too, that the safety

of the ship, in a measure, depends on his work, and that he is doing that work against heavy odds.

"His life brings him into contact with the rough, crude conditions of both his fellow-man and the forces of nature: it is a harsh struggle, stripped of everything softening, refining, and sympathetic—the grating of granite crag against flinty boulder in everything human and material.

"There is an immense difference between the steamship sailor and the sailing-ship seaman: the former has no sail to handle—no part to play in the motive power: he merely presses the electric button and the engine does the rest. The vessel proceeds directly into the wind's eye, toward her port, seldom has to slow down, and never lolls in a calm. The man acquires the character of this mechanism—a kind of drudge to attend to its cleansing, oiling, feeding, and other bodily wants. There is nothing inspiriting in this—nothing to awaken pride, ambition, or a sense of individuality: one man can do it nearly as well as another. When it rains or blows, there is little to call him out of his kennel; and so, having neither hardship nor inclemency to encounter, he grows up without the development that such experiences cultivate: the routine of a steamer breeds a slow and easy pace.

"But the man who has to reef topsails in a gale, as you saw last night; or who has to tack and wear for days—obstinately zig zag toward his anchorage, always in sight, but, like the mirage of the desert, ever receding upon approach, by reason of fitful head winds; or who, in light variable airs, has patiently to trim his sails to profit by every cat's-paw—such a man feels that the progress of the ship is in his hands—that it is upon his alertness, skill, and strength she goes; and this feeling begets daring,

courage, and self-reliance—quickness of perception, judgment, and action.

"The silent obedience of the soldier is proverbial: he marches and countermarches, deploys and fires at the word of command—nearly all his action is of the unreasoning kind: but the cases in which the seaman so acts, are few; while the number in which he uses both intelligence and discretion in carrying out orders, are legion.

"Take, for example, the hoisting of a boat in a rough seaway: she comes alongside—the Mate gives the order to hook on; the boat is plunging—rising and falling with every wave; the men in the bow and stern have these conditions to deal with, and upon their skill and judgment depends success—to keep from being swamped, or dashed against the ship's side. The order of the Mate bore only remotely on the actual time of doing the work, and not at all on the manner.

"Or again: an anchor comes up foul—covered with turn upon turn of entangled cable. The Mate gives the order to clear it, but the ingenuity to rid the tangle is in the brain of the men who actually do the work.

"So, too, when light sails have been carried too long and are taken in, the Mate orders the to'gallant and royal yard men aloft to furl them: they get there to find their airy perch swinging to and fro, and the sail either thrashing about, or so puffed up with wind that it is only after a hard struggle—gaining inch by inch, cautiously, and watching every advantage—that they gather the canvas to the yard and pass the gaskets.

"Or once more: the man behind the gun receives the order from the division officer to fire—does he do it as the soldier does? Not at all! He waits and watches—

the speed and roll of the ship, the bearing of the target, the direction of the wind, all these have to be considered—and only when *he* judges all the conditions favorable, does he pull the lock-string and send the missile on its deadly errand.

"In all this and a thousand other cases, it is the use of the seaman's intelligence, reason, and judgment, and not the literal obedience of specific orders that most avails in accomplishing good work.

"Obedience there must be, of course; but with the freest play possible to all the faculties that contribute to the attainment of any end: and herein consists the great difficulty of command on board ship—to give the free rein that will ensure the best results—the fullest exercise of individual traits, while gently checking them to keep on the great highway of discipline.

"Outside of the rare qualities that can do this well, the officer must keep a tight rein on himself: a child would soon learn the slang word uttered in a moment of play with it; and so on board ship, familiarity slackens discipline and destroys respect. There must be reserve—a poise that befits command—that comports with the position of him to whom all on board look as the arbiter of every question and the manager of all their affairs.

"If for no other reason than the qualities it cultivates, I would never have a sailor on even a steamer who had not made at least three long voyages in a sailing ship; and I should make it a requisite that the officers of a steamer had spent three years in a sailing ship."

"Captain," said Northrup, "you have given me a better conception of the career of the seaman than I ever had: his life is a hard one, but full of incident and responsibility;

and it has the great merit of cultivating the courageous, enduring, bold, and manly qualities of the human being. "It is a free, open life—far more so even for the common sailor than is generally thought; and if more captains were imbued with your ideas, and more ships were managed in the way this one is—especially, if the commanding officer have the loyal support of his subordinates—there would be far fewer complaints of brutality and hardship at sea. I am a close observer of men and things—my profession requires it—and I have watched with interest and concern the efforts you are making to improve the status of the sailor. It is poor material, I see, you have to work upon; but there is nothing in the world whose condition cannot be modified in the long run by persistent effort. I see all your endeavor is toward the good, and I heartily wish you success. There! I have expressed what has been in my mind ever since coming aboard; and if my sympathy and that of the other passengers avail in the least, you now know that we feel it most sincerely."

"Thank you," replied Colburn: "all is not plain sailing with the human phase of life at sea, any more than with the atmospheric conditions: we can only try to weather the storms of both with tact and skill."

Toward evening the barometer ceased falling—then rose a trifle—then fell a little—a kind of see-saw, with a general upward tendency: this was the first symptom of a change; for neither wind nor sea showed any indications of subsidence. The Captain did not wait for them, however, knowing full well they would not be long delayed. He shook the reefs out of the topsails, set the courses, and put the ship on her course: by midnight she was under all sail, except royals, making ten knots, with the wind free.

The morning dawned clear, crisp, and dry—the forerunner of a fine day: the breeze was fresh and the ship bounded on with the spring of an antelope, under every inch of canvas that could be spread: the sea, however, was still heaving with the commotion into which it had been lashed by the gale of the preceding day, and was rolling in long, regular billows. The ship ascended every acclivity much as the boy climbs the hill with his sled—deliberately; and then glided down the slope, just as he speeds to the bottom on the smooth snow: the swell was so long and symmetrical that it imparted no discomfort to the motion of the ship. The weather was invigorating, and the passengers were up early to enjoy it.

At seven o'clock, the Captain took his observations for longitude and also half a dozen time-azimuths to determine the compass errors on the courses he should probably use. Upon working out the observations, he was surprised to find the ship nearer the coast than he had expected, even after making liberal allowance for overrunning the reckoning. Lest there might be some error, he took another set of time-sights at nine o'clock, crossed them with those at seven, as a Sumner, and found the first set entirely correct: the position they gave, indicated that they should sight land soon after noon, and be at anchor before sunset.

The sun was now radiant, the sky a deep blue, the horizon a clear-cut circle, the air bracing, and the breeze light—altogether, a perfect day, such as instils vigor and elasticity into the physical frame, hope into the moral aspirations, and buoyancy into the mental activities. All aboard were effervescing—full of exhilaration—eager for movement of any kind, which was in marked contrast with

the depression brought on by the storm and leaden sky of the preceding day; and this is what the weather will produce: the human organism is capable of any exertion, or unfit for the least effort, according as the sun shines or not—as the air is crisp or soft.

Everything was wet, and the day was dry and fine; so there was a universal exposure of things to light and air: the running rigging was thrown off the pins and spread out on the deck; soggy sou'westers were pulled apart and hung on lines; mouldy shoes were set in the sun; damp clothes put to air; covers taken off the boats and their sails spread out on the thwarts; the gear in the tops hung over their rims; all bunting hoisted as in gala display on the signal halliards; hatches uncovered, skylights raised, port holes opened—and the balmy air swept through the ship, sucked up the moisture, and replaced its clamminess by healthful dryness.

At noon the meridian altitude confirmed the morning observations, so that every one was on the alert for the first sight of Patagonia. A lookout was sent with binocular glasses to the fore topsail yard, and at one o'clock the joyous report came from him.

"Land ho!"

"Where away?" asked the Mate on watch.

"Right ahead and on the port bow—high, bold land."

The Captain's calculations were correct—they should be at anchor by evening. A good breeze was driving the ship eight knots an hour; but as it would probably fall light, or become variable on approaching the coast, Colburn decided to get up steam. He had still thirty-five miles to run to the anchorage and he wanted to make it before dark.

Sam Ruggles now puffed with pride as his smoke stack puffed the first black masses from the newly started fires: he wanted to show that in the last resort he was the man to come to the rescue—albeit, that the ship could sail right in to her anchorage without his aid. But this view of it he would not acknowledge; he knew, moreover, that for some days (until they came out in the Atlantic) he should be the most important personage on board—was not the motive power for getting through the channels at his command?

Every once in a while he came up from the engine room, looked over the hatch in a supercilious way as if to say, "Your sails will soon be no good, but I'll be here churning up the water." At four o'clock he reported steam ready: the ship was hove-to with the main topsail to the mast—the propeller coupled—and then she filled away again under both steam and sail.

As they approached the land, it loomed up very high and hilly, with rounded prominences, all covered with verdure.

Everything on board having been thoroughly dried by the sunlight, the articles were returned to their places and the decks made ship-shape.

The outlying islets came into view, the sea subsided, and the breeze grew unsteady and light: it scarcely added now to the speed given by the propeller. The Captain ordered the sails furled, yards squared, anchors gotten ready, and the ship otherwise prepared for port. The First Mate took charge on the poop, the Second Mate forward, and the Third Mate in the waist; and the work progressed so rapidly that all was ready as they passed the bold northern headland to the Gulf of Peñas.

The Boatswain was ordered to call, "All hands bring ship to anchor!" and then the Captain took charge and

the other officers and men went to their stations, the Captain piloting the ship in. After proceeding to the eastward a short distance from the entrance, the bow of the ship was turned to the northward and westward, and she entered what seemed a mere nook—the small harbor of Port Otway, amidst silence the most profound and impressive.

The last rays of the sun still shone on the trees and dense vegetation that lined the shores of the little basin, but neither the voice of man, the song of bird, nor the noise of beast broke that awful stillness. Nor well could it; for none was there—it was the quietude of complete absence of life, save that on board!

American Ship Wenonah,
Port Otway, Patagonia.

Friend Bain: I'll write you a few words about our passage from Callao here. It was longer than it should be: we fooled away a lot of time. Colburn had some Navy fad about the compasses, so he got up steam, wasted several tons of coal (and coal costs a good bit down here), and went through what he calls swinging ship: yes, he swung round the circle, but not as you and I will do when we reach New York, if we ever do. Well, we spent a whole morning of as fine weather as I ever saw, trying to find out what was wrong with the compasses: he fixed them up himself in San Francisco, instead of getting a regular adjuster; and so when we got south of the Line, I suppose he thought the north point ought to turn round and look toward the south pole.

When we got near the coast of Patagonia, we had some fresh breezes—did he take advantage of them? No: he lay-to for a whole day! We might have made two hundred

miles on our course, instead of drifting to leeward under storm sails! Think of it—reefed down in a to'gallant breeze!

The men were furious; they almost mutinied at such timidity in a moderate gale: they wanted to get out of that bad weather, and if it had n't been for a little whiskey I had, I believe they would have risen; but I gave them a good tot all round the night we were humbugging with storm sails and preventer braces, when they wanted to set all sail and let her go.

But the worst remains to be told. At Callao we took on board a lawyer named Northrup for New York. He goes among the men, is friendly with them, especially with old Gower; tells them all kinds of yarns, and talks to them about their "profession"!

Hell! "profession"! to a lot of beach combers!

Well, he and the other passengers got Colburn to send some of these lime juicers of the "profession" to make fun for them in the saloon—a kind of variety show—a cross between a Bowery theatre and a Y. M. C. A. meeting. Now when I want fun, I'll go where 'tis unadulterated—to the Bowery; and when I want religion, I'll go to a good old-time camp meeting where I can shout with the rest; but none of this hybrid combination for me. Besides, it breaks down discipline: since it's been going on, old Gower has gotten so good that he is n't worth a damn: you want to get rid of him first thing when we reach New York.

Well, I stood this nonsense as long as I could, but at last I broke it up: I showed the men what fools they were, to be chummy with these passengers aboard here when they had nobody else to talk to, but wouldn't speak to them if they met them in the streets of New York. Oil

and water won't mix: neither will the two professions—the lawyer's and the doctor's with the sailor's "profession!"

These high toned words are ruining Jack—they make him think he's somebody: better keep him ignorant—under the yoke—a beast to be driven, not led, nor humored. I take no stock in these soft ways with the sailor—they spoil him: put the bit in his mouth and keep it checked well up—that's my way. You get better work out of him. Throw him a sop when you must, in the way of a drink or shore liberty; but always boom it up as a great privilege: never talk to him about his rights, or self-respect, or decency—all that rot demoralizes him. Now that's just what these passengers are doing, and Colburn aint got sense enough to see it.

The worst case is the way they spoiled old Gower—he's not worth a tinker's dam now: he's got no sand any more—he used to have. You know his weakness—rum: well, he won't take it any more: I offered him some in pretty bad weather we had, but he refused it—think of that!!! I expect next thing to see him reading the Bible every day, and letting the ship's work go more to hell than he is doing. He's losing his grip on the men. And all this comes of the missionary work of the passengers. I'll keep this to post at Sandy Point.

Yours truly,

JACOB HAWSE, *First Mate.*

CHAPTER XIV

Through the Patagonian Channels

Port Otway, Gulf of Peñas, Patagonia.

The contrast of enlarged with contracted ideas is forcibly brought home to one coming in from the unbounded view of the Pacific to the narrow limits of Port Otway—from the dazzling sunlight of the open heavens to the semi-obscurity of a land-locked harbor—from the majesty of wind and wave in fierce commotion to the pall and stillness of complete solitude! The mind and the eye are still full of the vastness of the great ocean—for days and days nothing appeared to afford comparison of size or distance, so that when the limiting lines of islet, headland, and harbor come into view, they seem unnatural until the eye becomes accustomed to them: it has been in the light and must conform to the shade; and objects, though in themselves on a grandiose scale, require time to appear in their proper proportions.

The entrance to Port Otway is not very wide, but as the Wenonah approached it, it presented the illusion of being too narrow to admit the ship; and when inside, fears were entertained that she would scrape the shore in swinging, whereas there was a good clear sweep in every direction from a central anchorage. And it is only an anchorage: not a house, not a habitation, not a living thing of any kind; only hills covered with trees enclosing the harbor—a mere basin.

A wooden box is nailed to a tree, and this is called a post-office: passing vessels usually drop a list into it containing the names of the officers and men, the ship's name, date of arrival, where from, whither bound, and condition of health on board; it is a melancholy means of communication between way-farers of the deep on bald items. And yet it is an intense gratification to one cut off from the world for a month to find even this meagre evidence of man having been there—to open the box and find an envelope from another ship with other names, perhaps those of his own country—it is something from pulsating humanity! Though the missive be in a foreign language and from an alien land, still it is from a fellow being, and man craves even this link with his kind.

The Patagonian Channels are a succession of natural waterways formed by a multitude of islands scattered along the west coast of the mainland: the channels run into one another from the Gulf of Peñas to the Straits of Magellan; and are often narrow, frequently tortuous, and sometimes difficult to make out among the many openings that lead from sheets of water into which they expand at intervals. They take a new name at every radical turn, and this name —English, French, or Spanish—indicates the nationality that has borne hardships of all kinds—inclemency of weather, liability to shipwreck, and food of the most miserable kind, in order to survey these routes and chart their dangers for the benefit of commerce. It was a great work, and well done in the face of every conceivable difficulty: from the charts it appears that the officers of the British Navy were foremost in this undertaking, and the tenacity with which they held to it is equaled only by the skill and intelligence with which it was performed.

The channels are yet far from being completely surveyed: sources of danger abound—hidden rocks, shoals, narrow windings, false routes, kelp, and swift tides that threaten wreck (and wrecks are not infrequent); but with due care, and the sailing directions and charts to guide him, any captain can pilot his ship from entrance to exit without mishap.

Harbors like Port Otway occur at intervals, and the run must be made during daylight from one to the next, or to cover a stretch over two, if the ship's speed is equal to it. These harbors are small and picturesque, and some are extremely beautiful; but O, the solitude and stillness that reign in them, and the total absence of life from end to end of the route! It is their most impressive feature outside of the grand and varied scenery. In most harbors, the wooden box—the post-office, is established; and in some harbors boards are nailed to the trees, with the names of ships which have been there, painted on them: they give the place the appearance of a graveyard; and in fact many of them are really commemorative of historic ships of our Navy, now relegated to oblivion with only these simple tablets in a distant land to recall their achievements!

At Gray Harbor in particular, the trees have been bleached by the wind and weather, which adds to the mortuary effect; and there, may be seen the head-board of the Hartford which carried Farragut into action at Mobile; and of the Kearsarge in which Winslow fought the Alabama; and of the Alliance which approached the terrestrial poles, north and south, as near as any other ship of our Navy.

The Wenonah passed through the channels in the month of March, corresponding in seasonal order to

September in northern latitudes; and the weather was that of late autumn in New York. Although the ship was to be underway at dawn of the day following, and the passengers were anxious to be on deck to enjoy the scenery, they could not forego the charm of the evening—the clear blue sky, brilliant with stars; the mild, soft air; the quiet of the ship; and that peaceful repose of all about them.

After a good dinner, more enjoyable because eaten at a steady board where one did not have to wrench and writhe to conform to the ship's motion, the awning was spread on the poop, chairs brought up, and the Captain and his passengers assembled to enjoy a sociable cigar and the companionship that was every day growing more intimate and delightful.

For some time no one spoke—all seemed under the spell of a serene feeling. At length, Northrup said in a jocular vein: "Doctor, this seems no place for you and me to ply our trades—no sick, no contentions, no people; but what an ideal place to transplant a few families and watch their growth and development under natural conditions! The original garden of Eden could n't have been more free from moulding influences, other than those of nature."

"That's true," said Doctor Austin; "but my theory is that every man is born into this world much as Adam was set down in Paradise—with his future very much in his own hands: to develop his physique ill or well; to become a man of principle, guided by well thought-out springs of action, or a moral weather-vane swinging to every impulse; to acquire refinement of manners, or lapse into boorish ways; to have a cultivated mind full of carefully selected information, or a brain barren of all but what grows up wild—a morass of useless items.

"I believe man to be made to the image and likeness of God in the fullest sense of the phrase—endowed with many of His attributes. True, he cannot make a tree or a living thing out of its component elements—that creative power God has reserved to Himself; but consider what man *has* made, both materially and intellectually: the beautiful structures of architecture; the ponderous machines of labor; the stupendous railway systems with their marvels of tunnel, bridge, and trestle; the leviathans of the deep for both commerce and warfare—all filled with a network of ingenious devices for every purpose; the delicate mechanisms of infinite variety for measuring time, space, and matter; the paintings, that upon a flat surface represent objects in all their naturalness of form, color, and expression; the sculpture, that into a marble block can throw the reality of an animated creature—everything but the vital spark; the refined theorems of mathematics; the grand compositions of music; the discoveries of science; the masterpieces of literature; the elaborate machinery of government for framing, administering, and executing laws suitable not only to congeries of people in themselves, but also in their relations to other communities; the inventions to kill, and the remedies to cure; the pitfalls to debase, and the heights to elevate—with this moulding, making, modifying faculty that has wrought so much in every activity into which it has been directed, man can make of *himself* pretty much what he will, morally, mentally, and physically, if he will devote himself to the task with the same assiduity that he does to the acquisition of wealth, or fame, or the improvement of his material condition and surroundings."

"Ah!" interrupted Northrup; "the surroundings! there you have a tremendous power to reckon with: their reflex

influence constitutes a breast-work that must be attacked every day ere one can make any decided progress in his own personal improvement."

"O, I don't lose sight of the surroundings," replied the Doctor: "I should be blind to do so, with their influence brought home to me every day in my profession; but, as with a number of magnets of varied size dangling from strings—each influencing the other—yet a large one, brought into their midst, will dominate the whole; so, while every individual has characteristics peculiar to himself, and is affected in a measure by those about him, still a man of strong, determined character will control the situation and command in it, and not be moulded by it; and this strength and determination he can to some extent acquire by cultivation: if he sees the evil tendencies in their inception, he can successfully grapple and throttle them.

"To admit that certain traits are woven into man's nature by heredity, does *not* admit that he cannot control their tendencies; or that he is not accountable for any acts that may result from giving them free rein: on the contrary, there is nothing in man's physical, mental, or moral organization which cannot either be improved or degraded; he forms no exception to the universal principle—that cultivation improves, and neglect causes deterioration. Man may make of himself a high order of being—capable of emitting a beneficent influence around him; or he can become a noxious weed, fit only for the brush heap and the flames. No, it would be denial of his free will, to assert that he is a mere automaton in the grasp of a wicked inheritance and bad environment—moved to evil by every vicious spring, without power to resist; it would be an excuse for—nay, an authorization of all the sins he is prone

to, and capable of committing. It would remove both the healthy sentiment of self-control that curbs the animal within him, and the equally wholesome fear of punishment that deters from infraction of the law.

"I fully admit the influence of association: the smell of the stable is not more distinctive of the hostler, than our bad habits, coarse manners, and hazy notions of right and wrong, are of evil companions; whether these be other persons or our own thoughts.

"There are, of course, veins of heredity and individuality in every nature; and one will accomplish most by studying his own characteristics—what he inclines to, as well as what repels him—and cultivating his bent, provided it be not to the bad. But I've had the floor already too long, and would like to hear from the opposing counsel; for I think, Mr. Northrup, you are not entirely of my mind."

"Only in so far as it is a partial view; but one side of a story conveys an inadequate statement of the case—you remember the fable of the blind men and the elephant: six Hindoos sought knowledge of the animal by personally inspecting him—albeit, they were blind: the first approached the beast and encountering his massive flank, pronounced him like a wall; the second felt his tusk—smooth, round, and sharp, and decided he was like a spear; the third fell foul of his squirming trunk and concluded he was of the snake family; the fourth felt about from leg to leg and judged the elephant must resemble the trees of the forest; the fifth chanced to touch only the flabby ears, and likened the animal to a fan; while the sixth in his groping caught hold of the swinging tail and confidently asserted the beast to be like a rope—and so each was partly right, but as to the whole, entirely wrong.

"You, Doctor, have stated only the beneficent side of the question, as is quite natural you should, being engaged in doing good to your kind: unfortunately, I have had to do principally with man's malevolence, and could talk most volubly of that; but not tonight, 'tis late and we must be up with the lark if we would hear even his lone notes in this dreadful solitude." And so saying, the group broke up, and soon the silence of the ship was added to the silence of the shore.

Island Harbor.

The next morning at five the Wenonah was underway, steaming down the Gulf of Peñas: the water was smooth, sky of a leaden hue, and the air soft and humid—a depressing, enervating day. Eventually, the ship left the broad waters of the Gulf and entered Messier Channel: it was quite wide, however, easily followed, and comparatively direct, with few shoals and little kelp. This kelp is a long, tough, snaky sea weed which may be loose and merely floating on the water—liable to clog the propeller; or it may be the surface growth of a hidden rock: a lookout is stationed aloft to keep a watch for it and report its location.

The Channel was like a river; and gliding down its smooth surface, with trees and shrubbery lining the banks, was a most agreeable sensation compared with the tossing on the broad ocean with only sky and sea forever meeting in outline.

The passengers had no occasion to worry over dangers of navigation, or determining the right channel among several openings formed by islets and jutting headlands; and so could give themselves up to free and full enjoyment of the scenery.

The Captain established himself in the pilot house forward: there, with chart, sailing directions, deviation table, dividers, parallel rulers, binocular glasses, and a compass mounted in its binnacle, he kept a sharp eye on land and water to direct the ship's course. With a motion of the hand to the helmsman aft, he guided the ship to starboard or to port—with a rank sheer, or little by little—suddenly, or slowly—each according to the requirements of the case; and by other signals to the engine room, he moved cautiously where danger seemed to be, or sped swiftly where no harm threatened.

About mid-day the weather cleared, the sun came out genial and bright, the scenery grew varied and pleasing, and as a consequence, a cheerful, buoyant feeling invested all on board.

Late in the afternoon the ship reached a snug cove called Island Harbor where she came to anchor, it being too far to the next anchorage to make it by daylight; and running at night was impracticable. The evening was very fine, and after dinner our party gathered on the poop for a sociable talk.

"Mr. Northrup," said the Doctor, "remember you owe us your views on the subject of our conversation last evening—the improvement of man's natural qualities."

"Man, as I have found him," replied Northrup, "is a very different being from what he may be made. If taken in the malleable, receptive condition, and worked up, there is no doubt a fine product may be evolved from good raw material; and even indifferent qualities can be improved. Such care can be taken of the child's eyes, teeth, stomach, and other organs, as will ensure their proper action in mature years, untrammelled by the ailments that neglect

brings on. In fact, as with the athlete, the whole physique may be so developed as to produce a magnificent specimen of manhood. So with the mind: it can be trained to perceive clearly, to observe accurately, to judge justly—to cope intelligently with the affairs of life and hold them with a firm grasp. Similarly, with the moral nature: truth—rigid honesty of intent, word, and act,—no ingenious variant of mere policy or expediency; but plain, straightforward truth in all things—can be ground into youth, so that when he comes to man's estate, he will be esteemed and trusted.

"I regard truth in its large sense—man's conduct as well as his speech—stripped of all craft, duplicity, and guile—as the corner stone both of morality as a duty to God, and of worldly polity as a means of success; for when a position of extraordinary responsibility is to be filled, what is the trait most sought in the candidate?

"Ability to discharge its duties—yes, of course; but this is intellectual: but between two men of equal mental capacity, which will be selected—he who is known to gain his ends by cunning, deceit, and all the other qualities of the fox; or he whose integrity and reliability are beyond question? I think our daily experience will readily supply the answer.

"But man developed in the way I've indicated, is the ideal possibility: now what is the reality?

"You have only to look at what is brought out every day in the courts (where even but a small fraction of the world's iniquity is exposed), to see how bad tendencies seem to control. In the police courts we have petty thefts, drunken brawls, default in small debts—the exhibition of low life in all its wrangling coarseness, brutal and nude.

"Step into the next court above—criminal or civil—and what do we find? Greater infractions of law, some under euphonious names: embezzlement, counterfeiting, fraudulent voting, bribery, forgery, perjury, murder, and the quarrels of marital life in which man and woman accuse each other of acts that seem possible only to beasts with claws and birds with talons. Still higher, and we reach crimes and criminals on a gigantic scale: wrecking of railroads; flooding mediocre enterprises with watered stock; combinations of capital for suppression of competitors; procuration of special laws for individual benefit; corporations giving secret rebates to favored persons which enables them to amass wealth in staggering amounts; systems of corruption and graft devised by political machines for maintaining their organizations and enriching their members—a poison as baneful to morality as the exhalations of a cesspool to health.

"And throughout this whole fabric of iniquity (which is not a tithe of what might be named) runs the LIE in all its variety: the brazen lie, the flippant lie, the complaisant lie, the politic lie, the malicious lie, the commercial lie, the lie to cover up a lie, until one sickens at the torrent of untruth streaming from the lips of humanity!

"It is written that God abhors a liar—where, then, will place be found for all the liars that throng the Earth!

"Man is full of passions, appetites, and malevolent inclinations forever pushing him toward crime, with vicious surroundings attracting him on every hand: to counteract this, what has he? Some tendency to good, assisted by early training; and according to the violence of the evil or the strength of the good, we have the real man—a varying compound of sin and virtue in the indi-

vidual, in the community, in the race, and in the nation.

"But there are many channels besides the courts, through which iniquity flows: in commerce it takes one form; in politics, another; in the social order, a third—the vicious vein permeates all life, only its aspects are diverse. Even at sea, its chameleon hues may be found—is it not so, Captain?"

"Indeed it is," answered Colburn: "deceit is a rank growth with us. Malicious gossip is rife on board ship—it is the bane of sea life . . . ."

The Captain stopped short—he spoke with emphasis, and lest his heat should carry him too far, he said, "Excuse me, Mr. Northrup; I am interrupting your conversation."

"Not at all," said Northrup: "I should like to learn something of the crooked ways of the sea, since I am familiar with the devious paths ashore—it will be interesting to compare them."

In reality, he led up to this point, hoping to make Colburn speak of conditions on board—he wanted to ascertain how much he knew of the cauldron of treachery seething beneath him; but Colburn would only say,

"No; talking is not my strong suit: I have to deal too much with the hard realities of life, to study them closely; but on that very account I am glad to hear yourself and Doctor Austin discuss them."

"Well," continued Northrup; "there are many ignoble tendencies in man which are not always within the purview of the law; but which, none the less, are opposed to moral standards and right living: they are all streaked with greed for money—Graft, properly called Theft.

"Consider the most petty—the practise of servants: the butler, coachman, valet, lady's maid and other pur-

veyors of household and bodily needs—they levy tribute on the dealers of supplies for the trade given them, and have it added to the price of the articles bought. It is an organized system—a perquisite of office regarded as legitimate. That the masters are able to pay, does not lessen the dishonesty of the practise—it is thieving, bald and bare.

"Another phase of graft came to light not long ago in a libel suit in New York; and it is lamentable, the personal characteristics disclosed by the suit. Possessed (as those exposed, were) of great wealth, and with surroundings which should incite to higher aspirations and refined sentiments, they nevertheless long for the husks of life—for mere publicity—to be seen by all and talked of by everybody. An astute publisher saw in them a mine to work, and produced a costly volume of biography, exclusively for those able to pay the entrance fee—and a big one it was.

"And this is the class always cited as prominent in the community! Yes, for wealth and its vainglorious expenditure. It is deplorable how their performances affect the multitude—inspiring them with a thirst for the frivolous and spectacular—the multitude that flock to the opera at exorbitant prices, to enjoy—not the music, but the effulgence of the diamond horse shoe!

"Corruption is the yoke-fellow of graft, and both devise the basest measures to degrade man. Look at what the Insurance Investigation in New York uncovered—money contributed regularly in stupendous amounts to bribe legislators and buy votes at elections!

"But this bribery seems to be only a part of an extensive project to govern the country according to the views of organized wealth—each corporation seeking to influence

governmental functions in its own interest—the concerted action of 'a few ruthless domineering men, whose wealth makes them peculiarly formidable because they hide behind the breastworks of corporate organization.'

"The insurance people are especially despicable: they used the savings entrusted to them for dependent relatives; and the men who did this were not of the class trained in the dives of the city, whose environment might bespeak such action. No, they were brought up in homes of comfort, educated in colleges, and surrounded with incentives to right living—who, until the mask was torn off, posed as the pillars of every business enterprise! In reality, they are moral lepers.

"But the most colossal system of graft is practised by the Trust—that monster of insatiable maw which is intrenched in almost every branch of commerce, and worms its eel-like tentacles into the pockets of every person in the land. There is a tropical plant, devoid of leaves, but full of black snaky twigs having suckers that secrete a sticky fluid: by means of these twigs it reaches out, fastens upon its prey, and saps its life. And such is the Commercial Trust: it fastens upon all of us and absorbs our substance—softly, steadily, as the leech sucks our blood in sickness; but unlike the leech (which, when gorged, falls off), the Trust never lets go, but feeds on and on while we have aught to give.

"I would raise no cry against associations of capital honestly conducted under equitable laws and a low tariff; but against those that under a high protective tariff get special privileges, and form combinations for exorbitant profits.

"Take, for instance, the products of the Steel Trust—

rails, beams, tools, hardware, and other forms of the metal: they are sold in Europe and Asia, even in far off Manchuria, for less (according to the article, for twenty to fifty per cent less) than to the people of the United States, although made by the same Trust at our very doors; and this in competition with the manufacturers of steel in other countries. Could it be done if the products were sold abroad for the same price as at home? No: *we* pay the high price in order to compensate for the small profits on foreign sales. The high tariff enacted in the interest of the steel industry, enables the Trust to exact these unequal rates from its own countrymen; and hence we pay high rents for our houses into which the steel products enter in one way or other.

"And the profits of the Steel Trust have their counterpart in nearly every article we need, as shown by the increased cost of living during the ten years prior to 1905: for various commodities—all, necessaries of life—the increase ranges from twenty to sixty per cent. Such, in great part, is the result of the monopolistic reign of Trusts! And it is not by high prices alone they bleed us, but in the quality of the goods—these are inferior to what they were ten years ago.

"The picking on the bones of a single policy-holder is small, but the number to be picked is legion; and so the insurance vultures (who are few) can easily fatten and grow corpulent on the flesh of many: similarly the confluent rivulets from millions of consumers form a mill-race of wealth that is inundating the really small number of men who constitute the Trusts.

"If a moderate tariff were substituted for the present excessive one on steel, the man who is worrying lest he

cannot give away his millions ere he dies, would n't have that anxiety—the millions would n't flow into his coffers: and as a consequence our houses could be built cheaper, our rents would be lower, and that degrading practise would be stopped of forcing money from the many to enrich the few; who, in turn, by their colossal gifts are destroying the self-respect and moral sense of hosts of recipients.

"Yes, it *is* tainted money; and the individuals and societies who have spurned it, showed moral courage and rectitude of the highest order.

"This wide spread commercial iniquity—the Standard Oil, of which a judge (in sentencing it for rebates) said regarding its execrable acts, 'The men who thus deliberately violate the law, wound society more deeply than does he who counterfeits the coin or steals letters from the mail'; the Steel Trust, whose magnate founds libraries with money wrung from the very class he hands books to, while *they* are bent with toil; the Beef Trust, which grinds the ranchman and satiates the consumer with tasteless, cold storage meat; the Coal Barons, who accord to the wretch that delves into their caverns a pittance for the product they sell at a high price; the relentless Trades-union, which by its 'boycott,' 'unfair,' 'we-don't-patronize,' and other subtle devices, persecutes all who are not affiliated with its narrow minded views; the Railroads, with their parasitic organizations (made up of their own directors) to sap the income that should go for the improvement of transit facilities—all this makes it hard for the honest man to keep above the waves of Graft and Greed that are swirling about him; and yet I have but stirred the scum—the foul depths never come to light.

"But let me switch on to another aspect of the human being—the egoist who considers well every situation—who ferrets out the factors of power, wealth, influence and social status; and who, on the other hand (in order to avoid them), informs himself as to the weaklings—unfortunates whom a little friendliness would encourage. Does he give it? Not he: no unpopular minority for him—but always the majority—numbers count in the battle of life—it means success, and that is his quest. Success? Yes, necessarily; for being alert to his own advantage, and tenacious of all he acquires, he centers in himself everything that will conduce to success. But he is a gross caricature of a man—a nature run to rank growth under foul manuring.

"Periodically, such a cormorant finds that wealth does not bring all he craves—that insisting on his rights—driving a hard bargain—profiting by another's misfortune or pressing need, has hardened men's feelings toward him. He has money, however—he can buy subserviency; but there is a heart of flint in every breast that serves him. Then he would purchase good feeling—seek a reputation for generosity—even secure a first mortgage on Heaven by contributing to charity: we have latterly had some instances of this—did they attain their object? Not often. The money was taken—yes; but the giver only became more conspicuous for his distinctive traits.

"But it will be noted that this kind of largess distributor seldom, if ever, gives to the necessitous poor. O no: his aim is twofold—to acquire fame as a philanthropist, and to close the mouths of adverse critics; and so he sends forth his stream of gold to institutions of learning where youth is trained (to look up to him and his methods)—to halls of

fame which spread his renown—to pensioners who will be grateful for the ease it brings in declining years: all these beneficiaries will not only be estopped from frank honest criticism of the ways he made his money, but will be converted into admirers of the *benefactor!*

"And there are legions of such perverted sycophants: you have only to cast your eyes over the country to see the number who have taken the gold and are down on their knees before the ignoble idol—insulting our intelligence with laudation of his gifts and specious explanations of his devious ways.

"Yes, money which transmutes deserved censure into fulsome praise, *is* tainted; and it is well—nay, obligatory, to look this gift-horse in the mouth, lest he take the bit and ride the receiver to perdition.

"The largess distributor acquires name while fostering the purchasable element in man—the obsequiousness of the lowly as well as the affability of those in higher place.

"Money easily got is readily spent; but if gained by hard toil, the laborer is loth to part with it freely: now the high tariff pours into the pockets of those benefited, profits far beyond any efforts they make—a surplusage of wealth; and the distribution of this to lower levels gives each recipient an amount he did not fully earn; and this as surely begets crime in the community as summer heat breeds maggots in a dead carcass. A tariff for the expenses of government would put everybody on his mettle to make a living; and thus there would be no overflow of wealth to submerge morality and drown principle.

"A wholesome check on the acquisition of tainted gold, would be a *progressive* tax on everything acquired under the shield of mere *law* honesty. At the present *uniform*

rate, the man who is taxed five hundred dollars on a single lot which is his only possession, pays *relatively* more than the man who pays five thousand on a city block; and this latter, more still than the man who pays a hundred thousand on property worth millions. It is like the clerk's meagre salary compared with the ample income from houses, lands, and mines: if the salary is reduced, it pinches the clerk; but if the income be lessened, it scarcely affects the man of means—he has so much. Why, then, should *not* a similar inequality in taxation be rectified by levying upon all a tax proportionate to his possessions—a higher rate, the larger the property?

"Moreover, the man of wealth should bear his share of the expense to which he puts the Government: it is for his railroads, steamships, mines, factories, houses, lands, costly homes, pleasure yachts, and luxurious clubs, that the functions of government are chiefly exercised; legislation and litigation are in the main concerned with his properties; and it is for the protection of his commerce and his person that squadrons are maintained at sea and a military force on land.

"The professional man, the artist, the farmer, the clerk, the shopkeeper, the mechanic, the servant, the laborer—all these, who constitute the great bulk of our citizens, call but little on the administration of government: then why should not he who uses it constantly, pay his pro rata amount? He certainly does *not* do so now at the *uniform* rate imposed on all—on the man of means, and on the widow whose sole support is the rental of a single house. The one house and the vast holdings are not commensurable quantities—neither are the taxes at present levied on both.

"Contrast the complicated governmental machinery daily in motion for the man of wealth, with the simple civic requirements of a villager in the Adirondacks—where the town council frames the few regulations that are needed, the Justice of the Peace settles all petty disputes, and the village constable is the sole guardian of person and property!

"To the villager, the Battleship is a phantom of the sea—the Army as mythical as the Crusaders—the Acts of Congress less known than the Acts of the Apostles—and the decisions of our highest tribunal of little more interest than the decrees of the Sanhedrin: and yet for the elaborate care of the interests of his wealthy fellow citizens, the villager has to pay the same uniform tax rate!

"Of old it was written, 'All . . . whether man or woman, [that] cometh into the king's inner court (who is not called for), is immediately to be put to death, without delay; except the king shall hold out the golden sceptre to him in token of clemency, that so he may live.' Such was life in ye olden time—ignoble awe, and cringing submission to those in authority; and something of it has come down to our own day in certain governments and organizations: but thank God in our country these yokes need find no necks to weigh upon—we have the ballot for all, *and if they will only use it properly*, it can be employed to sever the official head of him unworthy of office.

"Besides, the franchise is an excellent outlet to the fermenting humors of the body politic, and saves us from nihilism, revolution, and other sores of a gangrenous government: our elections afford a healthy ebullition to the bile that if bottled up, would fester and breed a cancer.

"Of course we have throughout the land those who are

agitating for rights and reforms; but they constitute a wholesome ferment—they intimidate the grasping and give push to the laggard—they prevent the forging of human chains, and give impetus to whatever improves and vivifies—they make the fight, and we all reap the benefit.

"I have but one more matter to touch upon—*false testimony*, a most prolific source of evil. We have a detestable sample of it in the corps of trained perjurers said to be kept by a transit company in New York to swear against every case of damages for injury done. There is, of course, the lie of him who is unaware of the falsity of his statement—who sees only the skeleton of the facts, and puts flesh and raiment on them from his imagination: his eye and ear have not been trained to precision, and so the mind receives no true impression of what occurs about him. This is the unwitting prevaricator; but there is far worse—the malicious liar, who can color a series of incidents, so that while retaining a ground-work of fact, spreads over it all the dark hues that will blacken any reputation.

"Closely allied to the malicious lie, is that mendacious phrase, *I don't remember*. Every lawyer knows that the witness who glibly gives this answer regarding matters which undoubtedly were well impressed upon his mind, is hovering on the brink of perjury, if not already floundering in its abyss, and trying to wriggle out of it by piling lie upon lie.

"All testimony has certain phases which must be considered jointly if one would judge aright of its value: the demeanor of the witness; the bias that pervades his speech; the words he utters. The written record is but a squalid line-drawing—without color, without shading, without perspective; the look and manner of the witness

are essential to a true picture; for a facial expression or a gesture will disclose the malevolence of a vicious nature, or the shielding charity of a kindly one; and nothing reveals more quickly the prejudice of a witness, than the positive terms in which he asserts everything hurtful to the side he wants to injure, while tossing off an evasive 'Don't remember' to every question that might elicit something favorable to him. It is the ever recurrent accusation of Jeanne d' Arc to her malignant judges—*You put down everything that is against me, but you don't put down aught for me.*

"And now, good night; may you all sleep well, and never have your reputation depend upon the word of a man who can say under oath, *I don't remember.*"

Gray Harbor.

Again, the Wenonah was underway in the early morn, gliding down the smooth channels free from dangers of navigation, and with fine weather—a veritable case of plain sailing.

The scenery was of the majestic order—high hills clothed with verdure, in the foreground; towering mountains capped with snow, in the distance; afar off, the bright green of glacier fields; and near by, at intervals, cascades tumbling down in whitened foam where precipitous cliffs formed the banks of the channels. Immensity, stillness, loneliness—these are the words that best describe the situation, apart from the scenery: true, they might be applied equally well to the great ocean the ship had recently sailed through; but there, life was not looked for, while here it is expected, and not being found, its absence is the more impressive: probably not a human being was within a hundred miles of the ship.

Many of the anchorages in the channels are very deep but of small area, and the vessel seems to touch the shore as she swings about: often, steep hills covered with trees and shrubbery enclose them, and one feels as if he were afloat in some gigantic bowl with nothing but water beneath.

Toward the middle of the afternoon the ship reached the vicinity of Gray Harbor: between this and the next anchorage is the dreaded English Narrows—a contracted dangerous crook in the channel, where the stream runs very swift at certain stages of the tide: the passage is generally made at slack water, and as this would not occur before dark, the ship turned into Gray Harbor and came to anchor until the tide should serve the following day.

The evening was clear, crisp, and invigorating; so the Captain proposed that all who could, should go ashore and stretch their legs. He gave a boat to the men, who soon filled it and were pulling for the beach. Another boat was manned by himself, Brooks, Austin, and Northrup; and with Mrs. Austin to steer, and Adeline and Marguerite for passengers, they likewise hastened to the shore.

O the delight of stepping on mother earth where you can stand erect and put your feet confidently forth, without fear of finding the ground too near or too far, or swaying your body to the pendulous motion of your foot-hold! And then the fresh odor of growing vegetation—it filled the nostrils gratefully after the salty air they had been breathing so long. The sense of freedom, too—the expansion! They all jumped, and ran about, and frolicked, and shook off the close confinement of a month: not a man of years but was as exuberant—as excited with delight as little Adeline.

The harbor is small and very picturesque—everywhere,

except a little rising ground where the low trees have been denuded of their foliage by some withering blast; their trunks are bleached by the weather, giving the knoll a spectral appearance; and this is heightened by numerous sign-boards nailed to them—the records of passing ships-of-war.

Toward dusk all went aboard—happy to get back to familiar objects and a good dinner, which they enjoyed with zest: it was but a trifling incident, yet it changed the rut of their thoughts and supplied an episode for conversation. Such is the value of variety—to think that this wild shore, without hut or habitant, nothing but the tangled rankness of vine and shrub and tree, should afford so much pleasure to grown people that they gamboled like boys out of school.

After dinner, chairs were brought up on the poop, cigars lighted, and every preparation made for an enjoyable evening. They could sleep in, the next morning; for, by the Captain's calculations, slack water would not occur in the Narrows until ten o'clock, and so they need not get under way until after breakfast.

Brooks gave vent to the general light-heartedness by humming a lively air—*Marching through Georgia*, which soon found expression in words, with nearly the whole crew joining in the chorus: it sent a thrill through every one, especially those who had taken part in the Civil War—this ebullition of patriotism rolling loud and deep through the solitudes of Patagonia. Then there was a Spanish song by one of the sailors to guitar accompaniment; and eventually, as the froth of feeling seemed about to subside, Mr. Northrup thought best to tap the substantial flow beneath, and said:

"Doctor, you and I have had such divergent experience, and each is evidently so influenced by his own, in the opinions formed, that I should like to hear the views of one who has probably taken a middle course—what does our young friend Brooks, here, think of the matters we've been speaking of, the past two evenings?"

"I think," said Brooks, "that one of you has portrayed an ideal possibility—the other, a lamentable reality; but this last has also its roseate hues, just as the black clouds that precede the storm may become the gorgeous masses of a brilliant sunset.

"There is evil in the world, but it has its use; its outbreak in one person is a spur to good in another.

"The ills which you, Doctor, alleviate, are incentives to generous impulses—even the loathsome victims of cancer and leprosy find kindly care from a fellow being. The poverty of the needy draws out the sympathy and support of those able to give: misery, wretchedness, and suffering awaken our better feelings and prompt us to acts of kindness and assistance—we cultivate the good that is in us—forget self—and fulfill the object of our being as component members of the human family, not isolated entities.

"Look around you, and consider the number of individuals and organizations that are striving to better the lot of the unfortunate and incompetent: the Sisters of the Bon Secour who will nurse you through contagious disease without a thought of themselves; the Order of the Assumption that gives its labor without recompense to the indigent in their filthy hovels; the Salvation Army which attacks all foes of humanity wherever entrenched; the Children's Aid Society which rescues the growing twig from bending

awry; the St. Vincent de Paul Society whose ramifications extend into all the lower strata of life; the Legal Aid Society which, with the chivalry of knights of old, sallies forth to battle before judge and jury for the rights of the down trodden; the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin which cleans, trains, and brings up to respectability and usefulness the waifs of a metropolis; the Society for the Prevention of Crime which has a hawk's eye for what is corrupting in newspaper, book, or picture; the Civic Society which prevents our municipal governments from sinking into greater depths than they would without its keen criticism; the body of men and women who work against the pernicious influence of the saloon; the society that watches our food and medicines to reduce adulterations of both; the people who work in settlement districts; and many, many other organizations which I need not name—all working toward the improvement of the human race—all actuated by noble impulses; and you'll realize that the good in the world is active, persistent, and varied, just as the evil is.

"And would it be so, if the evil were not there to spur it on?

"Our experience answers, 'No. We have two large political parties in the United States, and we get the best results from the one in power when both are nearly balanced: when the dominant one is overwhelmingly in the majority, corruption, bribery, and arrogance are rampant—it requires the bit and check-rein to keep it in the straight path, and these restraints are put on by the opposition—those who have the moral courage to fight against evil, and who are thereby spurred on by that evil to do good.'

"Tweed insolently asked New York what it was going

to do about his robbery: he speedily found out—it roused the right minded to action and the thieves went down to disgrace and death in convicts' stripes. Later, Tweed's political heir arrogantly boasted that he was working for his pocket all the time—thus epitomizing the creed of his organization—to force tribute from the people, either for carrying out the laws which, as public officers, they were already well paid to do; or for winking at infractions of the law, when such suited the bribers: an organization (to paraphrase the words of an able writer) which closes against young men of talents that broad noble entrance to a career which belongs to them and which ought to stand wide open to them; and in exchange, forces them into a by-entrance—through its own sewer, low and narrow, always obscure, often filthy, and through which they can pass only by crawling on their hands and knees before some coarse, arrogant boss; and from which they can emerge only sullied with stains never to be washed away.

"Graft, graft, graft! among high and low—from tenement and brothel—from saloon and gambling den—for building a residence, or tearing down a rookery! Even in legitimate pursuits, often the official has to be 'seen' ere he will act in the performance of duty, or abstain from a course that is devised to worry and harass—a subtle, pernicious, intangible system; so crooked and artfully concealed, that the trail is difficult to trace. The grafters got fat with money and insolent in speech—so grossly corrupt that it shocked the community into spasmodic activity: they turned the grafters out; and temporarily, at least, the bad was held in leash, and the good spurred to action.

"Recent elections have dealt a stunning blow to bossism

in many States and shattered political machines everywhere: their vicious methods roused the sense of right, and it showed its power by sweeping the malefactors from office and putting in those with reputations for integrity.

"Look at the case of Governor Hughes in New York—a republican chosen in spite of his party machine: see further, the fine discrimination of the voters in electing him! His opponent—the owner of many newspapers was singled out for defeat: it was a stinging blow, the whole State Democratic ticket elected, him alone excepted—its head! and in his place a republican, who has proved to be the most upright, able, and efficient governor New York ever had; and he has been re-elected.

"Look again at the case of San Francisco—for years a cesspool of municipal iniquity: bribery in its coarsest forms luring city officials until their administration (supported by a corrupt labor element) became a by-word for all that was debased in politics! Well, men of principle attacked the situation—arrested, tried, and imprisoned both bribers and bribed—elected men of integrity and ability in their stead, and to-day the Golden Gate City has the prospect of becoming a clean, honest municipality.

"The extensive evils of the insurance companies—the deceit, fraud, theft, and bribery practised by presidents, trustees, directors, clerks, agents, and go-betweens of all degrees—even this whole net-work of wrong has had its rebound in the laws enacted as a result of its exposure; and as for the criminals exposed—many a name has been blackened, and no man is gratified by such notoriety; it is a goad that will lash him to the grave, and his memory beyond—a wholesome warning to others.

"All the rascality of commercial life which is now com-

ing to light is likewise rousing not only those who think deeply, but also the great body of the people. This country does not belong *alone* to the few thousands who own yachts, automobiles, opera boxes, private cars, residences in town and country, and all the other appendages of the idle rich; nor yet to the few hundred thousands incorporated in companies who are sucking the honey from every industry: but to the millions who labor with brain and brawn to earn a living—men and women actuated, in the main, by honest motives: these, *also*, have a share in this land and a right to get from it an equitable return for their toil.

"If one trust can successfully invoke constitutional authority for supplying uneatable meat, and another cites Divine fee simple for its ownership of mines, to give us coal or not as it pleases and at what price it chooses: if this arrogant self assertion is based on constitutional right, then that right can be abridged by supplementary enactments. The constitution was framed for simple conditions of society, when fair dealing was dominant: but since its adoption, great public franchises have come into existence, the necessaries of life have often been cornered by speculators, and cheating in every day transactions has become the rule. An epidemic of falsity in word and deed has grown up such as the country never before saw, and which was not even suspected until a short time ago; but grand juries and investigating committees are unearthing it all, and the law will eventually grapple with it—successfully, let us hope.

"Only a short time ago, a high insurance official went on the witness stand, and with a jaunty air—as if deserving the plaudits of the multitude, told of using the policy

holders' money to elect the candidates of a political party: do you think he would do so to-day? Hardly; since his act has been stigmatized by the chief justice of the highest court of New York as *larceny*: 'The meritorious character of the objects to which the money was appropriated, has no bearing upon the question of larceny. The gist of that offense is not the application of money to a bad purpose, but taking money that does not belong to the taker, to appropriate to an object, good or bad. It is the fraudulent deprivation of an owner of his property that constitutes larceny. It is a crime to steal, even though with the intent to give away in charity and relieve distress.' And under the force of public condemnation, the culprit has restored to the policy holders, fifty-four thousand dollars.

"The air has cleared a little—the hazy views of honesty and truth entertained by him and his kind have received sharper definition; and it will be the same with every other befogged tenet of the 'higher law' which such men have devised to screen their astounding practises.

"The viciousness of the demon is deeply rooted in man, but so also is the beneficence of God; and the struggle of both seems to be the means devised to keep our faculties bright and progressive: *why* it is so, I cannot say—I merely state the fact; but I am nevertheless firmly of opinion that man's moral side can be greatly strengthened by cultivation. He is not a passive weather vane to yield to every impulse of heredity or whim of environment.

"To amplify upon a statement of Mr. Northrup, take the case of our physical organs: when a child reaches the age of five, if his eyes are examined by an oculist, he will discover any defect, and apply the remedy: if this be repeated every few years until he is twenty, the boy will have sight

of a very different kind from what it would be if some slight ailment had been allowed to develop. Similarly with the teeth: arrest the first symptom of decay—fill the pin-point hole—bestow daily care on them—and the youth may confidently expect that in old age he will not be dependent on a few jagged stumps. Likewise with the hearing: have the ears and nose examined—stop the incipient catarrh, and avoid the senile ear trumpet, that fearful cut-off to companionability. The much abused stomach is such a fount of ailments—indigestion, eczema, headache, constipation, and a host of other ills, that were we only warned in early life of their number and gravity, we would bestow the greatest care on what we eat.

"Now tell me, if you find a child practising petty deceits, telling little lies, stealing trifles—insincere, hypocritical, or otherwise showing the germ of an evil tendency, can you not work against these traits as successfully as against the defective eye or tooth? Whatever the moral ailment, there is no doubt that it can be treated (if taken in its early stages) with at least the same prospect of correction as exists in the case of bodily diseases; and we are made for *strife* in the moral field as well as in the intellectual and physical.

"Placidity—moving with the current—always trimming one's sails to every whiff of self-ease, this takes the backbone out of man: whereas activity, even when vicious (which eventually rouses strong forces to combat it), brings out all the sparkle, energy, and strength of character there is in man. And it is only success *through effort* that satisfies and exalts: the man who inherits wealth may have the enjoyments it can buy, but he has not experienced the pleasure of acquiring it; so, too, the boy whom the tutor

assists through an intricate problem sees the solution, but he doesn't feel the pride and gratification of having worked it out himself, nor is the process as clear and impressive.

"And *strife* is everywhere: look at any part of the United States to-day—what a ferment! political, financial, municipal, and social; the struggle between railroads and people regarding rates and rebates; the squeezing of water out of swollen stock; the pursuit of defaulting bank officials; the effort to curb the adulterater of food as well as the adulterous concubine; the trial, conviction, and imposition of heavy fines on corporate malefactors; and even the stage is a reflex of the contention going on, for the two most popular plays for years (The Lion and the Mouse, and The Man of the Hour, drawing crowded houses until millions have been stirred by what they exhibit) represent the strife of the day.

"Can it be doubted that all this vigorous canvassing of everything in our daily life will have an ultimate salutary effect—a better understanding of rights and obligations—a clearing of the ethical atmosphere?"

Brooks finished, and all were highly pleased with his discourse. At their earnest request, he promised to deliver another little speech soon again.

Port Grappler.

The next morning was clear and crisp—too clear to continue throughout the day; for like the stillness that precedes the storm, an exceptionally bright dawn often presages a fitful, cloudy day; and so it proved in this case.

At seven bells all hands went to breakfast: on turning to, the Captain directed the First Mate to take the deck and send down the to'gallant and royal yards and masts and all other top hamper, as sail could not be used until they

entered the Straits of Magellan. While Colburn was on the poop watching this work, the Doctor and Mr. Northrup came up and joined him.

"Have you ever been through these Channels, Captain?" said the Doctor.

"Never," was the answer.

"Don't you feel some anxiety—a little nervousness about the English Narrows?"

"Well, I have the same anxiety that you, Doctor, would no doubt feel about an operation you undertook for the first time; or that Mr. Northrup here would experience in a complicated case before a court entirely new to him: but as each of you would prepare for his work by anticipatng every possible contingency, so have I; and I guess we'll get through all right. Heaven helps him who helps himself, you know: that's my motto."

"And the only true one"—added Northrup.

The English Narrows have the shape of the letter S with sharp curves—a contracted gorge or gullet through which the volume of water on either side surges with the ebb and flow of every tide: hence the velocity between periods of slack water is very great, and the eddies are liable to take the bow and force the ship on one of the short bends of the shore. Slack water lasts but a few minutes, and even this has not the stillness of other places—there is always some movement, and it is full of whirls: besides, rocks and shoals exist at both ends of the Narrows; and on these various accounts, it is justly a source of anxiety to all who undertake its passage.

The Mate having made everything taut and trim, the anchor was hove up, catted, and fished; and the ship headed for the broad water outside Gray Harbor: there, she

was put through the manœuvre she should subsequently perform—the helm was first put rapidly to port and the ship described the first curve, then it was righted, and put quickly hard a starboard, and she turned through the second bend—all to ensure easy movement of the wheel ropes and rudder.

The Captain now took charge on the bridge, and the other officers and men went to their stations—the First Mate to the forecastle and the Second Mate to the wheel, with two quarter-masters; the Third Mate and a boat's crew were lined up near one of the cutters, ready to lower in case of need; the relieving tackles were hooked and led along with a petty officer and four men to work them, if accident occurred to the helm; the jib and spanker were loosed, with some of the crew at hand to man the gear, should a breeze favor, and either sail be needed to assist the helm; a lookout with binocular glasses was in the foretop to report shoal water or other dangers, the engineer had been ordered to have clean fires and a full head of steam, and with his assistants was in the engine and fire rooms; an alert man was at the engine room hatch to pass the word from the bridge to the engineer in case of misunderstanding through the speaking tubes; leadsmen were in the chains on each side to take continuous soundings; and all were alive and watchful to move as directed by the Captain on the bridge.

The ship stood on for the Narrows. Brooks and Northrup went on the forecastle where they could see everything.

"The Captain has certainly taken every precaution for safety," said Northrup.

"Yes," answered Brooks; "and if mishap comes, it won't be through any fault of his."

"Too many precautions," muttered the First Mate: "who the hell ever heard of wheel ropes parting in smooth water like this, that relieving tackles should be got up?"

"*I* have," said a firm voice; and all turned to see that Ned Gower was the speaker, who stood defiantly eying the Mate, as he continued: "more than that, Mr. Hawse; I saw the wheel ropes jam so they had to be cut, to use the relieving tackles; a man fall overboard; and the ship run aground—all at the same time, and in the still water running up to Cartagena in Columbia: you don't know the place, I guess—merchantmen don't often go there: this happened on a man-of-war—the Seminole, Flagship of the West India Squadron."

"Of course," sneered Hawse; "those accidents are common in the Navy."

"No, they're not; no more than in the merchant service; and if it weren't for the care they take in the Navy, they'd have many more than they do, on account of the complications they deal with."

Hawse moved away from the Boatswain as if to avoid further contradiction; and Northrup, surprised at Gower's bold manner, looked at Brooks as if to say, "Can these things be?"

"Yes sir; that's how it is," whispered a voice at Brooks' elbow, and he recognized the son of the Emerald Isle who used to entertain them with song and dance until Hawse taunted him with acting like a monkey.

"Didn't you hear how the Boatswain choked the luff of the Mate out in the Pacific—No? O, Hawse isn't the same bully any more": and with many a side glance at him while pretending to lay up a rope, he told of Gower's prowess, with much high coloring and many humorous

comments. It must be said that his auditors were not moved to tears by the account. Now it was clear why, of late, the crew came around in such numbers when any little entertainment was going on among the passengers—they no longer feared Hawse.

"I don't like that cloudiness to the southward," said Brooks: "it is right over the Narrows, and it would be hard luck for Colburn, if after all the fine weather in the easy part of the Channels, he had it thick at the most dangerous point."

The ship kept on—straight for the western shore, so as to open up well the entrance to the Narrows before heading in: the weather was fine, crisp, and clear all around, except where Brooks indicated.

Finally, the bow swung slowly to port and pointed fair for the middle of the contracted passage: it seemed a cul de sac, for they could see only the first bend, lying almost across the course, the rest of the crook being hidden by the southern bank of the middle curve. The helm was righted—she went straight on; then hard a port and she swung gracefully through the first bend: then right the helm just as she almost touched the bank of the port shore; and finally, hard a starboard, and she began swinging into the second and last bend of the passage. At this critical moment, as if belched out by some Mont Pelée, a mass of mist overspread the lower part of the Narrows, and Colburn had to strain his eyes to see his way through the obscurity and the dangerous shoals that lie around the lower exit. But the ship got through beautifully—obeying every movement of the helm as easily as a duck moves upon the water; and although none of the Captain's preparations was needed, still it was a satisfaction to know that

any emergency could readily be met: attention to small things in advance prevents many an accident; and it is the secret of success.

Worry did not cease with leaving the Narrows, however: all day the route lay through a wide, almost straight channel; but so strewn with rocks, shoals, and floating kelp, that the course through it was full of anxiety. The weather was soft and enervating, and the air was saturated with vapor—it made both mind and body limp: a fine fog hid the headlands, making it difficult to distinguish them, and when evening came, the ship turned into Port Grappler for the night. It now turned raw with a cold drizzle.

A canoe came alongside with a family of Patagonian Indians—male and female, children, and babe in arms, and all mostly in a state of nature. They were the first human beings seen in the Channels, and when brought on board and given food and clothing, they afforded much merriment by the inadequacy and incongruity of the articles they put on: the father donned a helmet and an old collar—nothing else; the mother spread a blue shirt about her loins; and a young girl tied one of the Wenonah's gilt cap ribbons around her neck, but otherwise her raiment verged closely on the "altogether." Whether duplicity or simplicity prompted their action, cannot be stated—they saw it created laughter and were content to afford it; tucking away, however, the other garments and food given them.

They appeared dull and stupid—a low order of humanity: short of stature, stunted in growth, pot-bellied, with scowling features, and a heavy thatch of black hair hanging over their foreheads. One involuntarily asked himself—"Is this the lowest round of the human ladder?" The top,

which we claim to occupy, is certainly far above—so high, that it seems forever beyond their reach; and it is incredible that any gradation can supply the intermediate steps: we seem to form one race—they, another; with little more in common than the mere physical form, speech, and a soul.

Molyneux Sound, Concepcion Channel.

At dawn the Wenonah was again wending her way through the devious channels—in and out between islands—round capes and jutting headlands—midst grand scenery, varied by cascades, glaciers, and waterfalls. The day was glorious—dry, clear, and invigorating—full of the snap of autumn. Several whales were in sight not far from the ship, spouting foam into the air. And the distant mountains, even the hills close to, were capped with snow, which shone bright in the sun.

Early in the afternoon the ship came to anchor in Molyneux Sound, it being too far to the next harbor to make it by daylight. There was visible from this anchorage a peak nearly four thousand feet high which has been appropriately named Singular Peak: none on board had ever seen such a peculiar freak—such a monstrosity of nature.

The shore around the ship had an attractive appearance, so the boats were lowered and all took to the woods: it put new spirits into everybody to breathe the odor of vegetation and feel the freedom of stretching his limbs—to jump if he wished, to run if so willed, or to play at leap-frog if inclined to the pranks of youth. Oft-times it is well to be a boy again—full of the mirth of joyful impulses.

In the evening Brooks was reminded of his promise to deliver a little lecture; so when his audience had gathered

he was surprised to see its size—the other passengers of course were there, but also all the officers including Hawse and Sam Ruggles, with most of the petty officers and many of the crew.

"I am afraid I shall disappoint you in the subject I've chosen," he began: "I have not the stock of humorous anecdotes that Mr. Northrup could amuse you with, nor have I at all the faculty of telling a story well; I shall therefore follow the old adage—'Each jack to his trade'—and talk to you of some matters with which I am in a measure acquainted. I shall endeavor to point out a characteristic that runs through all nature—the periodic recurrence of the same phenomena—extreme of one kind following extreme of its opposite—the cycle of specific results from the same causes.

"Toward noon yesterday we passed through the English Narrows when the tide was at its highest—later, it reached its lowest: to-day, the same rise and fall occurred; to-morrow it will be repeated, and the next day, and the next, and so on until the moon shall stop in its orbit and the earth cease to circle round the sun. This may be called the cycle of the tides—due to both sun and moon.

"But more important than this mechanical movement, is the great cycle of water change: as invisible vapor it rises from the ocean and forms the feathery clouds that shield us from the sun; or it saturates the air, depresses our spirits and irritates our nerves; or it congeals as snow, solidifies as the glacier, and slowly pushes down the valley to form the source of mountain torrents that later will become a broad stream to irrigate the plain; or it condenses into water, percolates the earth, and appears as a mineral spring to rejuvenate man; or it gathers in the dark

nimbus mass, falls as rain, cleanses the atmosphere, and collects in lakes to diversify the landscape and prevent that aridity which would otherwise be the fate of the soil. Finally, after thus supplying animal and vegetable life with needed moisture, it flows as river, creek, or brook, down to the sea, there to constitute the great highways between nations—and again rise as vapor, and once more go through the same cycle of water, snow, and glacier.

"Less evident than this circulation of the water, are the transformations of the land: by volcanic eruption the primeval rock is rent and lifted into prominence; it crumbles under the influence of air and moisture—is carried down by rivers—forms the fertile soil of their bottom lands —proceeds onward in the freshet—is deposited as sediment in deltas—becomes solidified in layers—and hardened into rock until the earth's upheaval again raises it to go through the same succession of gravel, soil, stratified sand, and flinty rock—the geological cycle, in which the same material is worked over and over again.

"All animal and vegetable matter is composed of a few elementary substances—carbon, sulphur, phosphorus, oxygen, nitrogen, etc.: these exist in earth, air, and water: the growing plant draws them from the air and soil—cows and sheep feed upon the plant—and man lives on beef and mutton. In time all animate nature decays, and their elementary particles are rendered up to earth, air, and water—again to reproduce the varied animal and vegetable life; and thus we have the recurrent circulation of the elementary substances—the chemical cycle.

"We are all familiar with atmospheric convulsions—the clouds that gather in ominous, jagged masses, and the close, oppressive stillness that portends the storm: then a

thunder bolt rends the air—the tension is relieved—the rain falls—and within an hour the sky is serene. All the aerial envelope had been wrought up to a strained condition—the outburst came—and equilibrium was restored. There are natures like that—sensitive feelings worked up by vexatious surroundings until they can bear it no longer—then comes the angry explosion, and to it succeeds a period of placidity: this may be called the cycle of temper, and most of us have experienced it.

"On the daily weather map we see the lines of barometric pressure grouped around various centres—here, a *High;* there, a *Low:* they are the hills and valleys of the air, and must be levelled ere we have a calm; and the higher the peak and deeper the chasm, the more violent will be the wind until uniformity of pressure is restored. And this, too, is typical of our fluctuations of temper.

"Within the Tropics we know that (except during a hurricane) the daily maxima and minima of the barometer vary within narrow limits, generally less than the tenth of an inch: there are natures like that, also, which move on in even tenor—the balance wheels of human intercourse. They have their use, and so have the fiery tempers: the one smooths down the every day harshness of word and manner—the other is ever ready for hazard and bold enterprise. Their alternation—again the cycle of temperament—keeps the world progressing in healthy pace: the pall of mere placidity would make it stagnant, while the whirl of erratic action would cause it to fly to pieces.

"Extremes in the moral order are not unknown—a hysteria of crime follows a reign of good behavior: it may be likened to a ship about to plunge from the crest of a

wave—the stern is out of water and the propeller races; but when she reaches the trough of the sea, it goes its regular pace.

"Of natural phenomena there are many closely related which have their maxima and minima about the same time, and indeed some are entirely synchronous, or recur in unison, just as two clocks tick together: I shall speak specifically of but two such occurrences—sun spots and magnetic storms. There are spots on the sun, and their number varies—increasing during a period of about six years, when a maximum is reached; then falling off during a period of about five years, when a minimum occurs: thus, every eleven years we have either their greatest or least number, according to which event we reckon from.

"A magnetic storm is a commotion of a medium that pervades all space, and which affects magnetic needles, as, for instance, our compasses; though, in truth, it is only small, delicately poised wires—literally needles—that indicate its smallest movements. The air may have the stillness of a calm, and yet a magnetic storm be raging in which magnetic needles and telegraphic instruments move in fine frenzy, or rather in wild erratic motion. And yet these magnetic storms do not come hap-hazard, but with singular regularity of maxima and minima; and, strange to say, their extremes always occur almost at the same time as the events of greatest and least number of spots on the sun.

"Such coincidence of two remote occurrences—one on the earth and the other on the sun—suggests a bond of union between them; and indeed such is conceived to be the case: this bond is the ether of space, because it is supposed to fill all space—the interstices of matter as well as

the boundless distances that extend unto the heavenly bodies. The nature of this ether is mostly a matter of conjecture: we may liken it to the air—a tenuous, highly elastic medium; and this figment will roughly fulfill our purpose, that is, supply a material bond to unite all the bodies of the solar and stellar systems.

"The air, as we know, extends only a few miles beyond the earth—enveloping it as the rind does an orange; but the ether of space pervades the universe, and is the seat of the last great cycle I shall mention—the magnetic: this has a daily oscillation—a monthly rise and fall—a yearly maximum and minimum—and other recurrent fluctuations which require centuries to complete—grand movements upon which all the lesser ones are superposed in regular gradation.

"It is always gratifying to turn to the achievements of mind in the study of matter: and nowhere will an instance of higher intelligence be found than in the expression of this universal feature of cycles by symbols—a mathematical formula which disentangles as readily the complicated notes of a musical harmony as it separates the component parts of a tidal wave, or the superposed deviations of a final compass curve. And this is what was accomplished by an eminent French mathematician—Joseph Fourier. You saw its practical application a few weeks ago when our Captain swung ship out in the Pacific. The investigation of these cycles of nature affords immense pleasure as well as profit to the mind.

"If the system of the universe—the motions of the heavenly bodies and the laws of their movement had been revealed en bloc to man, where would the gratification be that Copernicus, Keppler, Gallileo and their followers

experienced in seeking the hidden truth? Where the just elation of the mathematical intellect that constructs analytical methods for dealing with physical problems? If the instruments and uses of electricity had been placed before us as by the touch of a magician, where would the intense pleasure of invention be—the acute activity of mind—that ecstacy one feels when his products astound the world and bring fame and profit? Lost—all lost!

"And similarly would be lost the happiness we derive from all our achievements through long effort.

"God has given us the faculties to do, and left us free to perform: only, we must abide by the results of our action—suffer the penalties if we break His law, whether physical or moral.

"Man is loth to break the civil law—even to transgress the conventionalities of society, because the punishment is swift and merciless: but the celestial jail is remote and hidden, and Divine judgments are not hastily executed: they are reserved for a future state—the probationary period is here and now; but ultimate justice will come, and it may not be tempered with mercy. Woe betide the man who takes no heed of the warnings to amend his vicious ways! Dives, on earth, did no good with his riches; but writhing in hell, he sought to warn his brethren in the flesh—but could not: they had Moses and the Prophets, but hearkened not to them—and no messenger ever came from beyond the grave to reveal its secrets. Struggle and endeavor are the essence of our existence in the moral as well as in the material field; and it is only those who labor that advance the cause of humanity—not those who dawdle through life, lounging in palatial clubs during winter and lolling in luxurious yachts in summer—men

whose thoughts and occupations are bounded by polo and baccarat—who gorge and guzzle and pander to their appetites: they eat, drink, and are merry *now*, but to-morrow they will die; and then, like Dives, they may wish to send warning to the revellers in the flesh, but these have Moses and the Prophets, yet they heed them not."

It is doubtful whether all who heard Brooks understood either the explicit meaning or the tenor of his speech; but all were deeply and favorably impressed: it was wholly new to most of them, and in a vague, hazy way they received some good inspiration from it. Besides, it was in language that did not descend to what is commonly supposed to be the only kind intelligible to the sailor; and this gratified them. It is a great mistake to come down to the lowest level of one's audience either in speech, manner, or apparel: it makes the condition conspicuous and wounds the self esteem. Brooks knew his hearers, and although he could readily use the language that was familiar to them, he did not commit the blunder of doing it.

Puerto Bueno, Canale de los Inocentes.

The Patagonian Channels, like the boulevards of Paris, take a new name at every radical turn; but the turns are more abrupt and the course more tortuous than with the boulevards.

The weather continued fine, and the scenery much the same as on the preceding day; so the run afforded the quiet pleasure that had been their good fortune since entering the Gulf of Peñas. Toward evening the Wenonah came to anchor in the picturesque little harbor of Puerto Bueno. Still no habitations—no life.

Brooks' discourse was a revelation to Northrup: it disclosed a variety and solidity of information that his daily

conversation gave few signs of; and Northrup well knew that no surface skimming of books could give the pith of the matters spoken of with such a delicate yet firm touch. With the lawyer's instinct for acquiring exact information regarding his surroundings, he now set about sounding the depths of Doctor Austin.

"Doctor, what are your views regarding the sources of pleasure and profit to man—do you consider the condition of *strife* all that our friend Brooks claims for it?"

"Yes; and I could do little more than amplify on what he said. I believe that real happiness comes only from occupation—active, engrossing work, which we go to in the morning and quit at night with the consciousness that by the labor of the day we have advanced the general cause of humanity as well as our own individual interests. Then we feel satisfaction and pleasure such as the man cannot, who fritters away his time—no object in view—no employment for his energy, more than the growing plant or the savage of the forest has.

"But besides serious work, there are many occupations which abound with pleasure, not only in their pursuit, but subsequently in spreading happiness among others.

"Consider the writer of fiction: he lives with the creatures of his fancy, joining in their laughter, speaking their language, and, if his book be good, imparting this happy vein to countless readers.

"Then the delight—the ecstacy, I may say, of the musical composer; and what multitudes respond sympathetically to his work! The favorite airs of the old operas alone have stirred the hearts of millions, while the simple ballads of a race have set a whole nation humming. There is the patriotic chord—the American thrills at the

sound of the Star Spangled Banner; the German shakes off his phlegm at Die Wacht Am Rhein, and the Frenchman is inflamed by the Marseillaise. The majestic strains of the Stabat Mater send a lugubrious, penetrating shiver through one; while the joyous Adeste Fideles awakens all the jubilant feeling of Christmas. So much for those who compose and those who listen; but think of the numbers who spend hours in rapt delight with violin, guitar, and piano!

"I might speak in like manner of the pleasures afforded by architecture, painting, the sciences, law, military life or commerce: even the skilled mechanic cannot be wholly devoid of gratification at the beautiful structure rising under his hand, humble though his part in it be, and cramped as it probably is by the repressive trade-union, which tends to reduce individuality of head and heart, as well as of hand, to one low level of mediocrity.

"Now all this elation results from work—the condition of strife; and if what labor attains, were given us without effort, the pleasure, profit, and improvement attendant upon its acquisition would of course not exist.

"Brooks spoke of Fourier's theorem: a man competent to deal with that must have gone through much anterior mathematical study—subsidiary branches essential to its comprehension: his view of the science is therefore broader than if it had been cut off at the numerical computations of arithmetic, or the primary equations of alegbra, or the geometrical simplicity of Euclid, or at any other stage of this labyrinth of symbols; but his vision would not take in the extensive field that a Descarte or a Laplace did, who saw through the most intricate tangle of mathematics.

"I mean by this, that our appreciation of anything

depends as much on the degree of knowledge we possess of it, as on the acuteness of our faculties. I have heard some loose users of word and phrase speak of a person as a fine mathematican, who was merely quick at figures. Such a one, no doubt, might discount a Lagrange in numerical computations; but his aptness is with the mere brick and mortar of the science, which, like the child, he piles into varied shape: the master mind, however, constructs the noble edifice and devises all its complexity; the former sees only what is flat upon the ground—the latter perceives what rises to the sky; the limitations of the one dwarf his view—the extensive knowledge and acute faculties of the other enable him to appreciate the grandeur and scope of his subject. And so it is with every other matter that comes within the range of human experience. Who, then, dare say that the auditory nerves of Jeanne d' Arc were not attuned to angel voices! Certainly, her whole life was in harmony with the most refined perceptions.

"I have spoken of the happiness derived from labor: there is another source, inexhaustible to both giver and receiver, which, although not strictly within the category of work, still requires some effort on the part of those not endowed with its tendency; I mean *kindness*—courtesy of word and manner toward all in the measure each is entitled to it. Of course I don't mean the surface polish that is put on when we choose, and dropped according to whim; this may be acquired by mere intercourse with the world; it is insincere—chiefly facial—contortional—a kindling of the eye—a set smile—a stereotyped phrase of greeting: it destroys nature in man and subverts true feeling.

"As you sow—so will you reap: nothing truer. The

man who has a tendency to withdraw from his kind, will find that this grows with the years, until, in old age, the estrangement causes people to avoid him: he meets with no entente cordiale, but quite the contrary—porcupine quills, all on end. The craving for companionship may be in him, but it awakens no response—he even repels: people are disposed to take offence at his most trivial acts, whereas such, and much more, would be overlooked if he were on friendly terms with them. The germ of misanthropy should be strangled in early life both for our own sake and that of others: it is the small actions of daily intercourse that leave either the sting or the sense of pleasure.

"The lubricants of social intercourse—the wine cup, the anecdote, and the cigar—are not the heritage of all; and they fit ill those natures to which they are exotic and upon which they are engrafted. Every nature has its own web and woof which adapts it to a particular course of conduct, just as the color, weight, and texture of cloth make it suitable for certain garments; but both nature and the garment can be made seemly and pleasing—it is all in the cut, fit, and trimming of the garment; and in the proper training of the conduct. The wounds to others' feelings are the seeds of prejudices which we sow—eventually, they will become thorns to sting us. And it is not individual animosity alone we thus arouse: every confraternity will, to some extent, espouse the quarrels of its members; it is this well known trait that restrains the prudent man from relating his grievances to one who sympathises with the aggressor—his plaint is poured into hostile ears.

"This is but a variant of the despicable boycott; and

there is another evil, like unto it, due to association: any confraternity, *as a body*, has its tastes, prejudices, biases, opinions, likes, and dislikes, which are a medley of those of the individuals composing it; and these general limitations tend to mold every member to their form—he is in a measure restrained of his natural freedom of thought, word, and act: his opinions (unless he be of flint) are strongly tinctured with the bias of his social surroundings, or of his club, or political party, or religious belief.

"But I wander from the answer to your question, Mr. Northrup: indeed, I fear I've been rambling for some time, and so will stop short."

Isthmus Bay, Smyth Channel.

At dawn the ship was again underway, with, however, but a short distance to run to the next anchorage—Isthmus Bay. This was a very pretty little shelter, hemmed in by hills covered with foliage which was brilliant with the changing hues of autumn. The day broke cloudy, dismal, and raw, with an occasional sprinkle of rain—such weather as damps the spirits and brings on gloomy thoughts: the month was March—the prelude to winter in this region, 52° south latitude. During the run, the ship passed within view of a large glacier, the first that many on board had ever seen: it was of pale green, with extensive fields of snow around it, and high mountains in the remote distance—a grand Antarctic scene.

If any one ever wondered where the toilsome ox finally laid aside his yoke, or the aged hen ceased from hatching multitudinous chickens, he would only have to go to sea and partake of the "prime roast beef" that is canned, or the "choice spring chicken" that is potted—the one as tough as rope yarns, and the other as tasteless as saw dust:

both are flagrant frauds on man's nutrition. For some days the supply of fresh meat and live stock laid in at Callao had been running short, and the meals were made up more and more of canned stuff variously disguised. Whatever may be said of preserved fruits and vegetables, little can be advanced in favor of the meats: true, they fill a yawning void, but supply no more nourishment than salt codfish, or food that is kept too long in cold storage.

The benefits of cold storage have been greatly over-shot: it is now chiefly a means of flooding the market with unwholesome food—fruit plucked when half ripe, which becomes mushy and void of juice; vegetables not fully grown, and insipid; fish that is flabby and malodorous; and meat that is little more than pulpy fibre. All this comes from keeping undeveloped food under the influence of cold until every vital principle is dead—dead in flavor—dead in nutriment—really decayed matter that is slowly poisoning those who, on account of its cheapness, are compelled to eat it.

The weather was changing, and the food was having its effect: however humiliating it may be to acknowledge, still it is none the less true, that the stomach is our most powerful organ for good or evil; feed it well, and we are disposed to be happy—a benefactor to man and beast; but starve it, and we become splenetic, peevish, and malevolent. Thus when evening came, and a craving maw was the only remembrance our passengers had of the meal from which they rose, there was no disposition to make merry—even to take a charitable view of life. Northrup was asked to tell a story to raise their spirits.

"No," he said; "the bears are in the ascendent to-day: I fear, Doctor, that you and Brooks have been bulling the

market too much of late—lauding the good that is in man: now comes the reaction—the cycle of good and evil, eh, Brooks?—and so I had better give vent to the spleen that is in us all.

"What do I think of the self-made man? I think that often he doesn't deserve success, his action toward those still on the low level from which he rose, is so contemptible. I have observed that when he becomes prosperous, he also becomes inflated. The arrogance of office is multiform: in one man it is due to the money he has made in some calling he should blush for; in another, to a social status recently acquired; in a third, to some public office he holds—a little brief authority; and in all it is the manifestation of a weak trait, whereby the head is turned and we lose sympathy for our struggling kind—forget that it was only yesterday we suffered the pangs that now appeal to us for succor.

"Some people deem mere success—however attained—the only rule by which to measure man; and they mete out consideration or contempt accordingly: they look at results only—worship the shining sun, and forget that even when obscured, he shoots out rays as ardent as ever, to dissolve the temporary clouds. The man who hasn't succeeded, may have striven as hard as the one who did succeed; but luck was against him—a combination of circumstances which he could neither foresee nor control.

"Not long ago, the name of a ship of our Navy was changed to avoid the odium of failure— a tribute to mere success: the Chesapeake, for want of time to shake down and organize, was wholly unprepared for action; yet Lawrence accepted the challenge of the Shannon and bravely fought his ship to death. So, Semmes sailed

out of Cherbourg to meet the Kearsarge with the well founded feeling that it was to defeat—yet he fearlessly went, and lost his ship. And so, too, Cervera crossed the Atlantic and made the sortie from Santiago with the conviction that only disaster awaited him. Now in all these cases, and numerous others that might be cited, the courage that fought and failed, was as deserving of emulation and praise as the courage that won—even more so; for besides the disparity in material resources, the inferior had to combat the moral depression of conscious weakness, while his opponent was buoyed up by the knowledge of superior strength: it is the spirit of the collie undaunted by the ferocity of the bull-dog.

"In walking down Broadway, I come at intervals to a store that is occupied for awhile, and then for rent again: eventually, it falls into the clutches of a tramp tenant—a dealer in trunks or rugs who is forever selling off at cost: no one else will take it. The building itself is fine, the location excellent—why is it shunned like a haunted house? In its early days some slight occurrence brought it into disfavor—every recurring vacancy after a short rental only added to the ill repute, until finally it failed altogether of a steady tenant; and this chiefly through the mere *frequency* of its unoccupied periods.

"So with the sensitive person coming into hostile conditions: these may be the weighty affairs of an important public office, or only the gossiping coterie of a summer hotel; he anticipates the adverse criticism that is foreshadowed in look and manner, and has not long to wait for the glibly uttered word; it worries him and disorganizes his forces even before he can bring them into action. This is the first assault—it weakens his powers and makes him

more apprehensive for the next effort; that fails more easily; and so timidity grows until he is like the Broadway store—a failure!

"And yet he had the faculties to succeed—his sensitiveness denoted qualities both active and acute, and he needed only the grasp of good fellowship to encourage, not the cold shoulder to dishearten; but being over sensitive, his energies shrivelled at the chill of his surroundings. There are many whose non-success is due to this and not to incapacity: the first criticism of a human viper sets the tide against them; and on it flows and gathers strength and volume until it swamps them. O, the viciousness of the calumniator! His influence is akin to that of the haunted house, the unlucky ship, or the churchyard grave—it intimidates, throws the nerves into trepidation, and upsets the normal condition, so that one is more likely to blunder. The sensitive person has a cog of his delicate mechanism thrown out of gear, and the whole organization works wrong; this, oft repeated, breaks down the spirit and weakens the character. It is well illustrated where the superior is forever finding fault with a subordinate—nagging him—irritating him until a state of apprehension is brought about which results in frequent mistakes.

"Of course no one believes in the existence of a sprite in the haunted house, but none the less, we tread timorously in its vicinity.

"So, with a new-comer into an unsympathetic community, as, for instance, a new Captain to a ship already long in commission: he picks his steps tentatively, as through briars, over rough stones, or among pitfalls, in order to lessen the bias toward his predecessor or soften the prejudice against himself; what would otherwise be

bold action is made cautious, not through fear of any ghost or ghoul, but through the influences of the situation—the endeavor not to run counter to long established usage—the vested rights (as they regard them) of those he comes amongst. This is the new Captain's haunted house, and it tends to fritter away his efforts and reduce him to timidity.

"And the agnostic voluntarily brings himself to this condition by his eternal '*I don't know.*' But the man who doesn't know, has nevertheless been told; and if he wishes ocular proof of both design and Designer in the plan of Earth, let him go, first to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park and look upon the multitudinous productions of man—the paintings; the statuary; the delicate tracery in gold and silver; the armor of curious shape; the laces of fine texture; the carvings in wood; the musical instruments remote and recent; the pottery and glassware of exquisite workmanship; and a thousand other objects to prove genius—the faculties that thought, wrought, and moulded: then let him cross the Park to the Museum of Natural History and see what God has created—birds, countless in form, size, and variety of plumage; animals of astounding shape; fishes large and small; insects without number; and reptiles of every kind.

"At one time they all moved—flew, ran, crawled or swam; now, their carcasses alone remain for our pastime or instruction—the breath has been taken from their bodies. Then there are the multitudes of other objects—shells of endless convolution; corals of infinite ramification; trees of every size—the stunted crab-apple, and the magnificent sequoia that germinated when Justinian reigned; the fruits of the orchard; the vegetables of the garden; the

flowers of the field—all marvels of beauty and fragrance; and these, too, had their youth, prime, and decadence—a life which God alone can give, and man never produce.

"When we see this animation in all its intricacy pervaded by the most minute adaptation of means to ends—order, design, arrangement, system—we become faintly conscious of the immense Power that created it and have some knowledge of the signification of Omnipotence.

"Truly, it *was* a fool that said in his heart—'There is no God!'"

Otter Bay, Mayne Channel.

In the Spanish sailing directions for the Patagonian Channels will be found the following: El marino que desgraciadamente permanezca algun tiempo en estos canales, esperimentará dia a dia un perpetuo aguacero, a menos que le quepa en suerte uno de esos veranitos de precioso tiempo que suelen tener lugar: entonces hallará interesante la navegacion, gozando de una mar completamente llana, de fondeadores abrigados y de escenas y perspectivas de un estilo el mas hermoso y pintoresco. Desgraciadamente, estas ocasiones son muy raras.

The Wenonah had been a week in the Channels, and with the exception of the day in the English Narrows, had certainly been favored with one of those rare veranitos, or little summers. Now, however, the customary weather broke upon them—heavy squalls of wind and rain, with frequent black storms. The ship left Isthmus Bay at early daylight, notwithstanding a period of this kind was brewing—in fact, in embryo: it hatched rapidly, and was full fledged ere the ship made twenty miles—the rain fell, the wind blew, and the mist was so thick that it was only with difficulty the proper channel could be made out: at one

point in particular the difficulties became most perplexing —one passage was shown on the chart to have plenty of water and no dangers, while another was shallow and full of rocks; but both were in the midst of several openings, and how to distinguish between them was the question. The ship was going on, however—the wind continued in violent squalls—the rain beat in the face and blinded the vision—and yet the contours and grouping of the islands didn't change sufficiently to remove doubt as to the right channel. But ere long the Captain must decide—he must go through one of the openings: he slowed down to consider, but it was hard to keep the ship in any one direction with the heavy squalls from different points of the compass.

It was one of those junctures so frequent in the career of the seaman—conditions out of which there is a safe and an unsafe course, but both so nearly balanced that it is puzzling which to take; yet the man on the bridge must think quickly and decide promptly—events occur in rapid succession, and he has not the time to weigh with nicety the evidence for either side. He has not the financier's deliberation for a premeditated coup—*his* blow must be swift and bold. In no man's career is more rapid action of the faculties demanded—action, too, which oft times brings disaster and death, if a mistake be made. Remember this—the forced draught under which the brain acts in dangerous emergencies, ye who would hastily pass judgment upon disasters at sea: remember it in particular, ye who are convoked in solemn conclave to inquire into the conduct of a fellow seaman who has come to grief. Ye sit in a quiet, comfortable room, around a table provided with charts, sailing directions, and every other aid to an understanding of the case; the facts are drawn from the

witnesses and appear in type written sheets; but they are bald and bare—they have not the vitality and accessories of the actual occurrence—they are only the partial, not the whole, truth: besides, ye of the court have ample time to consider them and form a deliberate judgment, whereas the man on the bridge had to think amidst the violence of the tempest, the rolling billows, the falling rain, and the ship meanwhile running into danger—all around him tumult and uproar, and possibly beneath him treachery, eager to thwart him for some fancied severity, and which will falsely color testimony to his injury—remember all this, ye who maturely consider the evidence, and hesitate lest it be *ye* who in the calmness of your decision are guilty of an error of judgment, and not the man who had to act amidst the turbulence of the events themselves.

The ship kept on, while Colburn tried to peer through the mist for some sign that would indicate the true from the false route; but none appeared.

From previous study of the charts and sailing directions, as well as from close observation of the lay of the land since getting under way, he had a fairly accurate grouping of the conditions in his mind; but a mental picture derived from outlines on a chart is very inadequate—it lacks perspective, and often differs materially from the actual appearance of the islands and headlands themselves: the one is the bird's eye view from aloft—the other, the aspect presented from a single point in their midst, from which only certain features come into the field of vision. Colburn had only the former; so that it was almost through instinct —an intuitive impulse, rather than precise knowledge, that he finally headed the ship for one of the openings and increased her speed. In a few minutes he had the satis-

faction of seeing that he was right; for the shoal water of the adjoining route appeared through the mist, and his anxiety ended in a heartfelt, "Thank God!" It might well have been otherwise—that the bones of the Wenonah might now be bleaching on the sands of Patagonia.

But he had entered the passage and rounded the island only to find all ahead shut in with thick fog; he could not go on, so he regretfully turned into Otter Bay—a little cove close at hand. It was only the early forenoon, and he hoped the weather would soon clear and allow him proceed: again disappointment; the harbor was full of a soft, warm fog when he anchored, but in an hour it gave way to a wintry blast—the wind rose, snow fell, and the barometer indicated a storm. It came—in violent gusts, first from one direction and then another, as if each mountain peak held a pent-up blast to belch forth. The ship yawed and wrenched at her anchors—driving to starboard—darting to port—stretching out the chain until she all but touched the beach, and so on through the live long day and all the night. The starboard anchor had ninety fathoms veered on it, with the chain well stoppered; while the port anchor was simply let go, and the compressor thrown back, so that any real dragging would be indicated by the port chain running out: but it surged only a few fathoms with each scend of the ship to a squall. The Wenonah was weather bound—in almost winter cold and a snow storm.

To keep warm, Austin and Brooks rapidly paced the deck: the latter said,

"Doctor, I have a little scheme which I'd like to lay before you."

"What is it, George?"

"Well, we shall soon enter the Straits of Magellan, and

then our quiet nights at anchor will shortly be at an end: let us take advantage of the next one—say at Glacier Bay—to renew our little entertainments: I think they keep the men from brooding. I'll go among them and drum up recruits for the affair: I'll get the darkies with their banjos; the Irishmen for a clog dance; the Neapolitans for a boat carol; the Spaniards for guitar duet; the French sailors to sing the Marseillaise; and finally, Northrup to tell some amusing stories. But all this is only preliminary to the real purpose of my project. Northrup appears to have the faculty of giving clear, strong expression to what is evil in man: now, when he has got the boys all laughing, let him have the antithesis, and launch into an exposure of treachery and slander, especially on board ship. What do you think of it?"

"Excellent; but will Northrup consent?"

"I think so: he knows as well as we the conditions aboard here, and it will afford him an opportunity to censure them, under the guise of a general talk." And so Brooks went to set the ball a-rolling.

The following morning presented a weird, desolate, wintry scene—the mountains clothed with snow, the sky leaden and lowering, the wind gusty with heavy hail squalls, and the whole prospect wild in the extreme.

At daylight the ship got underway and stood down Smyth Channel; and by ten o'clock she emerged from the last of these contracted passages and entered the broad waters of the Straits of Magellan.

CHAPTER XV

In the Straits of Magellan

Glacier Bay.

It was a relief to have some sea room, and Captain Colburn felt more in his element in the wide Straits where he could steer a course for some miles, than in the narrow channels where he had to make a tortuous route among the islands. With the longing of one set free from a cramped position to stretch himself, he ordered all sail set and stood for Glacier Bay at a good speed: here he arrived in the early evening. It was a picturesque harbor, which took its name from an immense glacier that extends from an elevation of four thousand feet down into the very bay, presenting a beautiful spectacle with its pale green tints. Indeed the ship anchored but a short distance from its extremity.

Brooks had made every preparation for the evening entertainment (as set forth in the last chapter), and after dinner it was carried out according to programme. The enjoyment rose at each new piece, as if the desire for pleasure—long pent-up—was bound to have free flow; so that when Northrup began his stories, the company (including nearly all on board, even Hawse and Sam Ruggles) were at that point of hilarity which would laugh at any tale; but Northrup had chosen some of his best anecdotes for this occasion, and related them with fine spirit: the merriment had almost reached hysteria, when

suddenly, with all the gravity he could command, he said:

"Now, my friends, you are light-hearted and happy; and is it not a pity you should ever be otherwise through an evil influence that stirs up discord among you—I mean in the seafaring community in general? I allude to a trait in man which shows itself on board ship in disloyalty on the part of subordinates: I want to speak of this trait under two heads—slander and treachery; though, in truth, they usually run together.

"The slanderous word germinates in the malicious thought, and bears its fruit in the treacherous deed: whoever slanders, does a disloyal act; and the defamatory current often runs into a morass of lies.

"Treachery is of many varieties: on its infamous pinnacle stands the betrayal of the Saviour of mankind; while in descending gradation we meet the treason of a Benedict Arnold, the deceptions of employee toward employer, the deceits of servant toward master, and those numerous petty disloyalties of subordinate toward superior in the life at sea.

"What is assailed in all these cases? Reputation—Character: they are not identical, though often used one for the other. Certain traits are distinctive in every individual: facial expression, walk, speech, and general deportment—these separate man from man and are an index of character. The calumniator can influence them; for his petty lies may rain down so heavy on a sensitive person as to beget the uncertain gait, the hesitating speech, the hunted look, or the timid manner. But it is on *Reputation*—what people think of a man—his good or evil repute—that the slanderer does his most effective work: 'The tongue . . . [is] an unquiet evil, full of deadly

poison; by it we bless God . . . , and by it we curse men, who are made after the likeness of God.'

"That great delineator of human wickedness—Shakspere—has depicted every shade of treachery and slander; but nowhere with so much skill and vigor as in the character of Iago—a wretch unsurpassed for baseness: the intimate who wins your confidence in order to betray it—the hypocrite who professes friendship and fails to defend you—the subordinate who simulates loyalty, and stabs you in the back: Iago is repugnant with the half lie and the treacherous deed under the guise of a kindly act. Let me say a word about him:

"Othello—a dusky Moor and General of great military achievement—is in the service of Venice: he makes one Cassio his Lieutenant—a position which Iago coveted and expected.

"The play opens with a colloquy between Iago and a certain Rodrigo regarding Cassio's appointment, in which Iago derides Cassio's unfitness for the place—that he was no soldier—saw no more of battle than a spinster—and knew of war only its theory: whereas he, Iago, had proved his valor on many a bloody field under the very eyes of Othello.

"That such a one should be the Lieutenant, and he himself only the Moor's Ancient—a low down subordinate—a kind of valet!—was most humiliating.

"Here, my friends, is the motive of his treachery—*balked ambition.* He failed to get the billet he wanted, where he could vaunt his authority and disport his pride. And there is to-day many a ship sailing the sea in which similar conditions prevail: the subordinate is restive under control, and vents his bile in railing at the superior; the

Mate slanders the Captain, treats his orders with contumely (behind his back), feigns sympathy with the crew, exaggerates their hardships, encourages their growls, and generally stirs up discord among all on board. Why? Iago gives the reason—at least *one* reason: 'Tis the curse of service—preferment goes by letter and affection, and not by old gradation, where each second stood heir to the first.' Yes, there is a vital principle involved in this statement, not only for the military life, but also for the naval—even its mercantile branch. Seniority has a just claim to advancement: whoever has grown up in a profession—has had its practice harden his muscle and its intricacies permeate his brain, is entitled to its benefits—the vacancy when it occurs—the desirable duty when it arises. And not to give it (unless on account of unfitness) —to prefer the stranger or promote the man out of his turn—is to plant a thorn in the heart of the rightful heir, which will envenom him: he will bide his time for revenge.

"Why Othello chose the novice Cassio rather than the war scarred veteran Iago, does not appear: perhaps it was an intuition—a vague caution to beware of his false heart. At any rate, in this case Othello acted aright: skill and scars do not constitute the sole title to preferment; a man may have the skill to work a ship off a lee shore in the teeth of a living gale, and yet be devoid of principle—as was Iago. The deceits he practised could be born only of a disloyal brain; and no man worthy of trust would be guilty of them, even under the goad of grievous wrong.

"Consider, my friends: have you never known a similar case—where an Othello innocently incurred the enmity

of an Iago, and suffered therefrom a host of evils: profession of amity for everybody—actual deception of all—plots wherein those he wishes to ruin, should injure each other; and then he step in and be solicitous for both sides—a double role of pretended friend and real foe? The machinations of Iago culminated in Othello killing his wife in a fit of jealousy; but—change the conditions—apply them to any persons similarly situated—and the traitor will always wreak his wrath upon his victim.

"Shakspere's works are in the cabin library, and as those of you who are not familiar with the play, may want to read it, I will not spoil your interest by further comment.

"Sometimes a thin rivulet trickles down the mountain side: in its course other rivulets join it—they become a stream; more are added, and all form a torrent that bounds with foaming violence over rock and boulder until it reaches the plain below and overspreads it, destroying house and haystack, cattle and farm produce: so there is a fetid breath that blows through the community, gathers volume and venom as it circulates, and eventually suffocates its victim. This is *Slander.* At first it is a whiff of air that merely stirs the foliage—a whispered word. Little by little it grows, gains strength, and spreads until the whole forest is thrown into agitation—a rumor that passes from mouth to mouth and creates a prejudice in every mind. Gradually the wind rises, limbs are torn from the trees, and shrubs are uprooted—the venom is on the tip of every tongue and projects its poison into every ear. Finally, the light air has become a whirlwind, the atmosphere is a chaos of writhing objects, and the whole prospect is gloomy and forbidding: *Slander* has done its

work, and only the tattered shreds of its victim's reputation remain—any one may now have a fling at him.

"Moral assassins employ Slander to stab one they dislike, or to invest him with a reputation that repels; and we must fight the slanderer as we would the ruffian with the stiletto. Do *not* attribute to God ills that are put upon us by wicked men; such a creed would disarm us of every weapon to fight them, and reduce us to mere passivity in all things—the plea of the fatalist, that it was God's will. No, it is not: it is the machination of man.

"There never yet was a body of men—civil, military, political, judicial, legislative, or religious—which hedged itself round with barriers to criticism, but abused its security. Freedom of Speech and freedom of the Press—these are fundamental means for curbing arrogance and oppression: man is not (at least in his organized and corporate capacity) generous and just enough to act aright without check—he is too prone to put the yoke on those he can. Right, justice, honor, reputation, character—all would go down before the attacks of men if we made no bold resistance: we must fight evil in whatever way or form it assails us, and if we fail, *then* we do God's will by patiently bearing the unavoidable results of that failure.

"Let me illustrate the torture a malicious lie can inflict, by a little story from the French:

"It was market-day in Goderville, and the farmers round about were trooping to the village. The square was thronged with traffickers and animals, and a confused jumble of noises filled the air.

"An old countryman, Hauchecorne by name, had just arrived at the village, and was going toward the square

when he saw a bit of string on the ground: like the thrifty Norman he was, he picked it up—it might be good for something.

"While rolling it up, to put in his pocket, he noticed the harness maker, Melandain, watching him from his shop door: formerly, they had some angry words over a halter, which left bad blood between them.

"Hauchecorne flushed at having been seen by his enemy picking up such a trifle: he hid it quickly under his blouse—then put it in his pocket and pretended to be searching for something on the ground: finally, he went on toward the market.

"The bell rang the noon Angelus—the crowds dispersed, and many sought the taverns. At Jourdain's, the large dining room was full of people: a bright fire blazed on the hearth; fowls and quarters of lamb were roasting on turn-spits, and the trickling juices from the brown fat brought the water to many a mouth. The aristocracy of the plough fed at Jourdain's: the dishes passed—glasses were filled and emptied—gossip and news of the farm circulated —and good cheer and happy feeling ran high.

"Suddenly the roll of a drum was heard in the court yard—all went to the door; and when the rattle ceased, the public crier was heard to announce: 'Know ye—the people of Goderville, and in general, all present—that this morning, on the Beuzeville road, about ten o'clock, a black leather pocket book was lost, containing five hundred francs and some valuable papers. The finder is requested to bring it to the Mayor's office: a reward of twenty francs will be paid.' He ceased, and went to proclaim the loss in other parts of the village, while the people returned to their meal.

"They had just finished coffee when a policeman appeared at the door and asked for Monsieur Hauchecorne:

"'Here I am,' he replied, from the far end of the table. 'You are wanted at the Mayor's office, and will please accompany me.' Hauchcorne followed the policeman, full of surprise and uneasiness.

"Arrived at the office, what was his astonishment to be accosted with : 'Monsieur Hauchecorne, you were seen this morning picking up the pocket book lost by Monsieur Houlebrèque.'

"The countryman, dumfounded, stared at the Mayor: the accusation worried him without being able to tell why.

"'I . . . I . . picked up . . . that . . pocket book?'

"'Yes—you, exactly.'

"'Upon my word, sir, I haven't the least knowledge of it.'

"'None the less, you were seen picking it up.'

"'I was seen!—by whom?'

"'Melandain—the harness maker.'

"Then the old man remembered and understood; and reddening exclaimed: 'O he saw me, did he—the cunning fox! What he saw me pick up, your honor, was this bit of string'; and feeling about in his pocket, he pulled it out. But the Mayor incredulously shook his head and said:

"'You will never make me believe that Monsieur Melandain has mistaken this cord for a pocket book.'

"The countryman, now furious, raised his hand, spat one side to emphasize his words, and said,

"'It is indeed God's truth—the exact truth, your Honor: upon my soul it is.'

"But the Mayor continued: 'After picking up the pocket book, you even searched in the mud, to see if some of the money hadn't fallen out.' Choking with indignation and apprehension, the poor countryman exclaimed,

"'And to think one can utter such lies—lies like that to injure an honest man: 'tis monstrous!'

"Further denial was useless: he was confronted with Melandain—both men heaped abuse on each other—Hauchecorne was searched (at his own request), but of course nothing was found, and he was discharged.

"On going out, he was surrounded by a group of gossipers: he told his story—they sneered—didn't believe him. As he went along, he stopped every one he knew, retold his tale—pulled his pockets inside out—but they only turned upon him an incredulous look, as if to say, 'Sly old man!' He grew more angry—exasperated.

"Night came: on returning home with some companions, he pointed out the place where he found the bit of string and talked of the incident all the way.

"The next day the pocket book was found and returned to the owner: the news spread, and Hauchecorne was told of it. Immediately he made the rounds and related his story, and it gave him some relief: still, his mind was not wholly at ease—people seemed to make fun of him; they did not appear convinced. He went to Goderville solely to tell it: his enemy was in the doorway as before, and began to laugh as he passed.

"He went to the Tavern Jourdain, and began explaining the matter, but was cut short with, 'Come, come, old man—we know it, your bit of string!'

"Hauchecorne stammered, 'It has been found—that pocket book!' But the other replied, 'O that's all very

well; but things can be found and things can be returned when one is neither seen nor known, and then one is not mixed up in the affair.'

"The poor man was astounded—he understood at last: he was accused of having the pocket book brought back by an accomplice! He was anxious to refute it, but the whole table broke into mocking laughter, and he couldn't finish either his explanation or his dinner, so he got up and went out amidst jeers.

"He returned home full of shame and indignation.

"He exhausted his strength in useless efforts to right himself, and grew ill under the strain.

"The habitual jokers now made him relate the story for amusement, just as one urges an old soldier to tell his tale of the wars.

"At length his mind gave way—he broke down altogether, and died a maniac, protesting his innocence in ravings:

"'Une 'tite ficelle . . . . une 'tite ficelle . . . t'nez, la voila, m'sieu le maire!'

"And so, by the adroit use of a trifling incident—the picking up of a bit of string—the ruin of an honest man was accomplished. It is painfully typical of much that occurs about us in every condition of life.

"There is one great historical case in which slander and treachery combined to destroy a noble life—I mean the beautiful French maiden, Jeanne d' Arc. Men of many nations have written of her, mostly in eulogy and nearly all with admiration and respect for the kindly, truthful, courageous nature she possessed: it remained for one of her own countrymen—Voltaire, to vilify her; for another—the infamous Cauchon, to prove treacherous

to her; and for still more, to condemn and burn her at the stake: but a Michelet arose to redeem the name of France; and in our own day, an author of alien race and opposite antecedents—Lord Ronald Gower, has chivalrously told her story with a fairness, clearness, and temperateness that must carry conviction to every reasonable mind.

"Craft and cunning are the traits—the sores that gather head and break out in treachery and calumny; and they generally succeed in their endeavor—Why? Because 'A man in the right relies on his rectitude, and therefore goes about unarmed. A man in the wrong knows that he must look to his weapons—his very weakness is his strength. The one is never prepared for combat—the other is always ready.'

"The fox outwits the hunter, and the cat purrs herself into caressing strokes: both are wily to the bone, and have been sketched by a master hand—the cat with her soft walk, putting each foot forward with precaution, eyes half closed, observing everything, yet appearing to see nothing. If you sit down, she will come with supple movement and gently rub against you while intimating her quest with a flattering purr—not asking it openly like the frank dog who barks for his bone. The smooth, little hypocrite!—you would take her for the personification of good nature, were it not for her two rows of teeth, sharp as a saw, and the receding chin so characteristic of a liar.

"The fox, on the other hand, has not the pious perfidy of the cat: his long fine muzzle and bright, intelligent eye denote a rogue, but a rogue of quality: he is alert and quick and one can easily see that he does not loll in his burrow to await the coming of the fat hen. Still, he has not the

vanity of courage—he would rather win by ruse.

"But all cats and foxes haven't four legs and a furry tail—some walk erect: and more of the human species possess the traits of other animals—for instance, the man with a heavy lower jaw, projecting teeth, scowl of a bull-dog, and compact stocky frame; and he makes his way through life much as his canine prototype does—growling, snapping, looking ferocious, and scarcely using his human faculties.

"If ever you spent much time on a farm, you must have seen how oxen yoked together often pull apart—their strength is wasted tugging at the bond that unites them, rather than in drawing the load: they are merely animals, and follow the animal instinct. But reasoning man sometimes exerts equally vain efforts—the lieutenant often pulls as blindly apart from his captain; both are on the same ship: that cannot be helped; but what the beast of the field cannot do, the man on the ship can—he need not waste his strength in futile endeavor, but recognize that there must be a head to contrive—to organize—to care for; and that these efforts should not be frustrated by spiteful acts prompted by some imaginary grievance or even real harshness; but that the success of command, and the happiness of all will be best served by a strong pull, and a pull all together.

"There are grades—superior and subordinate—in every organization; and this, of necessity, implies one at the head of all—a Captain in command. 'Take but degree away—untune that string, and hark, what discord follows!' It is the dastardly, malevolent railing of a Thersites to satisfy some petty grievance; 'whose gall coins slander like a mint' coins money: the Captain as a

result is 'disdained by him one step below—he, by the next—that next by him beneath, and so every step,' until insubordination is rife and the whole crew is on the verge of mutiny.

"I have made some trips at sea; and when on board ship, I go among the men and try to learn their moods and feelings: I therefore know somewhat of the sailor. His lot is full of hard work and bad food; but it is mitigated by variety of scene and his general freedom from restraint (for such is the case, however it may seem to the contrary), by the ensured provision for the morrow, and by the absence of many cares that worry the man ashore. Besides, all is not suavity and freedom on shore: the man whose next meal depends on his labor, has to put up with many a curt word and much harsh treatment: he can go—yes, he can throw up his job in a temper, or under the spur of injustice; but his stomach will crave food and his children want clothes, and these are powerful curbs on his freedom of action. Then there are the tyrannical rules of the Trade-union, the threat of work failing, and the arrogant walking delegate forever stirring up strife—all galling fetters on his liberty.

"The sailor has none of these; and if he behaves himself, he need scarcely feel his restrictions: but often in his midst there is the breeder of trouble—the speaking trumpet for all the petty grievances on board—the treacherous subordinate who slights work and ridicules an order to please men already in a morbid state of dissatisfaction.

"In the Island of Java there is a famous Poison Valley: it is oval in shape—a thousand feet across and thirty feet deep, with a bare flat bottom; this is strewn with the skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, dogs, deer, and

every kind of bird—all bleached to the whiteness of ivory.

"Why this desolation? They ventured within reach of its noxious gases, and met instant death. And such—death of joy, cheerfulness, and contentment—will be the fate of those on board ship who yield to the baneful influence of a crafty, cunning person, be he mate or seaman.

"But the traitor in any form finally comes to grief, while ever being suspected and despised: the high priests said to Judas when he repented—'what is that to us, look thou to it; and casting down the pieces of silver in the temple, he departed and went and hanged himself with a halter'; Cauchon met a speedy and violent death loathed by all, without even receiving the reward for which he bartered his soul; Benedict Arnold everywhere met with contempt until he died in obloquy and shame; and the fictitious Iago, true to life, was made to suffer torture and loathing without the attainment of his ends.

"Well may we exclaim with the fireworshipper maddened by the treachery of a trusted comrade:

'Oh for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May Life's unblesséd cup for him
Be drugg'd with treach'ries to the brim—
With hopes, that but allure to fly;
With joys, that vanish while he sips;
Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace and fame,

'May he, at last, with lips of flame,
On the parch'd desert thirsting die—
While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heav'n, and feeling hell!'"

Port Famine, Patagonia.

As usual, the ship got underway at daylight from Glacier Bay, and proceeded eastward through the straits. At two o'clock she passed Cape Froward, so named from its characteristic—a bold, high, headland projecting sheer from the water with the aggressive front of a mastiff: otherwise, its appearance is pleasing, being covered with rich, fresh vegetation. It is the most southerly point of the continent, for Tierra del Fuego and all else south of Cape Froward are islands.

Cape Froward was the turning point of the Wenonah's passage—she was then at her greatest distance from New York, 5682 miles in a direct line, but much more by the route she must take in quest of favorable winds.

A wintry scene of snow-capped peaks, glaciers, and waterfalls; with a mixture of sunshine, squalls, wind, and gloom characterized this day's run. In the evening the ship anchored in Port Famine—a name ominous of hungry pangs to early mariners dependent on what they carried for subsistance; but now robbed of its terrors by the neighboring port of Punta Arenas, where supplies of all kinds can be had: the Wenonah was to reach it on

the morrow. Around the anchorage the shores were desolate and inhospitable—not a house, only a few trees and some scant verdure, and everything in keeping with the name, Port Famine.

The evening, at least, was delightful and fresh; and after dinner the party gathered on the poop to enjoy it. After a period of silence, Northrup said:

"Brooks, ever since your discourse on the cycles in natural phenomena, I have been chasing your name through my memory— it is familiar, and yet I cannot recall any person who bore it: perhaps it was an author whose book I read a few years ago—*Facts and Theories of Science*—do you know the work?"

"Yes; I wrote it."

"You! well, my dear fellow, let me grasp your hand with all the gratitude I feel for the information it afforded me in a dire situation: I had a case in the Admiralty Court in which the errors of the compass played an important part. Upon taking up the case, I found I should be all at sea without some knowledge of the matters involved. I consulted the books: one was too mathematical; another too diffuse; a third too technical; and a fourth a mere catechism, dry question and answer without a thread of explanation running through them. I was in despair (for the case was important) when I chanced upon your book. The type was large and legible, the illustrations clear and artistic, the paper good, and the division of the subject into parts, chapters, sections, and paragraphs such that I could see at a glance what was treated in each: I was attracted by its make-up—looked for what I wanted —found it—read it—and had the satisfaction of being able to conduct my case with a knowledge of compass

errors, courses, deviations, soundings, tides, and currents, that made the old skippers on the witness stand think me one of their guild turned sea lawyer for the nonce.

"Later, I had another case, in which the rights to a patent for an electrical contrivance was the question at issue. I turned to your book and found that the chapter on electricity and magnetism afforded all the theory and facts I needed for coping intelligently with the experts in the science.

"Subsequently, without any special need for it, I read the parts dealing with other branches, and found the whole so clear and concise—giving just what the average man wants to know, that I consider it an excellent epitome of the subjects treated. But how came you to write it—I thought your bent was general literature?"

"Well," answered Brooks, "my taste has always really been for mathematics and the physical sciences. When I left high school, I had a little tendency and some aptitude for an occupation that I followed for a few years: then I discovered that my strongest inclination lay in another direction—writing, so I took it up; but during all this time, whatever the work for self-support, I spent my spare hours on my favorite studies. I bought the latest standard works, read them, and made notes of the parts that interested me, with reference to book and page. I also made notes of such of my own ideas as I thought worth preserving; and from both sources you can readily imagine that during many years I accumulated a large mass of them: their number would astonish you—it ran into the thousands.

"Now, I am no advocate of study solely for its own sake, however beneficial or gratifying that may be to the

individual; the mere accumulation of knowledge without use, is little better than hoarding money: it is the talent put away for safe keeping—it should be abroad, circulating in useful channels—gaining brightness by attrition.

"I early conceived the general project of my book, but when it came to put pen to paper, I found the outline wanting in definiteness: where should I begin—how classify the material? The first sifting bore little resemblance to the final arrangement; but it served as a skeleton on which to dispose the matter tentatively. Then followed plan after plan, each expanded beyond its predecessor and more definite in shape, with a regrouping of the notes to correspond, until eventually the order as published (with little variation while writing the manuscript), was reached; and then the notes for each part, even for each chapter—nay, more, for every section, were gathered in bundles by themselves: the subdivision of the subject was put to paper—titles given to part, chapter, and section; and I was prepared to begin the manuscript.

"Before writing any portion, I examined all the notes relating to it and consulted the books bearing on the subject: where authorities agreed, I took the point as established; where they differed, I considered the evidence on both sides, and from it inferred the most probable approach to the truth. Thus, having the matter in mind, I framed its expression in my own language. Though in a measure a compilation, it is not at all such in the usual sense of the word—the matter is cast in a fresh mould, with a vein of original thought running through it.

"I am very glad to hear you say that it gives what the average man wants to know—that was the object I had in view. Technical terms are not frequent—used only

where the common language would not avail, and even then they are explained: the accuracy of the facts is in no wise lessened by describing them in the language of daily life. I did not hesitate at simile or metaphor of familiar events—such do not detract from the dignity of the subject, while impressing more forcibly the point elucidated. Now this manner of treatment is not the usual way—the critic or narrow professional man would decry it: indeed the more technical the style, the more these gentry extol it—it keeps up the mystery of their craft, thickens the veil that enshrouds their dicta, and impresses the multitude."

"Few realize," said Northrup when Brooks had finished, "what a labor it must be to write a book; and fewer still, I presume, appreciate the labor bestowed on yours, it reads so naturally—flowing as easily from the pen as your namesake the brook ripples over its pebbly bed."

"Ah!" replied Brooks, "that very naturalness as well as the clearness and conciseness are the result of going over every page again and again—adding, cutting out, substituting—scrutinizing from the point of view of the scientist, the grammarian, the rhetorician, and the general reader for whom it was written."

"Did you have any difficulty in getting it published?" asked Northrup.

"Indeed, I did; and succeeded only after many rebuffs —the usual phrase, 'Not available for our purpose.'

"If the work were by a well known man in science, or some college professor, it would be readily accepted; but the vaunted judging of manuscript on its merits alone is a myth: publishers, one and all, are loth to venture on a new writer.

"And yet, *name*—notoriety—an entity that multitudes

look up to, often carries with it through mere inertia of reputation, many a mediocre book, as well as many another that is little more than a duplicate of what the author has already written. If a novel, the similarity runs so glaringly through plot and person that an observant reader, like a skillful chess player, can see many moves ahead—even the denouement: it is like the turkey which first comes on the table as a crisp, juicy roast; the next day, the carcass (well stripped of meat) is served up cold; the third day, the gristle, thews, and sinews have degenerated into hash on toast; and finally, the bones give a slight flavor to a thin soup.

"But the replica novel in all stages of decadence usually sells well—it takes time for the reading cormorants to discriminate; and meanwhile the popular writer finds sale for his phrases, and the publisher reaps a harvest.

"And the publisher must always see his profit well in sight ere he will touch a manuscript. For this reason, scientific books (which are read by comparatively few)—books upon which years of thought and study have been bestowed—have a hard struggle to get into print; while the flimsy novel, well peppered with slang, which is put together in a few months (and devoured by the thousand), is readily accepted—nay, even eagerly sought: it is a 'best seller' with the aid of extravagant advertising."

Punta Arenas, Patagonia.

This place, as its Spanish name signifies, is a sandy point, extending out into the Straits: the anchorage has a sandy bottom, and is therefore poor holding ground—ships generally drag in a heavy blow. The village is a Chilian settlement built on a plain gradually rising to a background of hills. Fresh beef and mutton are abundant

and very cheap, but the quality is not stall-fed. Canned supplies of all kinds are plentiful, but command high prices: they are brought from the United States or Europe. Steamers of many nationalities—English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Brazilian, and Chilian stop here on their way to and from the Atlantic and Pacific, so that there is almost daily communication with one of the great ports of the world. Thus it happened that the day the Wenonah arrived, a steamer en route for Lisbon touched at Punta Arenas; and a mail was despatched which had been in course of preparation during the passage from Callao: in this mail went two letters from Jacob Hawse to his friend Bain in the shipping house of Alec Campbell & Co., owners of the Wenonah: one of the letters (already known to the reader) was written at Port Otway, and the other was as follows:

American Ship Wenonah,
Sandy Point.

Friend Bain: This is the last letter I'll write you, for we ought reach New York soon after any mail from another port could get there; and yet I don't know about that either—we're only crawling like a crab: such infernal dawdling I never saw; but it's the way they have in the Navy, for you know Colburn spent some time in the Service.

Instead of standing down the coast till he got to the Straits of Magellan, and then coming through under steam and sail before a stiff breeze, he cut in at the narrow channels and wasted a week in a rail-fence route through them—a kind of personally conducted tour to show a few passengers the scenery of Patagonia: why, we tied up every night, like a canal boat, in one of the small harbors;

and sometimes had to send out a line astern to keep the ship from swinging on to the beach. Then up every morning at four o'clock to get underway, and during the day I had to be always about to look out for the ship's work as well as dangers along our route: 'tis wearing on a fellow, and I'm worn out, as I haven't spared myself.

I must tell you of a ridiculous scene that took place in the English Narrows—a small bend in one of the channels which a western river pilot would tackle in the dark. Well, we got there one evening in time to go through, but no—we must wait until the next day to give the skipper time to get up the stage effect—to prepare for all kinds of accidents. I was heartily ashamed of having to take part in the performance. We provided for everything except burying the dead; but we had a boat ready to pick a man up if he fell overboard; we had the relieving tackles hooked if the wheel-ropes parted—sail loosed in case the engine broke down—light yards and masts on deck for hurricane weather—men and officers at hand in all parts of the ship, ready to do something at any mishap—and all for a run of a mile! Such fear of trouble I never saw.

Of course nothing happened: we went through as easy as if we were on the broad ocean, although before entering the Narrows Colburn put the ship through her paces—hard a port—steady—hard a starboard, in order to have her know how to do it in the bend, as if she hadn't been doing it all the way from Frisco. O it would be laughable if it were not such a pitiable mockery of seagoing, as well as a loss of time and money to the owners.

Since we've been in the channels, we've had a continuous moral performance—lectures, if you please! O the branch of the Y. M. C. A. is flourishing! The chief

preacher is that sea-lawyer Northrup I mentioned in another letter. The other night his talk was all about treachery, insubordination, and slander; and if some of this crew don't one day turn pirate, it won't be for lack of knowing how. It is just like the dime novel: I don't suppose they're written to teach burglary and murder, but the effect of reading them is crime all the same. And so Northrup described all the sources of discontent on board ship so accurately, that now they know how to create it. Why, he got the Italians of the crew wild with enthusiasm by reciting in their own lingo the way the high villain in the opera does his work!

If one of these Neapolitan mafias don't cut my throat before reaching New York, I'll be fortunate. O 'tis a fine mess the ship is in! And that man Colburn don't see that it's all due to those passengers making use of the men for their own amusement. I've a hard time to keep my end up and get work out of the men. They're cheeky, and talk back, if I let them; but I won't—I'll stand up for my authority on board while there's a drop of blood in my veins, and they'll find I know what discipline is, if Colburn doesn't.

Your friend

Jacob Hawse,

First Mate.

Truly, facts can be distorted and colored so as to give a wholly untrue account of an event!

The First Mate had been steadily losing ground: when Ned Gower flung him contemptuously to the deck in the presence of the watch, they saw at once that he was really of common clay; and nowhere more quickly than on board ship does the fallen idol—or bully—fail of wor-

ship. The men went as far in their disrespect as they dared, because they knew that the Mate feared to punish them or report their conduct to the Captain.

Hawse's course, therefore, had been one of mollification: while they were in the channels, he tried to win over one after another of the weaklings by gifts of food from his storeroom; but these availed not with those he most sought to win. Besides, the little diversions of the passengers were weaning the men from the mood of discontent the Mate had worked so successfully during the early part of the passage, so that this vein was tending toward exhaustion even when Northrup brought it suddenly to bed rock by his exposure of the vicious influences on board ship. The men saw it—saw how they had been duped by Hawse: they talked about past incidents and recalled many which now seemed to have been specially devised by the Mate to discredit the Captain in their eyes. The pendulum was in danger of swinging to the other extreme —the men were indignant and angry for having been tricked so badly, and they took their resentment out on Hawse by scowls and sullen words and slovenly work wherever he was concerned; and they made this conduct more conspicuous by being quick and alert to obey every order of the Boatswain.

It was in this painful situation—full of insubordination and without the means to correct it—that the First Mate pondered what he should do. Resources?—he had none: appeal to the Captain?—he was ashamed. He knew what he would do—he would get some rum and dole it out in seductive doses: he knew well its power over the sailor—a bait he would bite at through any obstruction—would obtain through any artifice. He had seen it smug-

gled on board in small skins fastened to the body; and also towed off in bottles by means of a string secured to the boats. He had seen men full of the bile, the ugly temper, the low bravado begotten of drink: he had seen them thrown to the deck and gagged with swabs to stifle the ribald tirade with which they filled the harbor. And he had seen others, bereft of conscious action, writhe and groan in an unsightly mass on the deck under the maddening sting of some fiery adulteration. He knew well the demoralization—the feeling of apprehension, unrest, and insecurity—the loosening of all restraint—the surging to the surface of all the brutal, mutinous impulses that drunkenness begets on a ship. Drunkenness ashore means little compared with drunkenness aboard: on shore, there are jails, and the culprit may be caged out of sight and sound; but on board, the bestiality cannot be secluded from eye and ear: the community is small, the quarters cramped, and the enraged beast, though chained, is in the midst of his daily companions, inciting them to frenzy by wild howlings. It is horrible—a drunken crew! Not to look at alone, but in the dreadful feeling of apprehension and upheaval it spreads throughout the ship. And even when the worst has passed and apparent regularity is restored, there is still the aftermath: all feel that the established order has been rudely wrenched—that a foundation stone has been torn away, and that the edifice of discipline totters. The curbed animal has taken the bit and run wild, and it will be hard to bridle it again. All this, Jacob Hawse well knew; yet it did not deter him from going ashore and buying some fiery liquor which might one day produce similar effects among the crew of the Wenonah. True, it was not his intention

to make them drunk, but only give them a tot now and then to warm their hearts toward him; but with the temptation at hand—the poisonous spring once tapped—who could guarantee that it would not overflow all bounds?

When a sailor has been aloft reefing, which is always in stormy weather; when he has tugged through blinding rain and cutting wind at wet sails bellying out with every blast beyond his grasp, his hands galled from hauling on the weather earing or tying reef points; and he is in that exhausted condition which a little stimulant will restore to vigor—then a glass of whiskey goes to the right spot: it makes the blood tingle and infuses good feeling toward all—especially toward the giver. These should be the moments Hawse would seize to secure his prey—first cautiously, and with the victim he knew to be most athirst—who would smack his lips and go tell the good news; then others would be tempted, and still more, until even the Boatswain should be ensnared; he knew Gower could not long resist the one vice that kept him at sea, and which if freed from, he could easily earn a good living ashore and be a respectable member of any community.

It must be confessed that if the Mate contemplated giving the men a drink only at times of great hardship, little could be said against it: the whole life at sea is rough and rugged beyond anything ashore; the food is generally inadequate to the strain put upon the man; and the frequency of storms with their exhausting work, requires something more than the customary ration to renew strength, restore spirits, and give zest to life. Nothing will do this like a glass of whiskey; and the most that can be said against it, is, that it is likely to beget the habit

of drink: if it could be given only in times of need, it would be a benefit—banish the depression that comes from a hard struggle with wind and wave. But the Mate was not a philanthropist; he had solely in mind the winning of the men to his side in order to use them at a future day.

After discharging cargo for Punta Arenas, and taking on merchandise and coal, as well as fresh provisions for both passengers and crew, the Wenonah weighed anchor and stood out upon the last stretch through the Straits.

The high hills and diversified scenery that characterized the landscape since entering at Port Otway, now gave way to low rolling ground which became less and less elevated, though often very picturesque, as the ship approached the eastern limit. Finally, in the dusk of evening she passed Cape Virgins, and was soon rising and falling to the long swell of the Atlantic, under all sail, with a light breeze, heading northeast.

Cape Virgins is a low headland that forms the northern limit of the Straits: it extends into the water as a sandy spit, partly covered, and must therefore be given a wide berth. The name is Virgins—not Virgin—in allusion to the legend of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins. The legend is too long to give here, but it will be found in quaint and pleasing language in the Handbook of Legendary Art by Mrs. Clement.

The old Spanish navigators showed their religious fervor by naming islands, capes, straits, and other natural objects after saints, festivals, or dogmatical principles of the Church—as Trinidad, Santa Cruz, Concepcion, Inocentes—thus glorifying God in his works. The Anglo-Saxon, on the other hand, set up the renown of man—

either himself as discoverer, or some notable person whose favor he thought well to secure. When Columbus saw the land he so eagerly sought, he did not bestow on it the name of Isabel in recognition of the aid she gave; nor prosaically call it Watling Island, as some scion of the Anglo-Saxon race has done: he did nothing of the kind; but imbued with deep gratitude for the Higher Power that guided his quest, and amidst the ceremonial that daily renders Him homage throughout the world, he gave it the sonorous name of the Saviour of mankind—San Salvador. The practise of the one race illustrates its chivalrous character—the generosity that well may account for its failure to attain distinction in hard business enterprises: it indicates the prevalence of the sentimental vein; whereas the practise of the other race points to its sharp eye for the main chance—to let no opportunity slip that may redound to its own advantage; and this trait may easily explain why the Anglo-Saxon is the dominant people of the earth

There is also a peculiar quaintness as well as appropriateness in certain Spanish names of islets, rocks, shoals, and reefs: two such dangers—one in the Caribbean Sea the other off Callao—are called respectively Quita-seuños and Abre-ojos; and surely, no prudent mariner would ever close an eye, much less steal forty winks, in their vicinity.

CHAPTER XVI

From the Straits of Magellan to Montevideo

During this run, life on board presented the same uniformity that a landscape does when seen through colored glass—no variegated tints—no striking contrasts: and outboard, there was almost the same condition of wind and sea.

Some bad weather they had—heavy squalls with drenching rain—an occasion for clewing up the light sails and settling away the topsail halliards; but nothing to reef down to, or lay the ship by the wind: merely a short run before it, then hoist away, set everything, and stand on again close hauled. Nevertheless, the First Mate took advantage of every such opportunity to call a few of the men into his storeroom and deal out a finger of whiskey—"they were wet and it would prevent catching cold!"

By this means, before reaching Montevideo he had more than half the crew well disposed toward him—even the Boatswain had been seen and found amenable to liquid suasion. Can we blame him? How many of us with our strongest appetite starved and greedy, will resist the alluring bait when within reach? Let him who has principle enough to control himself under such circumstances, thank God for the strength; but also, let him be lenient toward the one who succumbs. We all have our weak spots—one is open to flattery—vanity predominates, and he will go to any excess to attain notoriety;

another craves stimulants or narcotics—the particular kind matters little—it may be opium, or the morphine habit, or alcoholic drink, and the thirst for it will break every bound: let us each look inward—see wherein we most fail—and concentrate our efforts on that: our whole prayer may well be shortened into—"*Lead us not into temptation.*"

While in the Patagonian Channels, the Captain was on deck every day from the time the ship got under way until she came to anchor, piloting her; this, of course, was the principal work, and as he did it all himself, he thought to afford the mates a respite from watches by allowing them to take turns at the other duties, one each day—a kind of officer of the day, and all sleeping in at night, while the quartermasters kept watch. The crew, except an anchor watch, slept in; so that all hands, save Colburn, were fresh for their regular sea work on emerging into the Atlantic.

But now again the mates were put in three watches, and while the Captain required no additional duty of Hawse, he directed that the other two should (on the days they had fewest watches) do some navigation work—take either a meridian altitude, a time sight, or an azimuth, or work up the dead reckoning of the previous day: this he exacted as a matter of justice to them, in case they should ever rise to command, and not at all as an assistance to himself; for he always took his own observations and kept an account of the ship's run.

The log-book was a faithful record of life on board: at the end of every watch, the Mate observed and recorded the mercurial barometer; the thermometers (wet and dry bulbs); the average direction and force of the wind during

each hour of his watch; the course made good; the speed by log-chip; reading of the patent log; the weather; state of the sea and its temperature; sail carried; work the watch on deck was engaged in; the exercises and drills of the crew; all accidents to the personnel or material; the parts of the ship, equipment, and machinery inspected periodically in accordance with the owners' regulations or the Captain's requirements, vessels sighted and signals made: changes in the food; and all other items essential to a complete and accurate record of the doings of this little community. By frequently examining the log-book himself, and calling attention to omissions and discrepancies, the Captain had in course of time trained the mates to habits of regularity and precision; so that the entries became entirely reliable: he also required both the mate coming on duty and the one he relieved to verify *together* the reading of the meteorological instruments, the speed, course, and other matters, in order to avoid those discrepancies that usually occur at change of watches.

And would that every log-book were kept with equal care! Many of them are flagrant misrepresentations of wind, weather, and instrumental indications—conditions often entered from memory, according to whim or convenience long after their occurrence.

Certain entries in the log-book concern only those on board, or the owners; but other entries—all pertaining to wind, weather, sea, and temperature—have universal importance, commercially and scientifically. The sailing ship will never disappear from the ocean—she will always be the mode of transportation for some articles; and the speediness and safety of her passage are dependent on correct information of the winds: this information, through

great labor, has been charted and placed within reach of the seaman from multitudes of log-books. The pilot charts, as they are called, correspond in a measure to the daily weather map issued by the U. S. Agricultural Dept.: only, that the pilot charts are for all time—an average of what has occurred through long years, while the weather map is temporary—a photographic view, as it were, of atmospheric conditions at a specific moment. With this bird's eye view before one—lines of equal pressure and equal temperature together with data of vapor tension in the air, it is manifestly within the power of an intelligent person to predict the weather for some hours to come: this knowledge of contiguous and remote regions supplements what the observer can see about him and infer from instrumental indications. If, for instance, in the city of New York, the air is calm, light, warm, and humid —a *Low;* and the map shows a mass of cool, heavy air o'erspreading New England—a dense, cold *High*, it requires no very great prophet to tell us that northeasterly winds will blow and bring rain: the flow of air like that of water is always toward the lower level; and the level as well as its condition is indicated by barometers and wet and dry bulb thermometers: for correct prediction, therefore, it is essential that they be read and recorded aright.

The seaman, on the other hand, has not for his forecast this extensive daily view of his surroundings: the pilot chart affords information based on averages only—nothing specific for a particular day; but with the climatic conditions clearly mapped out before him—mean values deduced from countless single observations extending over a century—the winds, their percentage and force

from each point of the compass; the barometric height and its daily oscillation; the number of squalls, storms, and rainy days; the periods of thunder and lightning; the amount of foggy weather; the temperature and its daily range; and a clear resumé of other facts that cannot be expressed numerically—with all this before him, not only for his own immediate vicinity, but for the ocean far and wide, the seaman is in a position to avoid calm belts and seek steady winds, as well as foresee what will probably happen along his daily route, if he bears this information well in mind while observing his instruments and noting the indications of the sky and the *feel* of the weather.

As decreasing soundings denote a shelving beach, so a gradually rising barometer—the mercury slowly mounting as the ship advances, indicates that she is running into denser air—an accumulation of it—the *High* of the weather map, which may have a haystack shape, and from which the wind must subsequently blow outward on every side until it is levelled to tranquility. A ship under canvas cannot run into the wind's eye, so that she is probably skirting the aerial mound with a spirally inward tendency if her barometer be slowly rising: after the wind has blown for a long time from one direction, the *High* will be levelled and the *Low* will be filled—even more, this will in turn become a High; and then it is generally safe to predict that the wind will come from the direction it blew *toward* previously—the new High must be levelled and emptied into the Low which the ship probably occupies (as the barometer will indicate when compared with its previous high readings). This is the value of barometric observations at sea in connection with those of temperature and humidity. Two facts

must be considered in all weather predictions: on shore, the land is variously diversified by mountain, lake, and valley, which may divert the natural flow of air and upset predictions based on the most accurate information; while at sea, the uniformity of the surface for hundreds of miles conduces to regularity and favors predictions. When the seaman considers that the information he seeks from pilot charts is in part supplied by his own log-book, and that a little bad leaven may vitiate the whole mass, it should be sufficient incentive to make the observations and entries in his log-book with all the care and accuracy possible.

In due time the Wenonah reached the vicinity of Montevideo, sighting the Island of Flores one evening about dusk. Vessels often pass to the westward of the island, even in the dark; and some have come to grief for their temerity: it is like the man who leisurely approaches a street crossing—sees a rapidly moving car and rushes to cross in front of it. The Rio de la Plata has a current that is said to be perceptible two hundred miles at sea, and therefore sweeps past the Island of Flores with some strength, carrying vessels smoothly but surely to disaster in the darkness of night or storm when mist obscures the land. Captain Colburn took no hazard with his ship to save an hour or two, but prudently came up to the eastward of the island, and held on to the beacon-light by short tacks, with a constant approach to the port, until morning.

Beating to windward!—what a weariness of limb and spirit it recalls to the seaman who has done it off some port where the wind blows him out eternally and baffles all effort to enter. Such is Fort de France in the Island of Martinique, or Porto Praya in the Cape Verd group:

both are within the Northeast Trades, which blow forever out of the harbor—usually as gentle breezes, but also at times as a strong wind—the expiring gasps of a heavy gale. The ship stands on for the weather shore—hugs the point, and is about to round it and sail up the harbor, when a shift of wind all but takes her aback and she must up helm and pass the entrance, vexation in the captain's heart and an imprecation on his lips. He goes about and makes another trial, hoping for a favorable slant; but no—again on rounding the point the wind draws ahead—the anchorage is but a mile away, yet he cannot make it, but must pass by—and tack and wear during the day, or drift and lie-to during the night, anxiously waiting, perhaps for days, for that wind to let him in, until in despair the spirit exclaims: "O Lord, how long!"

The Wenonah steamed slowly up to an anchorage off Montevideo, her sails neatly furled, yards square, rigging taut, a large ensign at the peak, and the leadsmen calling out the soundings in their sing-song drawl. She was neat, clean, and trim, the crew and officers in uniform, and everything seamanlike—bearing the air so characteristic of an American ship commanded by a man who had a firm hold of all on board. The Captain was on the bridge and directed her movements with the conscious pride of race and occupation—the freedom of the sea, the liberty of his country—what two more inspiring motives to make him walk the bridge with head erect or tread more firm!

The harbor is everywhere shallow, a deep draught vessel almost touches the muddy bottom long ere she reaches a berth; so that the Wenonah was still a mile or more from the wharf when she came to. She was to re-

main but a few days, to discharge some cargo and fill up with more for New York.

Our passengers went ashore at once and took up their abode at the principal hotel, intending to enjoy life and study the peculiarities of this flourishing city. Montevideo is built on a mound-shaped promontory, elevated above the sea, which washes its base for more than half the circumference; it is therefore admirably located for salubrity of climate; the salty air of the Atlantic blows through its dwellings as an invigorating tonic, while a heavy rain comes, flushes its streets, and by natural drainage carries all refuse down to the sea and out into the great ocean. The houses are fine, the streets broad, commerce thrives, and the conveniences and comforts of modern life are found there. The climate is mild, and it seems an ideal place to enjoy purity of air and cleanliness of habitation, as well as the luxuries that wealth can provide. Our passengers who had been so long isolated from the hum of busy life were delighted; and decided not to return to the ship until the hour of sailing: they rode and walked and shopped—went everywhere—saw everything, and at the end of three days knew as much about the city and its suburbs as many an inhabitant who had been born there. They used every argument to induce the Captain to take a room and live at the hotel, and let the Mate attend to the routine on board—but without avail: the most they could attain, was to have him go to the opera two evenings when Lucrezia Borgia and Lucia di Lammermoor were sung. Northrup mortgaged him for this by securing a box for the whole party (without their knowledge) a few hours after going ashore.

During the day time, Colburn remained on board and

attended to ship duties: he gave the officers and men ample liberty—wiped off old scores against even the worst offenders, hoping that a little generosity would touch a responsive chord in their nature; but the roots of the evil were spread too wide and sunk too deep for one man to dislodge them during a single passage. It must be regretfully recorded that he met with little more success than at Callao: Jack argued that this was nearly the last port before reaching New York—they were on the home stretch, and would enjoy themselves while they could. As well be killed for a sheep as a lamb, was a primal dogma of their creed—and they argued from experience. How many captains endeavor to be just and generous toward them? If many did, Colburn's efforts would not be so sterile. It needs only the wide-spread and consistent practice of a custom to establish its natural results—if the seed be good, so will the fruit; if bad, so will the harvest. Colburn's seed was excellent, but it fell on ground made stony—aye, flinty, by hard knocks and deceitful dealing. One man alone cannot make much headway against the effect of the bad treatment of years that pervades the sea-faring community.

On the fourth day the Wenonah weighed anchor and crossed the Rio de la Plata to Buenos Aires: it takes but a few hours to make the trip—the ship left early in the morning, and was at the wharf of the other city by evening. The water is very shallow all the way, and shoals more as one approaches the wharves and basins of Buenos Aires, which have been constructed to facilitate commerce.

This is a rich enterprising mart of trade—full of all the activities of a great centre for the reception and distribution of the necessaries and luxuries of life to a large

city as well as to a populous and extensive surrounding country. Buenos Aires has not the advantage of site that Montevideo possesses—quite the contrary. It is some little distance up the river, and therefore has not the first effervescing sparkle of the sea breeze: it is on flat ground, only slightly elevated above sea level, and is surrounded by an extensive plain—therefore the drainage cannot be exceptionally good: still it must be a healthy place—the very name of the city (Good Airs) could not be given to a foul locality. It is very regular in its plan, all the streets cutting each other at right angles; and is decidedly modern, having many fine buildings, with, however, a touch of Spanish antecedents pervading the whole. The streets are wide and clean—as clean, even, as at Montevideo; and it has much more the air of a commercial metropolis than the latter city.

The stay of the Wenonah was short—merely to discharge and replace cargo. There was some cargo, however, that could well be left behind; and it was not on the bill of lading, either; but consigned in propria persona to Jacob Hawse—namely, some cases of whiskey: the Mate had wrought such charms with his first essay of spirituous consolation that he determined to increase the dose until he should have the whole ship's company so much within his coils that he could use them at pleasure.

The passengers repeated at Buenos Aires the round of enjoyment and information they had at Montevideo, and with equally satisfactory results; so that on the third day after arrival, when the call was piped to get underway, they were on board loaded to the deep water line with all kinds of happy and instructive experiences of this thriving city of the far South.

Pampero is the name given to a strong, stormy wind peculiar to this region: it descends from the snowy peaks of the Andes upon the pampas or low plains that form this part of the southern continent, especially the valley of the Rio de la Plata: a heavy pampero was blowing the day the Wenonah sailed from Buenos Aires; and landmarks were but dimly visible through the mist that accompanied the wind—it was anxious work, picking out the way down the river and out toward Maldonado Point. As they proceeded, the wind drew ahead—sail could not be carried—and coal was burning at an alarming rate: still, Colburn kept on, much to the apprehension of some on board (due to the ominous looks and foreboding innuendo of the First Mate) that the ship would be driven on a lee shore—the coast of Uruguay, scarcely a mile off. But toward evening the Captain got a glimpse of the light house on the beach to the northward—his persistent watch in that direction was rewarded by a momentary rift in the driving clouds—he saw the beacon revealed as by a flash—it established his position and he could now lay a course that would take him safely past the point. The wind soon hauled aft a little—fore and aft sail was set, the engine was slowed, and during the night less coal was burned.

When day broke, the mist had cleared away, the clouds were disappearing, no land was in sight, the wind was fresh and steady from the southeast quarter, so sail was made—steam let down, fires hauled—and the good ship Wenonah stood to the northeast on the starboard tack.

The Captain had not left the bridge since casting off from the wharf at Buenos Aires: for twenty-four hours

he had kept watch in cutting wind and misty rain, so now with the ship bounding onward under every sail that would draw, with fine weather and a smooth sea ahead, he went below and turned in.

CHAPTER XVII

Burial at Sea

Nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells.

—*Shakspere.*

It is not on firm ground, moving with proud step along the stately avenue, amidst the famed and noted in every walk of life, that man thinks most of God, the Author of it all; but on the broad ocean—his foot-hold a wavy billow, and only the brittle fibre of a plank between him and eternity! There, with monotony, solitude, and stillness unbroken, save by the rage of storm, which wrenches and tosses his little bark as if in derision of his efforts to struggle with its mighty force, he feels that he is indeed in the grasp of Omnipotence. The few of his kind about him are especially dear, because the lot of one is the fate of all: the advent of joy is more buoyantly shared, and the shaft of affliction makes a deeper wound: the intimacy is so close and on such common ground, that a chord snapped in one heart sends a pang through all.

On the second day out from Montevideo, little Ada

(as she was affectionately called by all on board) was seized by an acute ailment caused by some strawberries brought from port. The patter of her little feet was missed from the deck and the merriment of her prattle no longer lightened every heart: she lay almost inert on a couch, her face distorted by pain: the disease made rapid progress, and the delicate organism soon showed its wasting blight. Her mother, though weak and ailing, never left the child's side: throughout the day and during the night—throughout the next day and the succeeding night she watched and soothed the little sufferer, and administered every remedy that promised relief from the ravages of the malady: she slept not, and scarcely ate. Medicines of last resort were given, but to no avail: on the third day, toward evening, her father, who had not yet fully realized the seriousness of the ailment, suddenly noticed a pallor o'erspread her face and a sinking about the eyes—a dimming of those clear, fine mirrors of a pure soul. It stunned him, and with a voice striving to stifle his emotion, he said to his wife, "I believe Ada is going." She knew it—her own intent gaze had long previously seen death's shadow hovering near; but she kept the knowledge to herself, and bravely strove to deprive him of his victim. Day waned, and the little life on the bed ebbed faster and faster: every fading breath, now more weak than the one before, gave poignancy to the grief of the two sore hearts that beat with sad affection.

"Then has it come at last—must we lose her—will only a void remain where joy and sunshine were?" It was a desolating thought that their happiness would soon be but a memory—the pleasure of rearing and training the child, taken from them—the opportunity gone for

cultivating an attractive personality that would afford joy to all, and ensure affection for themselves in their declining years. Doctor Austin took up the little form in his arms and rested the head on his shoulder as he had done many a time in fond play: it soothed the child, she rested quietly for a little while, and then raising her head with an eager plaintive wail, she said, "I want to go to mamma." Always mamma! who loved her so, and to whom she ever clung with the tenacity of a soft tendril. She left this world, her parting breath a yearning for her mother—an affection of which it might well be said: "Pour esquisser son amour, un ange devrait arracher de ses ailes la plume la plus déliée et la tremper dans le coeur de la mère."

The intangible had fled—the hopes, joys, aspirations, saddening emotions and fond affections—the most intense realities of life—the spirit—had gone to the realm of its Maker; and only the form of clay remained, yet beautiful to behold in its simple white robe, as if chiselled in marble.

The bier was prepared in the forward part of the cabin, which was screened off by a heavy portière hung athwartships: the body lay in a cot steadied by small lines; a large ensign with some white muslin was artistically festooned by Marguerite about the cot, so that the little form seemed resting peacefully amidst the drapery; the union-jack was laid over the feet and hung in folds to the deck; at the head, upon a small table, stood a fine bronze crucifix—the symbol of the family's faith, which always accompanied them; and on each side of it was a candelabrum containing six lighted candles.

The Captain had considerately told Doctor Austin that he need not be in haste about the burial; but the latter consulted Brooks about the custom in such cases

and learning that sailors were averse to having a body on board, he decided to have the interment on the second day after the death. The crew offered to keep a continuous watch, one at a time, over the remains; but this was declined, as the parents expressed a desire to be alone with their dead: and thus the Doctor and his wife and Marguerite kept company with the little one day and night unto the last—Mrs. Austin on the right side, Marguerite on the left, and each affectionately holding one of the little hands in theirs as (when alive) they had often done to lull her to sleep: the Doctor sat at the child's feet, and all three fixed many a searching look on the little face, as if to penetrate the mystery she now knew. It was a sad scene: the tearful, grief-stricken living—the placid, smiling dead, apparently reflecting the bliss of her spirit in Heaven!

Immediately after the death, the Captain had a coffin made of mahogany: affectionate hands assisted in the work, so that when the time for burial came, a beautiful casket, smoothed and highly polished, was ready: in this the remains were placed, and the lid screwed down; but Ada's lovely face was still visible through a large square of glass inserted in the cover. Word was passed that the men could come in and take a last look at the child, and every one in the ship did so. A plain box of California redwood was made at the same time, in which to place the coffin: it had a double bottom filled with ballast to ensure its sinking—a delicate forethought of Captain Colburn's to hide from view the weight that is attached to the cot or hammock in which the dead are usually buried at sea. This box was placed on rollers level with the gangway and pointed outboard ready for launching;

guys held it secure and steady until the last rites should be performed and the word given for separation.

It was now six bells of the forenoon watch—the time set for consigning the body to the deep. The Captain came out of his cabin, and told the Mate to take in the light sails and courses, and heave-to; and when this was done, to have the Boatswain call all hands bury the dead.

In a subdued, penetrating voice, Hawse gave the orders: "To' gallant and royal clewlines!" "Fore and main clewgarnets and buntlines!" and when the sails were snug in the gear, "Lee fore, weather main, and cro'jack, braces!" "Put the helm down!" "Brace up —brace aback!" A fresh breeze was blowing on the starboard quarter and the ship was skimming smoothly over a moderate sea; but as she came to the wind, there was for a moment a violent shaking of sails, rattle of blocks, and clatter of tackle: then all was quiet, and the ship lay still while the wind moaned a solemn dirge through the shrouds and rigging. But a sadder note rose in unison— the long wired pipe of the Boatswain, followed by the call in a deep voice, "All hands bury the dead!" The men came aft and gathered round the port gangway: all uncovered. The ensign was hoisted to the peak, and then half-masted. The ship's bell was tolling; and from the cabin came the bier borne by four seamen and followed by the parents, the other passengers, and all the officers of the ship. The little procession advanced slowly to the gangway—a pathetic sight which brought tears to many an eye. The coffin was placed in the box—all knelt, and Doctor Austin read the prayer for the burial of children: "Almighty and most merciful God, Who, when little children (born again at the font of baptism) depart from

this world, dost bestow upon them life everlasting, as we believe Thou hast done this day to the soul of this little child—grant, we beseech Thee that we may serve Thee here with pure minds, and be forever united to this blessed little one in Paradise, through Christ our Lord—Amen."

The parents took a last tearful look at the dear face—then the lid was fastened on—the guys released—the box slid easily into the waves—and a pang shot through every heart as the last tie that bound them to little Ada was severed.

It was a sore trial to the parents to have their child thus pass absolutely from view—no cross to mark her resting place, no inscription to commemorate her love and winning ways, no mound upon which to strew fragrant flowers and grow sweet herbs! It is sad and pathetic to endure the hardships of life at sea and be tossed forever by its restless waves in death!

The Doctor and his wife turned sorrowfully away and entered the cabin. The Boatswain piped down, and the ship filled away on her course.

"Captain," said Northrup, on the following day, "that event of yesterday was the most saddening in all my experience. I saw my father die—also my mother; but both were advanced in years, and it seemed natural that the end should come soon: but here was youth in its most attractive freshness cut short off—affectionate little ways rent, that clung to our hearts: to pull them out leaves traces fresh and raw like those of the creeper torn from its support.

"Then the burial: on shore it is impressive; you linger with the remains—you follow them to the church—the religious ceremony soothes and comforts and induces

thoughts of the life to come, where you hope to meet the departed one; the route to the cemetery further lengthens the sad reverie—you commune with the spirit that was lately your intimate; and even at the grave, the last words are not a final farewell—you will visit it on the morrow, and on the next day, and on many a day thereafter, and strew flowers upon it, and thus give vent to your feelings in little acts of affection that time alone can exhaust.

"But at sea—the last gasp has scarcely left the body, when the cot that bears it is sewn up and cast into the ocean: it sinks—sharks attack it—and almost in your very sight the vultures of the deep devour it: the ship goes on, and all ties are severed as with a knife.

"O but 'tis rude and sudden—this burial at sea: I hope I may never see another! But I suppose it is a frequent occurrence with you?"

"Not in recent years: but long ago, I was attached to a sloop-of-war on which yellow fever was epidemic; and in a run from the West Indies to Boston, we hove-to almost every day and threw a body overboard.

"I've seen men killed in action, but it never had the depressing effect of yellow-jack. The disease came at first as intermittent fever, and nearly half the ship's company were down before the surgeon was sure of its nature. We were cruising from island to island of the station, staying a few days at each port, and all the time filling up with the disease: finally, at St. Thomas, it was declared yellow fever, with more than a hundred cases in a crew of three hundred; and then we ran for a frosty climate—it was November, and we made for Boston under steam and sail. It took fourteen days to make the passage—we hardly had enough men in a watch to man the braces, or

in the fire room to shovel coal. Our blood was as thin as orange juice (we had been so long on tropical diet), and everybody was weak and open to feverish attacks which rapidly developed into yellow fever.

"The gun deck was crowded with men in all stages of the disease—from the pain in the head, neck, and spine, to delirium and the black vomit.

"A poor wretch would come down from aloft in the heat of mid-day—lie on an arm chest—complain of the dread symptoms—grow worse—and within twenty-four hours die in the throes of heaving up the contents of his stomach. Then sew him up—put a thirty-two pound shot at his head and heels—call all hands bury the dead—gather the saffron colored crew at the gangway—stop the engine, back the main-topsail—a splash! and fill away again; and the victim who but the day before manned the braces for a like event, was now consigned to the deep: this was almost a daily occurrence, and several went off as quickly as that, but many suffered for days. Twenty officers alone of the squadron died of the fever in that year."

"That is a vivid picture, Captain," said Brooks, who had joined the other two; "and I never had anything send such a shiver through me as that same call to bury the dead on a man-of-war—the boatswain and his mates piping together, and then the guttural call: it reverberated throughout the ship—bringing up the men through every hatch, as the dead might issue from their graves at the sound of the last trumpet:

'Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionem,
Coget omnes ante thronum.' "

"Why, have you, too, been in the Navy?" said Colburn with surprise.

"O yes," answered Brooks; "but that is a tale for another day: tell us the rest of your yellow-fever experience."

"Well, you cannot imagine the gloomy feeling on board: not that we feared the disease—we looked upon it much as we would on any ordinary ailment, and I suppose this came from being pent up with it; but on the other hand, there was no laughter, no joviality, no story-telling on that ship; and not the sound of a musical instrument: officers and men alike looked sober and serious—the solemnity of frequent death was visible in the downcast air of all. At night, the watch lay down in each gangway and the officers slept on their mattresses on the lee side of the poop or quarter deck.

"Talk of gloom and depression in a city ravaged by epidemic! It is nothing compared to a ship. In the city, the pest spots are isolated, and the well need not go into them—they have their own clean, healthy homes, surrounded by means to keep out the malady: but on a ship, you mingle with the living that are stricken—you breath the same air as those most infected—and you bury the dead that are saturated with the disease!

"On a ship, the foulness of the ailment is concentrated, and all alike are subjected to the poison. Three hundred souls (more than a third of them afflicted with the fever) cooped up in the space of three hundred feet long by forty feet wide—and no getting out of it—this is what it is to be in the midst of a depressing, fatal influence!

"Well, we reached Boston, or rather Deer Island, some miles below it—only to be put in quarantine and im-

prisoned for six weeks more with the pest. I remember in particular one genial Saturday—a typical Indian Summer day (unfortunately for us, for we needed frosty weather)—when everything and everybody was put to air: mattresses, blankets, and clothes—all reeking with the disease—were hung along on lines, triced up in the rigging, and spread out on the rail; and the ship looked like a hearse under a pestilential pall: some of the sick, too ill to move, lay in their hammocks, and the convalescents—wan, thin, and yellow—shambled about the decks: the officers sat in a row on the port side of the quarter deck, and a gloomy silence pervaded the whole.

"It is well enough for a large community to take precautions against inoculation by a disease that is brought to them; but a Christian people with all the resources of a great city can devise some means for their own protection without compelling those who have borne its brunt, to still live with it—to have it in their nostrils, lungs, and eyes—offending every sense—infecting every organ!

"Provisions were brought us, but the tug that came with them kept well to windward of the ship and we had to send a cutter to her: then when settlement came, the butcher and baker didn't fail to make a good profit out of our misfortune and the absence of competition."

"It was monstrous," said Northrup; "and inhuman. When were you in the Navy?"

"During the civil war, and afterward until I was honorably discharged. When the war broke out, I was mate of a clipper ship sailing for Calcutta; but the Confederate cruisers swept our commerce from the sea—my occupation was gone—and I obtained a commission as Acting Ensign.

"I served in the Gulf squadron throughout the war; and at its close was attached to the sloop-of-war Manitou, on board of which the yellow fever experience I've just related, occurred."

"I wonder you didn't engage in some business when you left the Navy."

"I did, but failed. I was still a comparatively young man; so upon discharge, I thought carefully over the conditions of sea life: the result was, that I decided to try what I could do ashore. For some years I drifted from one ocupation to another—never advancing—never seeing an opening that promised any hope. I found that at sea I had learned methods the very opposite of those of the business man—I was constantly running counter to him: it was clash, clash, clash, eternally—I lacked that oil of intercourse—that devious suavity—that free masonry of speech and manner they all seem to practise: I had too much of the blunt outspoken action of the sea. Besides, I had none of those friendships that begin with boys at school, are continued in college, and ripen and spread in the counting-house, at the bar, or beside the sick bed; and which are prime factors in the problem of success. To know each other, and each other's families and friends and acquaintances, is a powerful means of advancing oneself: to know nobody, and be known by no one, is a barrier to every undertaking—and this is what a man finds who has passed many years at sea. Even the boys of my youth had grown up with scarcely more knowledge of me than of a Fiji Islander: 'O yes, there *was* a William Colburn,' they would say after an effort to recall me, as if I had dropped from Mars; but I had passed out of their lives. I found that one cannot follow a calling for many

years, then drop it, and begin life anew: neither can he be successful in any occupation, or even get employment in it, without long apprenticeship, and learning its details from the bottom up. There is delicacy of touch in both the musician and the painter, but the nimble fingers of the pianist fleeting o'er the keys can never produce the marvels of the easel; nor can the skill of the lapidary replace the training of the marble cutter. No, I realized that I must go back to the sea; and here I am, resolved to make the most of whatever offers."

During this recital, Brooks frequently nodded assent to much in the account that was true of his own life: at length he said, "Well, there is almost as much gloom in this ship today as there was on the Manitou—and all for a little girl! With me it is natural to be sad, for I have known her from birth: I have seen her first efforts at speech, listened to her childish prattle, been a partner of her youthful frolics, watched her gradual development and answered her quaint little questions which daily became more puzzling. I have been a part of her laughter and her pastime: with me it is the disappearance not only of a beautiful face and form, but also the loss of companionship in lovely budding youth—a warm heart, a pure soul, and a bright mind: she would have made a noble woman.

"But with the men forward—it is wonderful how they feel it! She was the very opposite of their rough natures, and yet they seem as downcast as by the loss of a shipmate."

"That tendency," said Northrup, "of opposites to attract each other, I have seen (to all appearances) even in trees: the cedar and maple, tamarack and spruce, birch and pine—you will see in the Adirondack forests,

pairs of these different trees growing up together, their branches interlocking with almost the affection of human beings.

"What can be more unlike than the birch and the pine? The birch often rises from the ground in a group of separate saplings; the wood is fine and close in fibre; the bark is smooth and white, and encircles the wood in silken bands; and the branches are of varied form, tapering into twigs that are covered with an abundance of broad leaves: the pine, on the other hand, grows as a single trunk—its bark is scraggy and dark—the wood soft and loose-grained—the branches straight and symmetrical—and the leaves, mere clusters of sharp needles. And yet I have seen these two species grow up together more frequently than any others.

"I remember well one couple on the trail from Lake Placid to the White Face Inn: both are large trees—the pine about three feet in diameter, and the birch twenty inches; the bark of the pine is rough and furrowed lengthwise with the deep grooves of age, while the bark of the birch is soft and white, and frayed at intervals into bunches of flossy, silken ribbons; for a height of forty feet neither has branches, only the pine retains the short stubs of some withered limbs. Now these two wholly dissimilar trees have grown from mere saplings to rotund girth in amicable embrace: the roots of the birch overlie those of the pine; for twenty feet of the trunks of both their bark is stuck together by the mingling of their sap; the branches interlace; and the needles of the one forever brush the leaves of the other: when one falls or suffers injury, the other will receive a rude shock—they are of mutual support and shelter, and together they will be rent by the lightning's bolt.

"All the outward features of the birch denote a love of kind—its delicate skin, abundant foliage, and twining branches indicate a fine nature which invites companionship and reaches out for friendship: while the harsh bark, pointed needles, and straight limbs of the pine all repel; and yet the birch has a heart of stone. It is a prominent feature of the region I speak of, that the birch generally grows over a rock or boulder, its roots embracing the stone with a semblance of affection: how this comes about, I cannot say—whether a little soil on top of the stone originally gave life to a birch seed, which, sprouting and growing, spread its roots over the stone in quest of nourishment; or whether several young plants bent their tendrils toward the rock, crept up its sides, and, uniting, rose as one trunk upon its summit. I recall a remarkable instance of this kind: the stone had the bulk of a large cooking range and stood wholly on the surface of the ground; two large birches, bound together at their base, by a stout ligament, rested on its flat top, and sent out roots strong and sinuous to seek nutriment from the earth around; these roots overlapped and intertwined and bound the stone tightly as with bands of iron: if one of the trees should be cut down, its mate would also feel the axe, and its sap exude until decay set in: they truly typify many pairs of human lives whose habits, affections, prejudices, occupations, pleasures, worries, and ills have grown so much together, that when death takes one, the other will soon follow—the feelings, sentiments, and intimacies of a life-time cannot be severed without the stem that gave them birth and nourishment soon withering."

Northrup had attained his object—to divert the conversation from fever microbes, while preserving the sober

mood they all were in. When the conversation ended, Colburn went away, and then Northrup said, "Brooks, I think our lightsome days in this ship are at an end: in deference to the feelings of not only the Doctor and his wife, but also in accord with our own, we can have no more of the amusements that helped pass so many happy hours; and yet we must not mope or coddle our grief—that would benefit no one, neither the living nor the dead. Now, while avoiding a shock to any one's sensibilities, I think we might turn the conversation into some instructive as well as entertaining channel—what do you say to asking the Captain to give us his views on matters pertaining to his profession? He is an intelligent man, and I have no doubt could tell us some interesting things about the sea—I don't mean stories or sailors' yarns, but something about winds, currents, and the varied information that the commander of a ship should possess."

"An excellent idea," answered Brooks; "and besides drawing us away from saddening thoughts, it will divert the Captain from his own troubles. I have noticed of late that the First Mate is again getting a vicious ascendency over the men—he is more with them and in a more familiar way than he was a few weeks ago; and they are more ready—even eager to jump about at his orders. I have smelled rum often on the men, and I shouldn't be surprised if Hawse were supplying it—to gain their good will. At any rate, the tide is rising against the Captain—I see it in many little incidents, and he sees it too: the men are slighting those matters they know he sets much store by, and it is worrying him."

And so it was planned to ask the Captain to deliver a little discourse on matters pertaining to the sea.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Winds and Currents of Ocean

It was a clear, beautiful afternoon in the Southeast Trades, and the ship was gliding smoothly on—every sail set, every brace taut, the decks cleaned up, and naught to do but enjoy the delightful weather and soothing motion of the vessel: everything conduced to sleep or dreamy reverie.

The passengers were gathered on the poop—the men smoking in silence, and Mrs. Austin and Marguerite looking out upon the rolling sea and thinking that in its ceaseless movement the child of their heart was forever tossing. A melancholy mood was upon the group, and their thoughts roamed into the far distance—they were speculative, unreal. The Captain joined them, and immediately Northrup seized upon it to break the sad spell.

"Captain," he said; "remember you promised to tell us something about your profession, and a more opportune moment could not offer: we are all in the realms of space, brooding over matters that are not good for us, and I know of no antidote equal to the realities of your life."

"I fear," answered Colburn, "that you won't find what I have to say very interesting; but as you are floating in regions of air, I may as well talk about the winds, so that at some future day when you read of one of those frightful disasters of the deep, you will appreciate the conditions in which the man is placed who may have wrecked his career as well as his ship—if not his life.

"And what I have to say relates particularly to sailing ships; for although much that the seaman needs to know is used on steamers and sailing ships alike, still its scope is larger on the latter, and its use calls into play more skill and judgment. The motive power constitutes the difference. The captain of a steamer has an engineer to run and repair the machinery; but the master of a sailing ship must determine for himself when to reef and when to lie-to, and if a sail splits or spar carries away, he must exercise his own mind and use his own resources to repair the damage. The captain of a steamer is largely dependent on another's judgment—the captain of the sailing ship is ever exercising his own; and the difference in responsibility, in ready resource, self-reliance, and the other qualities that these diverse conditions develop, is very great.

"The winds being the motive power of the ship, occupy the foremost place; and the captain must know them well—where they are favorable, and where baffling, in order to profit by the one and avoid the other. We have passed through the great wind systems of the globe, so that a few words about them will fix their nature in the mind.

"If we could perch on some lofty eyrie, and look down upon the earth, imagined to be studded with an infinity of weather vanes, we should see these vanes pointing forever in the same general direction over two broad zones; while between these zones the vanes would hang listless or flutter about: such are the Trade-wind belts, separated by the region of calms.

"Capricious whirling is not the characteristic of the atmosphere—the wind bloweth *not* where it listeth, but is directed into well defined paths by natural forces.

"Imagine the earth a smooth, round mass of land—at

rest—and uniformly heated: the air will also be at rest, for no cause exists to give it motion; but let the sun strike down, as now, on the torrid zone—the land will be heated, and in turn will heat the air above it, which will rise and spread out at great altitudes. The heating will be less and less as we approach the poles, with a corresponding condition of the air overlying the earth: the state of affairs will be like that of an open fire place, which creates an indraught from the adjacent parts of the room—the cool, heavy air of the temperate zones will flow in to replace the heated, light air rising from the equatorial belt; and thus will be established the circuit of the winds—upward at the equator, toward each pole in the higher regions of space (with a gradual descent to earth), and then from both north and south along the surface to the equator. In the language of Mr. Brooks, this would be the cycle of the air if the earth were at rest; but with the earth's actual motion from west to east, the direction is modified—that is, a current of air proceeding from either pole toward the equator, successively meets parts of the earth's surface moving faster than itself: it is as if its flow fell more and more behind the meridian line, or a direct course across the land over which it blows; or, as if (the earth being at rest) the current of air were pushed bodily from *east* toward the west, and with increasing force at each advance toward the equator.

"This reduces the matter to compounding two forces—one from the pole (that is, the actual velocity of the wind), the other the simulated push from the east (that is, the retard of the mass of moving air relatively to the real motion of the earth); and the result is the direction of the winds we feel—the Northeast and Southeast Trades.

"The velocity of one component, that of any given parallel of latitude, is constant; but the velocity of the wind from the pole is variable: so that their resultant—the actual direction of the wind, veers and hauls a good deal in its own quadrant.

"The Trade-wind belts gird the earth at the equator and on each side as far as the twenty-eighth parellel; but the limits are not the same everywhere: and moreover, the whole mass of air constituting this system sways to and fro with a pendulous motion that keeps time to the movement of the sun toward the solstices.

"The Trades would complete the circuit of the globe with the same even flow they have on the ocean, but for the high mountain ranges and arid sandy plains that produce those extremes of temperature and moisture which break up all regularity of wind.

"On the polar sides of the Trades are two other systems —the great west winds. After leaving the Southeast Trades in the Pacific, we ran in toward the coast of Patagonia before the westerly system of the southern hemisphere; but these winds have never the equability or regularity of the Trades: they generally blow from westerly points of the compass, that is all; and are boisterous, squally, full of gales and bad weather.

"Besides these grand systems of wind, there are other movements of the air, which may be divided into two classes—those peculiar to certain localities, and rotary storms: I shall leave the latter until we approach the place they arise—the West Indies.

"Of the former, there are coast winds, and we had a short experience of such coming down the California coast—they blow there continually from the northwest.

"Then there are the land and sea breezes of the tropics—winds that blow from the land toward the sea during the night, and from the sea toward the land during the day, because the sea and land, each in turn, is unequally heated: these winds enable a ship to work into port.

"Again, there is the pampero—a gale peculiar to the lower part of South America: we had a sample of one coming out of the Rio de la Plata.

"Near high island peaks, such as Teneriffe, there are violent, flawy winds—the ship may be one minute becalmed and suddenly a breeze springs up that only reefed topsails will stand: it is always anxious sailing in such places.

"The monsoons of India, China, and Australia blow for six months in one direction and then for six months in the opposite direction: they are simply the Trades diverted from their natural course during a part of the year by the abnormal heating of the Asiatic and Australian continents.

"Regions of calm are the quagmires of the ocean, through which ships must often flounder: their worst stretch is west of the Isthmus of Panama—a long tongue thrust out into the Pacific. Quite a wide belt is also here in the Atlantic between the two Trade-wind systems. The areas of tropical calm, or (properly speaking) light variable winds, are characterized by heavy rains, violent squalls, and frightful thunder and lightning—a pyrotechnic display nowhere else to be seen. It is also in them that one suffers most from excessive moisture in the air. The sun beats down on a warm sea, and the vapor rises freely; there is little wind, and it accumulates to overload the atmosphere; the heat is great, and this enables the air to hold a great quantity of vapor—one is enveloped in hot moist air, which prevents evaporation from the body and radiation from

the earth—it makes him limp, irritable, and nervous.

"Then this surcharged air rises and is cooled—upper cold currents cross it—and the vapor is condensed and comes down in torrential rain with brilliant electrical accompaniment. The atmosphere is cleansed and lightened of its burden—evaporation begins anew and goes on until the air can bear no more, and again we have the downpour with storm, squall, thunder, and lightning. All this is good for vegetation, and accordingly we find the growth rank and luxuriant; but man does not shoot up like a weed, nor creep like a vine, and so this hot-house forcing does not agree with him—he wilts.

"There is, of course, a relation between the velocity of the wind—that is, the speed with which a mass of air travels from one point to another—and the pressure it exerts on any surface in its path: a light wind has a velocity of five miles an hour and pressure of one-eighth of a pound per square foot; a stiff breeze, a velocity of twenty-five miles and pressure of three pounds; a gale blowing fifty miles an hour has a force of twelve pounds per square foot; and a hurricane with the velocity of a hundred miles an hour has a force of nearly fifty pounds per square foot.

"A ship would be reduced to bare poles in this last case; nevertheless, her masts, yards, hull and rigging aggregate a large area, and under the pressure of fifty pounds per square foot, she would drive before the storm regardless of helm! But take the case of a stiff breeze: the Wenonah spreads about twenty thousand square feet of canvas; with the wind on the quarter and all sail set, she would be driven through the water by a pressure of sixty thousand pounds on her sail area alone, and this is what gives her best speed in a moderate sea. It is a

tremendous force compared with our auxiliary steam power—a capricious force, besides, that one must adapt himself to, not control with throttle valve or water gauge!

"As there are steady winds blowing through the atmosphere, and rapid rivers coursing over the land, so there are currents both swift and sluggish pervading the ocean. Two broad streams, one in each great ocean, flow beneath the Trade winds—in fact, are (in part) due to them, the friction of the wind upon the water carrying the latter along with it to considerable depth: arriving at the continents in their path, the streams divide and skirt the coasts until they reach the temperate zones, where they turn eastward; again, on reaching the western sides of the continents from which they started, they are deflected toward the equator. Thus we find four great elliptical circuits of ocean flow—one in the North Atlantic, a second in the South Atlantic; a third in the North Pacific, and a fourth in the South Pacific: and all with the same general set—west in equatorial regions, toward the poles along the eastern coasts of Asia and America, east in temperate zones, and toward the equator along the western coasts of America, Europe, and Africa. In this round, the water becomes alternately heated and cooled, which, as with the air, gives it an impetus on its circuit. This grand flow is broken up by promontories and islands into every kind of oceanic creek, brook, and rivulet—some are cool, some are warm; others are swift and more are slow: all vary in depth.

"And it behooves the mariner to know them well and take good account of their set and velocity, lest they drift him into disaster. We passed through several of these ocean streams, but you did not know it—they had no visible confines, and their placid flow awakened no interest

except in the one who had to reckon with them. In the North Atlantic, however, we shall come to a current that is the marvel of the deep—the Gulf Stream, whose clear, blue, warm water is as sharply divided from the cold, green, muddy polar current that flows beside it, as if separated by a solid wall. Off Hatteras you will see this wonder: I have crossed it many times, and experienced what you will find stated about it in scientific books and sailing directions: the latter are the more reliable, however —they are for practical use; the former are tinged with the speculative color of the theorist.

"In thus talking about winds and currents, I am really telling you what the master of a ship should know; and I may as well go a little further in the same vein, as his knowledge is much more varied than is generally supposed.

"As calms are the quagmires, so fog banks are the jungle of the ocean, through which ships must grope their way—tooting horn or steam whistle and keeping a sharp look-out for other ships hidden in the mist.

"The abandoned derelict, sodden and half submerged by the swash of waves, is another source of anxiety, especially in the gloom of night.

"Then there is that other wreck with human lives clinging to it: the storm is raging and you must tax your ingenuity to rescue those men without loss of your own; it is a dreadful situation to be placed in—to determine which life may probably be lost. The boat's crew will go—O yes, it is never a question with them—the hesitation is in your mind, and you must not weigh the chances too nicely; time presses, and yet life hangs in the balance whichever scale descends.

"Seamanship and navigation are of course the important

branches of a sailor's education, but both cover a wide range; the former has generally to do with handling the ship under sail or steam, in storm or bad weather, on the high seas, and in narrow waters; navigation includes all that deals with the course and position of the vessel—the one to be laid with reference to winds, currents and dangers of the deep; the other to be determined by daily observation of the sun as well as by dead reckoning. The magnetism of the ship produces compass errors which must be found by the procedure you saw in the Pacific, and also daily on a few points that may be used.

"Again: it is no small part of the seaman's training to predict the weather from the signs of the sky in connection with indications of the barometer and wet and dry bulbs: he should be able to scent the gale afar off as well as the coming shift of wind; and in particular he must know the laws of revolving storms and how to apply them intelligently.

"Though apparently a simple matter, the correct knowledge and ready application of the rules of the road at sea, are among the most important parts of the seaman's education: collision, disaster, and death follow from ignorance of the rules, and sometimes even from following them literally. Circumstances arise—in the twinkling of an eye—where quick, intelligent action will avoid collision by a sensible manœuvre not covered by any rule. The rules themselves are unequivocal; and if both sides followed them, all would go well; but the human element—the ignorance, stupidity, and wilfulness of man are not considered in framing them, and hence their literal application often results in misfortune. The strict maintenance of running lights is closely allied to the rules of the road.

"Familiarity with the international code of signals is essential to every sailor: whatever his native tongue, the language of this code enables him to communicate with a fellow seaman either in distress or amicable greeting.

"But all the foregoing has to do with deep sea sailing: on nearing land, another body of information comes into play—study of sailing directions, to fix in the mind the configuration of the coast; of charts, to see the shoaling of water and location of rocks and hidden dangers; of light-lists, to learn the character, color, and visibility of those needed for running in at night; and of tides, beacons, and buoys to direct the ship's course.

"She draws in apace—a mist obscures the horizon, and the deep-sea lead is set going to warn of danger: you heard its doleful sound, 'watch-ho-watch!' at intervals throughout the night off the coast of Uruguay. Closer shore, the glass tube replaces the heavy lead, and by the amount of its discoloration the depth of water is ascertained. The land peers through the haze, and now with cross-bearings on its prominent points, and soundings by the hand lead, the ship is directed toward the harbor. She sails on—no pilot appears—and the Captain is obliged to take her up the narrow channel, and anchor her in the bay, or berth her at a wharf.

"Bringing a ship alongside a wharf is a crucial test of the seaman—it brings out his skill, alertness, and self-possession: it is an exhibition, and he is the star actor. The owners and others are there to watch the manœuvre; and woe betide the captain who fails, whether through lubberly action, or the effect of some treacherous eddy-current, or other misfortune, that neither seamanship nor forethought could provide against: the actual performance

is all the spectators consider, and their contemptuous criticism is more stinging than the hiss of the gallery at the actor who has bungled.

"Finally, the responsibility for the ship and crew are solely the Captain's—he shares it with no one: he cannot divest himself of it if he would, nor can he seek advice from those he must control. It is a little world to be governed by one man, and to do this successfully, that man must have not only professional knowledge, but also tact, firmness, geniality, and fair dealing.

"The sailor's career is complicated and varied in what he knows, in what he does, and in what he has to apply himself to—far beyond what people ashore think it is; and it makes of him a hardy, bold, practical man."

CHAPTER XIX

Running

There are two kinds of running at sea—the physical and the psychological: a ship runs before the gale under low sail, when there is plenty of sea room; and it is also in stormy conditions—a mental storm, that the sensibilities drive before the torturing pursuit of some brutal force.

The crew of an American ship are rarely all Americans: it is not made up of the hardy, self-reliant, self-respecting natives that manned the fishing smacks off Cape Cod in days of yore—quite the contrary: even in the smallest crews, representatives of many nationalities will be found—a heterogeneous mixture of prejudices, passions, and smoldering feuds; the Jew and the Gentile are also there—full of inherent antagonism.

The life in common affords a fertile field for indulging individual traits: where the same persons are thrown together day after day, the strain upon mutual forbearance is put to a severe test. If training and education do not weld the members closely—worse, if fractious elements compose the links (as in a ship's company), then indeed is the union likely to give way at many a point; the strongest, quickest, wittiest—the most alert of mind and nimble of limb—the one possessed of any salient quality (especially the physical) will assert his domination over the whole. On shore, frequent association leads to ease of intercourse—foibles become known and allowance is made

for them: the regular customer or steady boarder receives more consideration than the casual purchaser or transient guest. On board ship, association is the most intimate possible—foibles become known there also; but oft times it is not to make allowance for them—but to expose them and make them conspicuous by every means that can wound the sensibilities of their unfortunate possessor: he is in a crude community which only the restraints of discipline keep within bounds.

In the Wenonah's crew there were French and Spaniards, Irish and Italians; the negro and the Jap were there; and also a Russian—one Ivan Kaulbars, and a native of Tuscany—Carlo Castagnuolo: these names indicate their respective natures—the one harsh and rugged, the other smooth and supple. Ivan was thirty years of age—a seasoned sailor, stocky and powerful: he came aboard with a full beard of the anarchist type and a head of bristling hair. The Captain made him keep both trimmed, so that he had much of the convict's appearance—short stubble and low forehead. His eyes were fierce and restless, and his show of teeth gave him an expression of savagery: the animal—ferocious and prowling—was present in every feature. The Italian, on the other hand, had the delicate traits of his race: he was but twenty-two—slender and lithe, with a clear complexion, smooth skin, fine eyes and a Roman nose. This last proved his misfortune, though deemed a feature to be proud of—Ivan took it to be Jewish. Now between Russian and Jew there is an abiding antipathy; and although Ivan soon learned the error of his first impression, still the prejudice remained, to give sting to his actions toward Carlo.

Carlo had never been to sea: whatever his occupation

in San Francisco, he got stranded, and sought work on the Wenonah as a means of returning to New York, en route to his sunny Italy. His hands were soft and his feelings sensitive, but he early went aloft and did his work without plaint: he had a quick intelligence and learned rapidly; but he was taciturn, kept much to himself, and while companionable with those who were congenial to him, yet he sought nobody.

Ivan had all the swagger and prestige of one at home in his surroundings—Carlo, the timidity and uncertainty of one entirely new to both his work and his associates. Ivan, though a sailor of long standing, was neither capable nor energetic: in reefing, he was not found at the weather earing where skill is required, nor in the bunt where heavy canvas must be handled, but on the yard arm where the sail is light and only reef points to tie; in loading cargo, he shouldered the lightest burden and was slow to move; during night watches he sought a snug corner and lay down to sleep; he would rub eternally on a piece of brass already shining, but never attack anything covered with verdegris; he was awkward at drills, but first at mess and foremost in all growls—in a word, he was a lazy, vicious, incompetent bully.

The struggle to come was wholly unequal: the boon companions of the one would encourage every assault, the sympathizers of the other were too cowardly to show their feelings.

To avoid a quarrel, Carlo overlooked many a provocation, or bore it patiently: not that he lacked courage either physical or moral—he would probably show both where the bully would flinch; but the attacks were so like the stings of gnats (yet in the aggregate maddening), that he did not

know how to resent them without appearing childish and ridiculous: they always raised a laugh, and to show irritation would only evoke a guffaw. Ivan and Carlo were in the same watch, and therefore thrown much together: Ivan pecked on Carlo—pecked as the game cock pecks at his prostrate foe; not that torn flesh resulted—O no, only lacerated feelings—the spiteful word, half jocular and wholly tantalizing: he was Dago, with taunts of a hand organ career; or signorina, with soft ways mimicked to the infinite amusement of the watch; or sheeney, with raised palms denoting the deprecatory Jew driving a hard bargain. Not a personal quality nor racial trait but was turned to laughter, and in a laughing way; and all the time Carlo was in pain, but tried to look as if it were only a joke.

Patience is an admirable quality, especially at sea; to show annoyance at small things is only to invite a flow of torture: the hornets are many—the assailed, but one.

A man with pretentious peculiarities—a dude, a snob, a crank, or abnormal personality of any kind, will have his ridiculous affectations well wrung out of him on board ship: it is a plain life which finds expression in direct speech. This is the good side of the situation, but there is a reverse; no good is attained by humiliating and harassing one such as Carlo with no offensive traits—a gentle nature that merely affords an opportunity to a gross one to practise its brutalities.

And while it is well to take in good part many a joke, rude though it often is, still there is a point where endurance lapses into weakness. The person who is constantly running another, is broadly streaked with the animal nature—essentially coarse: dogs, cats, and pigs—bird and beast of every kind exhibit the trait; one tries to dominate

the others—it barks, snaps, bites, pecks or grunts in quarrelsome temper, and this is also the method of the person who tries to *run* another. He is spurred on by those who have equally low instincts—the class which delights in a cock fight, a dog fight, a bull fight, or a prize fight: it matters little who the combatants are, so that they are tearing, maiming, mutilating each other—making the blood flow from bruised and battered flesh. Is this other than the beast let loose? And wherein does it differ from *running?* Only in degree—not in kind: a person of refined feelings could never find pleasure in the brutal fisticuff or cutting word.

Ivan grew more coarse and cruel toward Carlo, to the greater amusement of his shipmates: not that they had anything against Carlo—he made no pretensions; but they instinctively felt that he was of different fibre and mould and actuated by more decent impulses; and this was enough to excite their antipathy: besides, they were eager for the open fight they saw looming through all these jibes and jeers.

The pre-arranged fight, carried out according to fixed rules, differs in no wise from the duel: the weapons merely differ—one are fists, the other pistols; and both are wholly indefensible as means of satisfying injured feelings. The resentment due to injury has somewhat cooled, and if there is time to arrange for personal encounter, satisfaction can usually be sought by legal or established methods. The mere overpowering or death of one of the combatants does not settle the case on its merits: nothing is determined but that the victor has the stronger muscle, greater skill, surer aim, or some other physical quality. Indeed the first aggressor may be the subsequent victor, and then the

injury is doubled. The duel, whether with fists or pistols, is the method of the bull-dog or any other dumb animal that cannot reason about the wrong inflicted, and settle by punishing the aggressor.

But the blow in hot blood—when tingling under the nameless epithet, or pricked into action by the nettles that sting and sting until the sensibilities are aflame—that is another thing; and such a blow is an effective way of suppressing the bully: strike him hard and pitilessly until all his swagger—his gnat-like pestering comes out with his vicious blood: it will not have to be done a second time, and now do it well.

And there is no excuse for a brow-beating blackguard going about, making any one's life intolerable. Should it be borne? Certainly not. The victim cannot always appeal to legal means or the constituted authorities to redress the grievance, or prevent its continuance: it is too trivial, and to tell of it is tame beside *feeling* it. You cannot describe the recurring buzz of the mosquito throughout the night—just grazing your face and whizzing in your ear every time you are on the point of dropping to sleep, only to slap at him—miss—and wait for the next assault; but it all maddens, and weary and worn, you get up in the morning unequal to the task of the day. Such is the practise of the bully who tries to run another—all the mean taunts possible—playing upon one's name, devising nicknames, sneering at one's peculiarities, everything that will make him ridiculous in the eyes of others and raise a laugh at his expense.

Carlo knew that Ivan's fists would make short work of him—black eyes, teeth knocked out, painful bruises, and other injuries, with hardly a chance to hit back: what could

he do against a brutal pounding with only small hands and soft muscle? On the other hand, to go on quietly, enduring greater abuse and more of it every day, was intolerable; before they reached New York, he would be the despised butt of the ship. He made up his mind—he put a keen edge on his sheath-knife.

A few days afterward, the watch was on the forecastle, and all in jesting mood. Carlo was the scapegoat as usual, whom Ivan lashed with tongue and gesture, to the merriment of all. At length one of the men taunted Carlo with, "Why do you stand it—why don't you hit back?" It was Ivan who answered, "Because there's no sand in the son of a—"

Quick as a tiger, Carlo sprang on him—knife out, to bury in his heart: but Ivan was equally quick—threw up his arm to parry the cut—and got the full length of the steel in his fleshy shoulder. Before Carlo could carry out his intent to finish the brute, he was seized and held by the other men. It changed their opinion of him in a flash: he was now to be feared—they thought him a milk-sop, but he showed fight.

Doctor Austin was sent for: the man bled freely and looked ghastly; the Doctor stopped the flow and cared for him as was necessary. In a few days he pronounced him out of danger, but that the wound would require some time to heal, and that probably it would continue a weak spot to prevent any great effort with the arm.

Meanwhile, the Captain had called Carlo to the mast and heard his story: it struck him as being entirely truthful, and the finale appealed so strongly to his sense of summary justice, that—much to the astonishment of all hands—he let Carlo go forward without even a word of

censure. This emboldened the men and enhanced their regard for Carlo, so that when the Captain called one after another aft to learn all he could about the case, they told everything: the bully had been cowed, and they no longer feared him; and such is ever the fickle mob, whether on ship or shore. They worship the idol only when on his pedestal, but stamp on it when lying prone!

When the investigation was over, the Doctor said,

"Captain, I guess you have a case on hand, as well as I?"

"O no," answered Colburn: "mine is finished—Carlo left nothing for me to do."

The Doctor looked surprised, so the Captain related the whole feud from beginning to end as he had learned it; for all the men's stories agreed in substance: then he added,

"Ivan got no more than he deserved: he hounded Carlo until his life was a hell. The vile name he called him was but the spark to the explosion: to revenge it with a blow of the fist would only afford Ivan an opportunity to give Carlo a brutal beating—the difference between them is so great: one, a powerful man—the other, a soft boy scarcely developed. To go on without striking back was impossible and to have the ship's officers wholly stop the abuse was impracticable. The scurrilous epithet in itself might not have warranted a knife thrust (and yet I don't see how else he could have avenged the injury); but in view of all the previous provocation, I think he did only what was open to him to do; and if he had killed Ivan, I for one (on a jury) would have brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide. Carlo used the actual knife, but how many stabs had Ivan given him with a much keener weapon! Ivan was the real aggressor and by many offenses—Carlo only the infuriated victim goaded to the open act.

"As between nations there are affairs that will not be submitted to arbitration, so among men there are words and actions—it may be a whole line of conduct (as in this case)—which cannot be atoned for, or corrected, by appeal to law or the constituted authorities: fine or imprisonment does not fit the case. If you are walking with your wife, and a blackguard steps up and insults her, you knock him down; and when you are taken to court for breach of the peace, I guess the judge will let you off easy—it is the American's tribute to the fitness of the act."

"Yes, Captain, you are right; and your view of Carlo's case seems to me most sensible and just."

And so Carlo was not troubled more, but went on in the same even tenor of his ways, now held in high regard by all the men. Such is the profit and lesson of maintaining your own rights—when you have a sensible man to deal with, such as Colburn was. The Jacob Hawses of the sea, in their routine, unreasoning way, would have put Carlo in irons at once for the mere overt act! They judge by that alone, unconscious of the gross injustice it often inflicts.

CHAPTER XX

Captain Colburn Discourses on Various Matters

He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart—
All its pleasures and its griefs;
All its shallows and rocky reefs;
All those secret currents that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift with terrible force
The will from its moorings and its course.
—*Longfellow.*

It was one of those delightful days so frequent in the South Atlantic: the sea was ruffled by only such undulations as would save it from the condition called glassy; the sky was clear; the temperature genial; and the breeze, the soft velvety Trades. The ship was making only seven knots with everything spread—square sails and staysails. Other ships were in sight, dotting the light blue of sky and sea with their white canvas, some standing to the northward and some to the southwest—it was the cross-roads of ocean traffic, in the vicinity of the equator. On the weary stretch from Callao to the coast of Patagonia, the Wenonah had not met a single vessel; while here, every day several hove in sight. Our voyagers were comfortably disposed in their usual lounging place—the lee side of the poop—happy in the vista of smooth sea about them, and happy

in the balmy weather that soothed every sense. It was afternoon, and quiet reigned abroad—contentment on board.

The hours after mid-day are ever more conducive to rest than those preceding it: they are like the years that follow middle age. In the period of youth we are strong and eager for the fray; but when past the meridian of life as well as the noon of day, the spirits flag—enthusiasm and aggressiveness are on the wane—and we are disposed to look more considerately on everything in life because of the experience we have gained.

Something of this mood pervaded our little group—it had been induced by a good meal and enhanced by the curling smoke from fragrant cigars. The Captain joined them: he was happy and communicative, and for a while entertained them with some pleasant reminiscences. At length, Northrup said in a jocular way, "Captain, you seem to me to be monarch of all you survey; your right there is none to dispute: from the forecastle unto the poop, you are lord of all who are about."

"Not quite," answered Colburn in equally light vein; but after a moment, he added: "In all seriousness, there are many more restrictions on me than you dream of.

"The captain of a ship is master of a fabric of great value which he must manage in the violence of the gale, and guide through the dangers that line a coast: this requires skill and judgment of a technical nature, as well as readiness of resource. In it all—the management of the ship herself in *critical* situations—he is left free, because no instructions can be given that will cover the variety of contingencies that arise. Therefore his faculties have their freest play, and by their very exercise he is every day

making of himself a more capable seaman; but contrast this freedom regarding the whole with his limitations regarding the parts: let me illustrate by an imaginary case—I cannot use the pump and hose that feed the boilers for any other than that specific purpose; if I should order the Engineer (when steam is up) to rig it for washing down decks, he would answer with all the importance of authority in his own domain, 'It is against the Company's Rules.'

"And the Company's Rules are legion, and bind the strong man as the spool-thread of the Lilliputians bound Gulliver. They are the substitution of mechanical control for the judgment of a reasoning mind: besides, they place within reach of those subject to orders, a weapon they may use against the man they should obey—the company's rules are liable to breed insubordination! They should be the fewest possible; and even then, affect only the most important matters: more than that, they should be framed as general principles, and not descend to specific items. The man in command—in the midst of the interests to which the rules apply—is the best judge of the proper care of those interests; and not the man at a distance, who cannot act as intelligently—according to varying circumstances—as the one on the spot.

"Whenever a subordinate can confront the captain with some rule or custom to limit his action in small affairs, he is in so far the captain's superior, and rightful authority is clipped to that extent; and in order that he may not fall into disfavor with the Company through frequent infraction of its rules (which would speedily be reported to headquarters by some malcontent), the tendency of the captain is to act according to rule in all things. The RULE—that insidious vampire that saps his manhood and reduces

his action to a spineless policy—merely to keep out of trouble.

"The good that specific directions aim to attain, is lessened by the evils they are likely to create and foster—insubordination in those who should obey, timidity and stunted individuality in him who should command. The captain fettered by them lacks the bold enterprise to begin anything new: it is easier to follow the trodden path, full though it be of vicious ruts. It is not, at least, bristling with the sneering remarks that ever assail the innovator—it is simply the weak course that hazards no comfort, risks no reputation. No; the man who is free and responsible for the ship as a whole, should also be untrammelled as regards its parts.

"One often hears of the old time sailor as a man of dash and daring; and indeed such he was—even in my early days of sea-going: his own judgment was his rule of action, and there was little else beside; and the constant exercise of this judgment made him a self-reliant, competent commander—full of power and strength. If at times he lapsed into brutality, it must be remembered that he had a cross grained fibre to deal with, and that it was often a question which should control—master or man: they fought—not literally, perhaps; but the struggle was none the less real.

"Then the sailing ship and long passages out of telegraphic control conduced to the individualism of the man in command: the conditions were somewhat feudal—respect from the inferior, care by the superior. But with steamers, short trips, and frequent intercourse with the disturbing elements of shore life, the conditions have changed to independence, discussion, criticism, main-

tenance of rights, and a whole crop of other selfish practises and ideas that are estranging officers and men from each other.

"The preacher of sailors' rights is often the disturber of maritime harmony: an improvement in some things has been effected by the seaman's advocate; but also there has been a weakening of that great bond of human feeling which impelled the officer to care for the man, and the latter to render obedience and respect. Insistence on rights tends to giving only rights—no sympathy: whereas the warm blood that flowed with what was done for Jack evinced an interest in his welfare that made him regard the officer as his natural protector: it conduced to mutual forbearance—the give-and-take of life which is a wholesome trait of the natural order—and not the exaction of the pound of flesh, as seems to be the controlling principle now between Capital and Labor.

"The status of the citizen and that of the sailor are entirely distinct and different: on shore, you *may* transact business without reciprocal amity; but on board ship, good will on both sides is essential to efficiency and discipline; and while brutality on the one hand and treachery on the other have debased the relations of superior and subordinate (and the opportunities for both abound in ship life), still he must be a blind man who does not see that, aside from the spirit of common humanity which should actuate him, his interest—the success of his command, is involved in the way he treats his men. He is greatly dependent on them: much—I may say most of their work is done out of his sight, where they can do it ill or well—aid or thwart him; and this fact (to put the motive on its lowest plane) should prompt any captain to deal considerately with his men.

"But to return to a final word about the government of life afloat: a ship is not a democracy, but essentially an absolute monarchy, controlled by a constitution—the special laws enacted by Congress; and the closer the captain sails to those laws, the better it will be for both himself and his crew: but as for subsidiary rules covering his action otherwise, the fewer of these there are, and the more he is left to his own discretion in minor affairs, the happier will be the ship's company. In any *critical* situation, it is the captain's judgment that controls: then why not also in small matters? With his action limited only by law and such general instructions as I have stated, those subject to him would be quick to study him and more willing and efficient in the performance of duty—they would be far better seamen and less acute sea-lawyers—pry less into the rules, to get points on the captain. The known source of power being a living reality in their midst—ever ready to act upon his own judgment, and not unnecessarily fettered, would have a wholesome influence on their point of view: they would see more of what was good in his management, and be less disposed to growl and furnish material for the sensational press: their grievances would shrivel to natural size, and not loom up as objects do in a fog—to massive proportions. Yes, it makes all the difference between normal healthy conduct, and unreasonable discontent, for the ship's company to know that the captain (when just in his dealings) is supreme in power and firmly upheld by those who should support him.

"Life at sea is one of force—force of physique, force of mind, force of character: and of all three with the forces of nature—the tempest; the lashing sea; the blinding sleet, snow, or rain; the rigors of cold and extremes of heat;

the plain food, often scanty and generally coarse: if ever the meaning of words were ground into one's life, it is at sea—there, *hardship* and *deprivation* need no dictionary to define them.

"It is a rough and tumble life in every sense, and the man in command has much of the coarse, raw fibre of humanity to deal with—the hot temper, quick with the blow; the harsh manner; the profanity that gives point to speech and story. Control in such a community is best acquired by the growl of the bull-dog and the bulk of the mastiff—the show of teeth and impressiveness of physical size: both go a long way toward inspiring respect for their possessor; for they are often but the outward appearance of qualities that will be uppermost in any struggle.

"On the other hand, the amiability of the collie coupled with the slender frame of the greyhound have no place in such a fight: soft ways detract from the prowess of the contestants, just as ciphers placed after the decimal point reduce the value of the final integers. The lesser bull-dogs and mastiffs of the ship's company look with contempt on considerate ways and delicate limbs; and their possessor has a prejudice to overcome at the outset—later, he may control even with their handicap.

"Boldness, dash—even rashness; strength, vigor, the ever ready word and act; and all with clear-cut brevity and conciseness—these are the things required at sea; and he who has them in the highest degree (united to due technical knowledge) will hold the ascendency. The man who, in addition to these qualifications, can take his drink at times, crack a joke, spin a yarn, smoke a pipe, play billiards, and take a hand in other games more risky, and be a jolly good fellow in all convivial gatherings; who has fairly good

common sense and an even temper; who has coolness enough to stand any shock, mental or physical—such a man is the ideal type for the sea.

"The quiet, retiring man has little place there; and yet it is not that the rough nature alone, devoid of kindly feeling, is the only one fit for sea life; but that the amenities would be (as it were) accomplishments—the essential being a rugged manliness—the practical dealing with men and things, short and to the point. One suited to the sea is the very antithesis of the lean, nervous man, who (at the least rebuff) gathers himself together and avoids contact with his kind. No: the seaman must reach out boldly and hold firmly; if study he would (outside of technical matters), it should be chiefly the study of men—to know their humors, prejudices, tastes, and feelings; for upon the tactful manipulation of men depends the success of his command.

"Over prudence in the sailor is worse than occasional mistakes resulting from hasty decision: the reasons for and against in any procedure should be canvassed at once as well as time will allow; and then definite action taken speedily.

"From the foregoing you can readily infer that I am not as much monarch of all I survey as you jokingly intimated; and otherwise my position is not that of an Alexander Selkirk—beyond the pale of woes and plots. Men—and by such I mean chiefly those before the mast—go to sea from a variety of motives: Some are naturally wanderers and find the roving life congenial; these are restive under restraint and become troublesome. Others are criminals or outcasts who ship as a last resort; they are few, but they form the vicious coterie that corrupts the

whole ship's company. Still more have met with disappointment or failure, and try to sink both their sorrow and identity in the great high sea where no one knows them—whence they come, or whither they go. Many seek the sea in early life because of the romance attaching to it through song and story—it fascinates the youthful imagination; these are enthusiasts—full of buoyancy—excellent material of which to make seamen, if the career itself had enough of adventure to meet their expectations, but it has not: the expectations are extravagant—the commonplace stands out in bold relief, and the attractions of which they read, are all but mythical—they are so few; discontent—dissatisfaction with their lot is the result, and instead of zealously fitting themselves for the career they have chosen, they drag through it, or rather, they have to be driven; they do listless work—are shirks—and long for the day of release.

"Now mix up all these incongruous elements in the small space of a ship, where their contact is the closest possible—where the food is coarse, the hardships many, the exposures to bad weather frequent, the pay small, the amusements few, and no remunerative goal in sight to which they may aspire as recompense for all this—that this, and only this, is what most of them can do forever and to the end; and you have a view of the material and conditions with which the master of a ship has to deal. Even yet, the whole story is not told: besides containing many varieties of social grade and individual condition, the crew of an American ship is made up of many nationalities, with of course their inherent prejudices, antipathies, and animosities; and these, too, have to be reckoned with. Furthermore, the conditions at sea have few of the ties of

family or association that are so widespread on shore and which exert so potent an influence in taming the wild tendencies in man.

"I once read a very striking illustration of this—that the general advance of human progress was by forward impulses and backward recessions like the incoming tide: Each successive wave rushes forward, breaks, and rolls back; but the great flood is steadily coming in. A person who looked on only for a moment, might fancy that the waves were retiring. A person who looked on only for five minutes might fancy that they were rushing capriciously to and fro. But when he keeps his eye on them for a quarter of an hour, and sees one sea-mark disappear after another, it is impossible for him to doubt the general direction in which the ocean is moving. So, the family, the club, the social reunion of every kind—all the gatherings and network of association on shore—are so many impulses toward cultivating the amenities of life—the forward flow of the rising tide—the improving of character and restraining of evil: while at sea, the absence of such ties—worse, the roving life, the reckless habits, the want of care for the morrow, the freedom from any claim upon either solicitude or labor, the vicious dens that attract in every port—all these constitute so many recessions toward unbridled license, which only the iron rule of force—Discipline—keeps from ebbing to the lowest stage of human conduct.

"The masses of Europe are literally subjects—ever under a kind of discipline: serfdom and feudalism laid the foundation of this subjugation, and it is continued at the present time by the militarism which forces into standing armies such large numbers of men—training them to constant

obedience, to look up forever to a superior, and to regard their own will and judgment as faculties never to be exercised.

"Then in civil life, the titled nobility inspires awe and respect among the common people; so that from these influences the man born and bred in Europe entertains very different ideas and feelings toward station and authority from what the American does. The latter *feels* all that the *Constitution* declares about men being born free and equal, and acts accordingly. He may respect the office, but has less regard for its occupant—he even stigmatizes him as a public servant, to show his own importance, the power of the citizen: but this is only a sop to his pride; for we well know how the public servant rides his master when once he gets into office.

"The European, on the contrary, seldom considers the office, while his conduct toward the official trends on subserviency. Of these two—the American and the European—it is evident that the latter is more amenable to the restraints of sea life.

"The American hates to receive an order—it grates on him—it is a curb to his freedom—a collar that galls his neck, as in the fable of the wolf and the dog: the wolf, all skin and bone, had strayed from his forest wilds, and met a mastiff sleek and fat. He would like to attack the well-fed animal, but shrewdly calculated the chances of success, and instead approached the dog with a compliment on his fine appearance.

" 'You could be the same, if you chose; only quit the forest where you live in wretchedness, and many of your pack die of hunger.'

" 'What must I do,' asked the wolf.

" 'A mere nothing—chase away the beggars and fawn upon your master: and in return you will get many a toothsome bone of fowl and bird, besides much fondling.'

"The wolf was greatly moved by the prospect—his teeth watered for the bone, and his eyes were tearful at the thought of a caress—he had never known kindness. They trotted along amicably until the wolf noticed a bare spot on the mastiff's neck, when he queried—'What is that?' 'O nothing—only the hair chafed by the collar, when I'm tied up at night.' 'Tied up! tied up!!' exclaimed the wolf, coming to a sudden stop, and looking at his companion in amazement. 'Can't you run about, then, when you want to?' 'Not exactly: but what of that—'tis a small matter!' 'It is such a matter to me,' replied the wolf, 'that your ease and good fare shall never be mine at the price of my liberty—good-bye'; and away he bounded, back to the hunger, cold, and strife of the forest: better starve free than live a fat slave! And such, you must concede, is the sentiment of the American.

"To be of any use either in the merchant marine or the navy, the native born boy must be taken early in hand and carefully weaned from the distorted, morbid ideas of independence he may possess or be inclined to: in manhood, these become less manageable, especially when strengthened as they often are by notions instilled by trades-unions.

"The quarter-deck of a ship is necessarily a place of caste; and the American boy who has grown up in wild independence—independent of parents, of teachers, and of the deference due old age—as good as any one!—finds the respect and subordination exacted on a ship, intolerable: this is one reason why so few natives are found on an

American vessel. Another is, there is no money in it: scarcely an occupation on shore but pays better than going to sea. A third reason is, there is no glittering goal to strive for; and the American is ambitious—ever on the look-out for improving his condition. There is but one captain on a ship, and few ships to be captains of: the way to the top is tedious and toilsome—a hard climb—and the chances of winning the prize are so few that it does not warrant risking one's happiness and energies in the effort. Finally, the American does not like hard work; in the slang of the day, he will boss a job well, but labor with his own hands—never, while he can get the imported foreigner to do it.

"With all this in mind, need we wonder that when Jack gets ashore, he runs wild and commits those extravagances that astonish people who never gave his condition a thought? It would be strange if he did not kick over the traces—it is but the natural rebound of the human elastic, pressed down until it groans. The sailor *at sea* 'is like a stout ship that will weather the roughest storm uninjured, but will roll her masts overboard in the succeeding calm' of *shore* allurements; and then comes the punishment: moral suasion is of little avail—the reformatory measure does not generally work with such natures: as a celebrated divine once said, 'Don't whip with a switch that has the leaves on if you want to tingle'; and while the material switch is no longer used at sea, still its legal substitute should be such as to make these malefactors feel it keenly.

"And it is the same pent up condition of feelings, while on board, that finds vent in breaches of discipline."

"Captain," said Northrup, "your analysis of sea life is indeed instructive; but what surprises me (and, I

presume, the others, also) is that your picture of the successful sea captain does not in the least resemble yourself and yet we have often remarked, one to another, how well you have managed everything in a quiet way: you haven't the jolly swagger of the bluff old sea dog we are told about in romance; and yet you seem to have, none the less, a firm grasp and intelligent control of all on board."

"O, I didn't mean," answered the Captain, "that only the possessors of such qualities as I named, were capable and successful commanders: my picture was of a type whose qualities would most probably succeed; but not an individual could be found possessed of them all."

"Did you go to sea very early in life?"

"No, not so very early—I was over twenty: I am now past fifty. I was educated at a small college in one of our little home towns: when I left it, I thought to improve a rather slender physique by a sea voyage before starting out to earn my living.

"I shipped before the mast. The captain was a kind hearted man, just and generous, and honest to the core. The voyage was a long one—we stopped at many foreign ports—the new scenes fascinated me—I was full of youthful enthusiasm—we were a happy crew, and I thought all sea going would be like that. I came back much improved, and with a strong affection for the captain: he urged me to go again, and advanced me as much as I deserved: so I went, until the Civil War shunted me off for four years into the Navy. The rest you know."

CHAPTER XXI

Some Natural Phenomena: Arrival at Trinidad

As the ship approached the region of equatorial calms, the Captain gave orders to the Engineer to be prepared with the engine, as he should use steam in case the wind fell light. Ruggles told Hawse of the preparatory order, and both decided to balk the Captain in his intent; they were now eager to put every obstacle in his way, as (on nearing home) it would count more against him. Therefore, they agreed that when steam was ordered, to get it up; but after the propeller had been coupled, a sudden break should occur in some part of the machinery: the ship would then wallow for days in the irregular sea of the calm belt—it would exasperate Colburn—and they would chuckle at his discomfiture and worry.

But the good weather and steady breezes continued, and the ship kept on under all sail. The Rocks of St. Paul (near the equator) came in sight, and as the day was especially fine, Northrup remarked to the Captain upon the delightful run they were making from Montevideo.

"Yes," said Colburn; "but it is always so here. I have made many passages through this region, and have always found the conditions similar: gentle to moderate breezes from some point between East and South; a sea that has little more than ripples; the sky clear, with only those fleecy clouds that denote good weather; a genial temperature which becomes merely fresh when the sun goes down;

and a velvety feeling of the air that is very soothing—altogether, the most peaceful conditions I have ever experienced. No violent winds—no drenching rain—no crashing thunder—no blinding lightning, but a smooth passing of one day into another without any great disturbance. As you see, the sails are set once for all, and the ship glides steadily on with little more than a pull now and then on a brace. This is the home of ideal weather, and its equability is well shown in the small ranges of temperature and pressure of the air.

"Within the tropics, the oscillation of the barometer is one of the most remarkable phenomena in nature. Except during a hurricane (when the mercury falls until it indicates a scooping out of the air like the cavity of a crater), the movement has almost the regularity of a pendulum. On one passage from Montevideo to New York, I had very careful observations made every hour, day and night, of the barometer, temperature, humidity, wind, and weather. Upon examining these, the regular maxima and minima of the barometer began to appear about latitude 28° south, and continued without a break until reaching the corresponding parallel of north latitude. We were forty days traversing this belt, on account of the route we had to take and the slow sailing qualities of the vessel. Every morning, about four o'clock, the barometer stood at its lowest; then it slowly rose until about ten o'clock, when it was highest; again it fell until about four in the afternoon, when another low point was reached; and finally rose until ten at night, when it stood still, and again receded. Alternate rise and fall—twice in every twenty-four hours, day after day, and every day, by almost the same amount, and at nearly the same hours!

"But a remarkable phase of this regularity remains to be told. While we had just such weather as you have remarked upon, south of the Line, the day after we crossed into north latitude (which, by the way, was in this vicinity) the wind veered at once into the northeast quarter and freshened—no calms intervened—and from that onward to the twenty-eighth parallel, we had a succession of very variable winds and weather; but the regularity of the barometric oscillations was in no wise affected. That is to say, throughout a zone over three thousand miles wide, extending on both sides of the equator, and during a period of forty days, the recurrent ebb and flow of the atmosphere was the same, whether the wind blew light or strong, steady or gusty; whether rain fell or the air was dry; whether heavy clouds gathered in the violence of a squall or the sky was serene and clear.

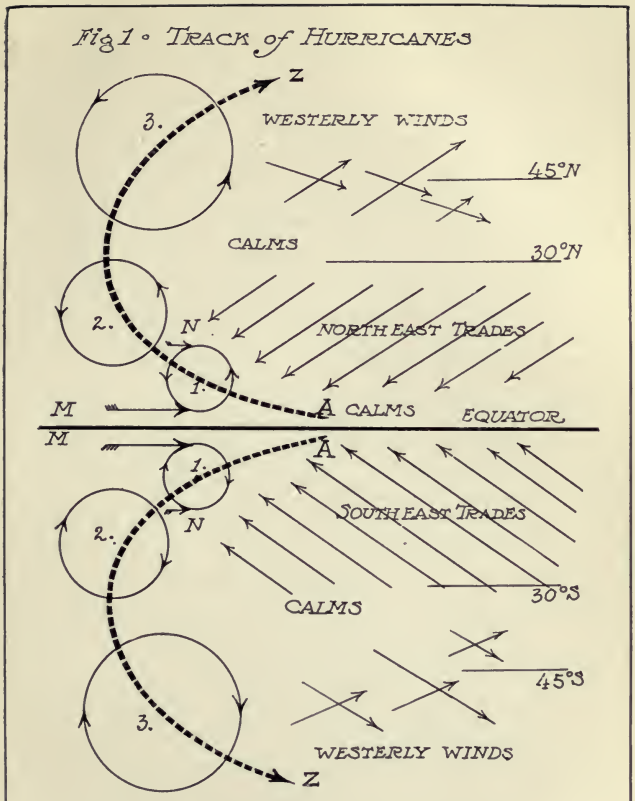
"On this account, in stormy tropical regions, slight variations from this regularity must be closely watched: any small contrary movement may be the first indication of a hurricane."

The other passengers had gathered near soon after Colburn began speaking, and the Doctor said,

"By the way, Captain, you owe us a little discourse on these very storms—you remember it was put off until we should reach the place where they arise, and we must be near that now."

"Well," said Colburn, "their salient features can be *described* in a few words; but to manage a ship in one of them requires close study of their indications, laws, location, and movements.

"Rotary storms have received different names in various parts of the world—hurricanes in the West Indies, typhoons



Tracks of Hurricanes

in Japan, cyclones in China, and tornadoes on our own western plains: but all have the same characteristic—a cylindrical body of air turning round a central calm—the bore of the cylinder, as it were. You probably have often seen something like them in miniature—a whirling mass of dust in the street (arising from eddy winds) that whisks past you until spent. Or you may have another illustration: fill a wash basin with water, take out the stopper, and give the water a rotary movement with the hand; as it runs out, it will take a spiral course—almost circular near the sides of the basin, but sharply bent near the hole in the bottom, where the liquid becomes funnel shaped. Now conceive this turned upside down, and you have a symbol of the hurricane—winds blowing spirally toward a centre, there to rise through a tube of calms and flow out at the top.

"At the same time that these winds are blowing violently inward, the whole body of air composing them is moving onward over a well defined path, just as our little dust-whirl in the street does. As to the origin of the storm, we may easily suppose two opposing currents of air of different degrees of temperature and moisture meeting in the vicinity of the equator: they give rise to a whirl about an axis—the embryo tornado. More air is involved—it brings varying quantities of vapor—condensation results—rain falls in torrents—great heat is liberated—it gives violent up-rush to the air in the calm tube—thunder and lightning ensue—thick gloom overspreads the whole—and the meteor grows and the commotion is intensified until finally the hurricane is launched on its destructive career.

"These storms arise near the equator, on each side of it where the heat and vapor are excessive—in unsteady

balance—and the mine of disturbance is ever ready to be sprung. Their course—roughly speaking—is a parabola: the first branch of the curve runs westerly in the Trades with a trend toward the pole in each hemisphere, so that the apex of their path is somewhere near the limit of the Trade-winds in about latitude thirty degrees; the second branch turns eastward and toward the pole through the region of westerly winds: this track clearly indicates that the two great systems—the Trades and the Westerly winds—determine the path of the column of gyrating air."

Here, the Captain took a piece of chalk and sketched on a board the accompanying Figs. 1 and 2 to illustrate the tracks of revolving storms in both hemispheres, and the rotation of the wind in them. Then he continued:

"The column of revolving air extends to a great height, as is shown by the turbulent motion of the upper clouds; in diameter, it may be only fifty miles, and then its intensity is greatest; or it may be a thousand miles, and then the intensity is less: its rate of speed along the parabola varies from three to forty miles an hour according to the particular storm and the part of the track it is in: the velocity of the winds blowing toward the calm center generally reaches a hundred miles an hour.

"The path of the storm and the direction of the wind in the storm must not be confounded—they have no necessary connection: the former is the route over which the mass of air involved in the whirl is moving as a whole; while the latter is simply the point from which each individual wind composing the whirl, blows.

"If you look at the daily weather map when a storm is raging over any part of the United States, you will see the wind blowing in circuits round a deep Low—toward it,

but seldom straight to it; rather, it blows in spirals, and always opposite to the motion of the hands of a clock. And this is the order of rotation of hurricane winds north of the equator: south of it, the rotation is like that of the hands of a clock—from left to right. This order of rotation in each hemisphere is due to the fact that the earth on the equatorial side of the storm has greater velocity than on the polar side: this velocity in each case is imparted to the air above the earth's surface, and the initial impulse thus given, being greater on the equatorial than on the polar side, establishes the rotation, which is kept up until the storm blows itself out in temperate zones.

"As the earth revolves from west to east, if we represent the different velocities it imparts to the two sides of the embryo storm by the arrows M and N (Fig. 1), it will readily be seen how the rotation experienced is the natural result.

"If, then, in a hurricane north of the Line, the master of a ship finds the wind from any point between northeast and southwest by the way of south, he is to the right of the storm's path (looking in the direction it is travelling): this is the dangerous semicircle, because all the winds blow him in front of its course: he should therefore lie-to on the starboard tack, because the *shifts* of wind will be aft and help him work away from the center. If, on the other hand, he has the wind anywhere between northeast and southwest by the way of north, he is to the left of the storm's track—in the navigable semicircle, and can run out of it (if there be sea room) by keeping the wind on the starboard quarter.

"The rotary storm does not swoop down on a ship unawares; but like the rattlesnake, gives ample warning of its

proximity: the day is sultry, close, and oppressive; the atmosphere unusually clear, so that things appear distinct and well defined; the winds are light and whiffle about, giving a twirling motion to small objects; the sea is confused. A boding cloud appears in the horizon: it rises and others join it; they struggle for precedence, and are jagged, as if torn by the wind; their upper edges are copper-colored—even reddish, and impart a fiery tinge to the whole sky; as they mount, a whitish, misty aureole crowns them—the ox-eye—and this is a sure sign of the hurricane beneath. The colors of the clouds change to yellow, olive-green, and crimson—the wind moans low and gusty in violent puffs—the barometer falls rapidly—and the whole prospect is terrifying. Man is awe-struck and bereft of decisive action: the elements are wild, and if he awaits their onslaught unprepared, he will meet with injury, and perhaps disaster. No sail will stand, and even tarpaulins in the rigging blow away; boats are smashed; hatches when battened down, are torn up; yards and masts snap and go by the board; the ship broaches-to, and lies helpless on her beam ends until hard work and skill right her; the sea rises to great height and drives in solid green sheets over the rail, burying the ship; the wind roars with terrific fury; rain falls in torrents; and thunder, lightning, and gloom mingle in one chaotic medley: the mercury, meanwhile, is ominously falling.

"After some hours of this battering, there is a sudden lull—then quiet: the ship is in the central calm, rolling and pitching among billowy masses that the wind has lashed into cross confusion. This calm continues an hour or so; then the wind rises as suddenly as it fell, and with equal violence, but from the point diametrically

opposite the one at which it ceased. The center has passed over the ship and she is again undergoing in the second half of the storm all the lashing of wind and wave she experienced in the first half. Finally, the barometer rises—the wind gradually subsides—and the proverbial sunshine succeeds the storm.

"And the ship? She has suffered great damage, and the officers and men are worn out with hard work and loss of food and sleep: they have gone through it all soaked to the skin, and their flesh tingling from the pelting rain.

"If the wind blew in exact *circles* round the central calm, the bearing of the center could easily be determined; for by facing the wind, the center lies eight points to the right of its direction in the northern hemisphere, or eight points to the left in the southern: but the wind blows in spirals, and even this only in a general way, for the curvature is not uniform; in one part, it is all but a straight line, while in another part it is sharply bent: therefore, the real direction of the center may differ several points from the estimated one, and it behooves the shipmaster to exercise intelligence and close observation to infer the bearing aright.

"The winds of a multitude of storms have been plotted from a number of ships that were in each, thus giving simultaneous view of their extent and nature; and the general type is what I have drawn here (Fig. 2). You see the hurricane is made up of incurving spirals of irregular shape, and therein consists the uncertainty of determining the bearing of the center; and from that, of deciding how to manœuvre.

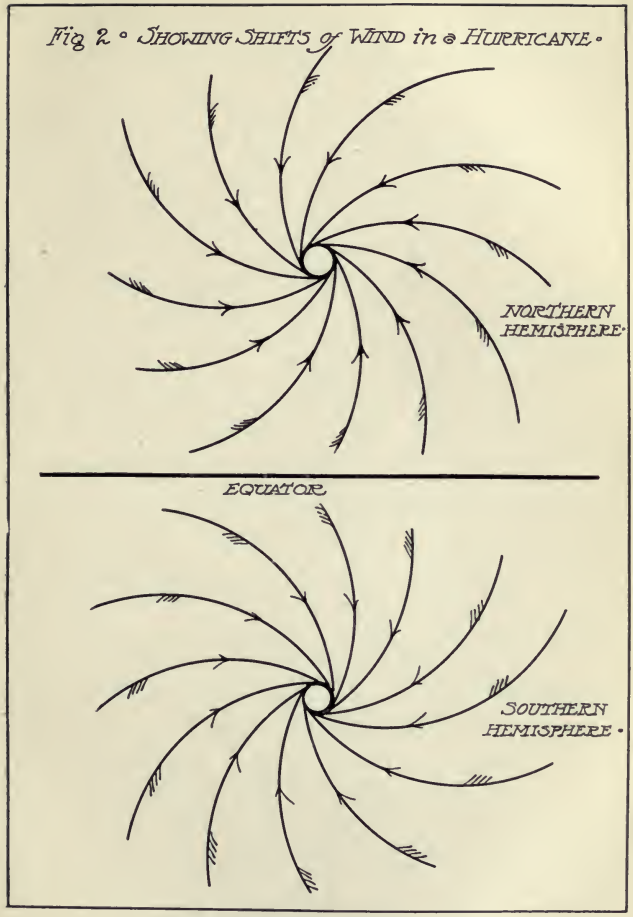
"If the wind has full hurricane force and the shifts are rapid from point to point while the barometer falls abnor-

mally, the ship is undoubtedly near the center: if, on the contrary, the wind blows for some time from the same point and veers slowly—being, furthermore, only of the force of a strong gale, the ship is in all probability well off from the center.

"Works abound which give information regarding these storms: some have rules for managing a ship in every contingency—rules as specific as those for arithmetical computations; but such rules are not only useless, but vicious—luring to disaster. There are so many varying circumstances—the size of the storm, its rate of progress, part of the track it is traversing, sea room, region in which it is met—all imparting to each hurricane features so distinctive, that to apply rigid rules, is as practicable as to fit the garments made for one person to every individual of a group. Better by far, that the seaman have in mind a clear and distinct picture of the general features of the storm derived from close study of the best attainable books, and then use this in connection with his own common sense.

"The Kansas tornado is but the ocean hurricane in miniature: you know its effects well.

"Though not so violent, we have its counterpart at sea—the waterspout: you remember meeting one in the Pacific. They are formed in the upper strata of the atmosphere—a whirl of air and vapor, like an inverted cone. This gradually extends downward until it approaches the sea, when the water is sucked up, twisted into another cone, and both join and proceed onward like a swaying pillar of whirling smoke. They are only a few feet in diameter, and last but a short time: the principal danger from them is the carrying away of spars and sails, and the great mass



Shifts of Wind in a Hurricane

of water that falls when they break; they have enormous wrenching power.

"Often, in hurricanes the Corpo Santo is seen at mast-heads; this is purely electrical; when heavily charged thunder clouds are passing over, they induce an electric condition opposite to their own in salient objects; from these a slow discharge takes place with a bluish light and faint crackling sound; such manifestations are known as Corpo Santo and St. Elmo's Fire, and are seen on mast-heads and yard-arms, and even on the hair and tips of the fingers. Their form, noise, and light are identical with the brush discharge from the spherical conductor of an electrical machine; and the phenomenon is due to a multitude of little sparks arising between the particles of air.

"But it is in severe storms of thunder and lightning that the best display of St. Elmo's Fire is seen: then it appears in a hundred globular masses, each a few inches in diameter, all over the prominent parts of the ship and rigging—depicting her in luminous outline—a brilliant, but weird spectacle.

"Not unfrequently, ships are struck by lightning, and then yards and masts are shattered, sails torn, and men stunned. But the bolt also causes a radical change in the magnetic character of the ship—her deviation table becomes useless, and she must immediately swing ship, if the Captain would not invite disaster.

"Even the compasses have been known to have their magnetism reversed, where it was not wholly destroyed; so that here too an immediate examination must be made. A case is on record where a Captain found his ship heading east by standard compass when the position of the sun clearly showed he should be steering west: a blinding

electric storm had just passed over and wrecked every compass, save one—a small boat instrument which had been wrapped in rubber cloth (a non-conductor) and placed in the life-boat as required by law, rather than through any thought that it would ever be of service; but in this extremity it proved to be his only guide to port.

"There! I think you have now heard as much about the terrors of the deep as you want to, and I hope you will be spared their reality in this region."

The day after the Wenonah passed the Rocks of St. Paul, the Captain expected to enter the Doldrums—that steamy, stifling belt of calms which wears the seaman out with days and days of gasping for any breath of air that will fill either sail or lung; but he was not going to tarry there—he would have steam ready when the wind fell light: the wind, however, held on strong and steady while gradually veering to the east, and eventually it jumped into the northeast quarter; and he had the rare good fortune to find one Trade merge into the other. He shaped a course for Trinidad, entirely unconscious of the trap the conspirators had intended to spring on him in the calm belt. Nature had foiled them for the nonce, but what occurred was most unusual—they would bide their time and keep a bright lookout for any opportunity to delay the ship. She kept on, however, with the fairest of winds and smoothest of seas—ideal ocean sailing.

In due time, the loom of Trinidad rose on the horizon: the ship drew on apace—night fell—and toward morning the Wenonah closed in with the land, from which fragrant odors of shrub and flower came to delight the senses and extend a pleasing welcome to port.

The Island of Trinidad was discovered by Columbus,

who gave it the name it bears in fulfillment of a vow to name the first land he should see on that voyage, in honor of the Holy Trinity; and it is singular that the land he did see, had three peaks rising from one mountain. The Island is a towering mass forming the northern boundary of the Gulf of Paria—a large arm of the sea indenting the coast of Venezuela. The Gulf has two openings—the Boca del Sierpe on the southern side, and the Boca del Dragon on the northern: Columbus entered by the former —explored the shores of the inland sheet of water, and left it by the Boca del Dragon; and he records with vividness the apprehension he felt—without chart, pilot or guide of any kind—on going through this passage full of rocks and a foaming sea. But in truth, its dangers were more apparent than real; and Columbus himself judged aright when he attributed the turbulence of the water to a tide from the sea struggling with an outrush from the Gulf —the accumulation of many rivers poured into it.

The morning broke bright and beautiful. The Wenonah was coasting along the northern shore of the Island, which was close aboard, fresh, green, and diversified—hill and valley covered with luxuriance of shrub and tree. The land rose sheer from the sea in many places and the foliage that clothed it was brilliant as if sparkling with the copious dew of night.

The principal town of Trinidad is Port of Spain, on the inside, or gulf shore, of the Island; and for this port the Wenonah was bound, through the Boca del Dragon.

The Engineer felt sure that steam would be required to reach an anchorage after entering the passage; but the ship sped rapidly on under all sail, and yet no word came from the Captain. Since no calm belt was encountered,

Ruggles intended to have the engine break down just inside the Boca: this would put Colburn to the delay and annoyance of beating up against the Trade wind to an anchorage —generally a tedious procedure.

The ship reached the passage: the wind still held, and even freshened as it drew into the Dragon's Mouth: the yards were gradually braced in as she rounded the western island, and then braced up until they were sharp on the port tack, and she headed for the anchorage. This was not reached on the first tack, but it was after two—much to the chagrin of the Engineer, who was thus balked a second time in his evil design.

In the Boca del Dragon are some small islands called the dragon's teeth; and the passages between some of these are navigable—others not: the important thing for a sailing ship is not to pass the proper channel, for then she would have to beat back against a head wind. Steamers coming from the eastward can enter one of the passages between the teeth, but sailing ships should stand on for the wide channel west of the last island.

Port of Spain is built on a beautiful tract of level ground elevated a few feet above the sea and enclosed by high hills. The city is clean and presents an attractive appearance. Tropical trees and foliage abound and afford grateful shade from the hot sun, as well as sweet odors to the smell, and restful colors to the eye. Electric cars run in the streets, and magnificent roads lead from the town: walking or horseback riding is a delight in the freshness of early morning or the cool of evening. There are several hotels in the town, and one in the suburbs—fronting on a grand expanse of lawn, midst the sweetness of flowers and the shade of trees, where every comfort and luxury may be had.

Fine churches of several denominations are in various parts of the town. A feature which attracts the notice of every visitor, is a flock of vultures in the streets: they pick up all eatable refuse and dispose of it without charge to the tax payers; and would that the scavengers of New York were as efficient and inexpensive!

There are two small areas of greatest heat in the world—one in eastern Africa, the other on the Caribbean coast of South America; and Trinidad lies within the latter: Port of Spain has the additional sultriness of being on the lee side of some hills, which screen it from the Trade winds. There is much close weather and all breezes are generally light. Although the town is hot, yet it is healthy—free from those epidemics that ravage other tropical places: it is within both the hurricane belt and the volcanic zone, but neither violent storm nor destructive eruption visits it.

While the day is oppressive, the night is worthy of every encomium: as in all tropical climes, night comes on with all its brilliant contrasts close upon the set of sun: no shading—no pale, sickly twilight, long drawn out like the pallor of the victim marked by death; but with scintillating flash and full intensity, every star bursts forth in its setting of deep blue. Add to this the phosphoresence of the water—sparkling brilliants clinging to the oar and eddying in the wake of the boat wherever she goes, and one has a charm of sea and sky at night that cannot be surpassed. Scientists tell us that "Phosphorescence is produced by myriads of animalcules, which have the property of emitting light from their bodies, like fire-flies. A hundred of them have been found in a single drop of sea-water." If this be true of sea-water in general, the Gulf of Paria must have a thousand animalcules to every drop—it is so luminous!

The Gulf is everywhere shallow, from the quantity of mud washed into it by the various branches of the Orinoco: vessels of great draught, therefore, have to anchor a long distance from the wharf—two miles or more. Considerable shipping is always in port, and frequent communication is maintained by steamers of several nationalities with the United States, South America and Europe.

A great pitch lake exists on the southern shore of the Gulf, and from it much of the asphaltum used for pavement in our cities is brought.

Sugar is largely an article of export; but the most important product is the seed used in making chocolate, whether beverage or bon-bon: one-tenth of the whole quantity consumed in the world comes from Trinidad; and the amount of it exported from the island reaches an immense volume. *Cacao* is the name of both the tree and the fruit: the average height of the tree is twenty feet, and it is covered with lustrous, dark, green leaves; it grows wild, and is also cultivated. When the Spaniards conquered Mexico, they found a drink among the natives made from this cacao, which they called *chocollatl* in the native tongue—whence our name for the same beverage. Each tree bears about ten of the fruit at a time, and the fruit is of the size and shape of a large cucumber, though more swollen in the middle: each fruit contains about sixty seeds imbedded in a spongy substance like that of a watermelon. When ripe, these seeds are taken out, cleaned, and dried in the sun: they are then gently roasted (like coffee) in a cylinder, which develops their peculiar chocolate odor. This is the cacao bean of commerce: it is brittle, aromatic, slightly astringent, and brown throughout its substance. Subsequent treatment is the secret of the

manufacturer, who prepares it as chocolate; and it is highly nutritious whether as food in the cake, or as liquid to drink —provided it be not adulterated with deleterious matter, as is often the case: even red ochre has been mixed with it and one could heartily wish that the man who could thus defraud the stomach, might be condemned for eternity to exist on a diet of the red earth alone!

The population of Port of Spain is a medley of many races: England owns the Island; but there are Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Venezuelans, many negroes, a remnant of the aborigines, and a large number of those other Indians from far Hindoostan who come as coolies. Of course the British are dominant in the administration of affairs, but not exclusively so—the man of varied hue is seen in many grades of official life.

To the westward of Trinidad, and not far away, is the chief port of Venezuela—La Guaira, of which a witty American wrote an amusing paraphrase of Byron's adieu to Malta; the first stanza is as follows:

"Adios to thee La Guaira, city of the dark eyed gente,
'Tierra of mucho calor y dolce farniente,
'Home of the wailing donkey and of the all abiding flea,
'Mañana, gracias a Dios, I bid adieu to thee."

And the rest were better left in its resting place.

The Wenonah came to Port of Spain to fill some remaining space with sugar and cacao beans; and having accomplished this, she got underway and stood out through the Dragon's Mouth *under all sail*, greatly to the disappointment of Sam Ruggles, Engineer, who thus saw his occupation dwarfed by the frequent use of canvas in places where

steam is generally employed by vessels possessing both kinds of motive power.

The passengers and crew were very sorry to leave this pleasant place: the former had passed their time delightfully at the hotel in the suburbs, and the Captain managed to give every man on board a few hours' run in the town. It was therefore with happy memories that all saw Port of Spain fade from view as the ship headed for the Boca, close hauled on the starboard tack.

CHAPTER XXII

Treachery

If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or, would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

—*Shakespeare.*

Upon leaving the Gulf of Paria, the Wenonah headed for the Island of Grenada, the Captain's intention being to cross the Caribbean Sea east of Aves Island, and re-enter the Atlantic in the vicinity of the Virgin group. To do this, he should have to keep close to the wind, to allow for leeway and current; for both wind and tide set westerly (often capriciously) through the various passages between the islands forming a fringe to the Caribbean Sea and separating it from the Atlantic Ocean: and the passage was made in this way—three of the most delightful days ever spent at sea. The breeze was steady, the sky clear, and the sparkling blue water as smooth as a lake: the ship sped onward with all the ease and grace of a skater on ice. The course brought the various islands of the windward

group successively into sight, so that their diversified surface, verdant with tree and shrub, or yellow with the ripening sugar cane—hills, valleys, plains, towns, and plantations —all could easily be seen. The nights were brilliant—equally charming with the day, and the passengers were loth to give them up to sleep or rest: they sat for hours on the poop with scarcely a word about anything but the delights of the immediate present—it was one running commentary on the happiness they felt.

But the Captain did not share this equanimity; abnormally good conditions sometimes precede a dire calamity—the patient often rallies just before collapse, and the quiet sultry atmosphere warns us of the coming storm: so while this placid Caribbean sailing might well be a weather breeder, still it was not this that worried Colburn—his anxiety was for conditions internal, whose signs were as alarming as the symptoms of a malignant disease.

On nearing her destination, life on board ship relaxes: it is the end of the voyage—the completion of the cruise; discipline and routine are hard to maintain—the men feel that the end is now so near that bad conduct will be lightly dealt with; at the worst, there is not much time to suffer punishment, and a little kicking out of the traces is grateful to the man long under restraint. Hence it is that those not imbued with self respect or a sense of duty (and there are many who are not, even among officers), give rein to their ill will toward constituted authority by an impertinent independence of speech and manner they would not attempt in the early days of the cruise. This well known trait was intensified on the Wenonah by the disloyalty of Jacob Hawse and his boon companion—Sam Ruggles.

The power of gifts and blandishments to gain men's

sympathies is of remote antiquity: the particular phase it took on the Wenonah has already been told—how Jacob Hawse laid in a supply of fiery liquor at Punta Arenas, and doled it out at times when a sailor would give body and soul for a drink: in return he won many, so that by the time the ship sailed from Trinidad, most of the crew were on amicable terms with him. And why shouldn't they be? Hadn't he made their blood tingle when wet to the skin, or sent it flowing through their veins when weary of the squalid mess that formed their food from day to day! He was a whole-souled man—full of human feeling—who knew the sailor, and why shouldn't they like him? So the dupes swallowed the lethal dose, got their perceptions more blunted, and became more entangled in his net.

To further his scheme, Hawse ran a parallel course—he decried the Captain and his management of the ship on every occasion; not openly, but by insinuation—a sly, steady sowing of discontent. He revived his practices of the early part of the voyage—Northrup's lecture on treachery and slander was now forgotten and the exposition therein made of the First Mate's methods had passed from the men's minds, so he could reopen old sores and create new ones: "The food was not what it should be; the Captain had no right to impose on them a livery as on a coachman, and make them go to the expense of clothes that only made them conspicuous for land sharks; then this nagging about personal cleanliness and things being ship-shape on board—were they children that they must be inspected to see if they washed themselves, or put on a clean shirt, or had their hair cut? It was no longer the free life of the sailor! Then there was that stabbing affair—no man's life was safe on board if a Dago

could rip out a stiletto and plunge it into a man's heart without being punished. . . . " And so on, and much more of the same kind, all cunningly distilled into their ears. When the First Mate gave an order every one jumped: when it became known that he wanted certain things done, and certain other things given the go-by, their action was all zeal in the one case, and studied slight in the other. Per contra, they would lag and be slouchy and awkward at anything the Captain wanted done, especially when such conduct pleased the Mate—as it always did.

At Port of Spain, Hawse received a letter from his friend in the counting house of the owners of the Wenonah: it brought joy to his heart—it told how his letters had raised such a storm that Colburn would be put out of the ship. This, with the strong current on board running counter to the Captain, and the fair wind and tide in his own direction, put the First Mate on solid footing again—he grew arrogant! Toward the men? O no: *toward the Captain!* Considering him on the brink of a precipice, he thought to push him over—to treat him with curt insolence, which the Captain would fear to resent: but the first time he tried it, he got such a rude set-back, that like the complaisant weather vane he was, he instantly swung round to the new shift of wind. He was far too shrewd to have a second throttling, either literal or metaphorical, to his discredit when they should reach New York; and so the mouth that opened with a snarl, closed with a smile.

Hawse was a keen observer of human weaknesses and a skillful manipulator of them to his own advantage. A slang phrase of the day—"What is there in it for me?"—expressed exactly his view of every situation, and he worked it accordingly. Now Ruggles could not be solaced

with rum, for he did not drink—that is, he cared so little for it that Hawse knew he could make nothing out of him by means of it; but the Engineer had a weakness—the vanity of absolute sway in his own department; and as a concomitant, that it should be brought into action whenever possible, to exhibit himself as the power that moved the ship: that any other force, physical or mental, terrestrial or celestial, entered into the combination that made the propeller revolve, never occurred to him. It was therefore a rankling wound to his feelings that the Captain should employ sail as much as he did where steam is ordinarily used: worse, Ruggles felt acutely the control (slight though it was) which Colburn exercised over his department.

The Captain early saw that he was a capable engineer and full of interest in his work—that he needed neither urging nor watching to do it well: he therefore had the good sense to let him alone, knowing that his efficiency would be impaired by any other course; but in his general inspection of the ship he took a glance at the Engineer's department, more to keep himself informed than make any adverse criticism—indeed he never did this (his comments were mostly complimentary)—but Ruggles could not brook even this supervision: the former captain never came into his engine-room, so that Ruggles resented the innovation.

Hawse early perceived the thorn and proceeded to tip it with poison: the Engineer was a prime factor in his scheme, and to enable him to further it, he had filled up Ruggles with so much jealousy and resentment, that (as we have seen) the Engineer was willing to have a fictitious breakdown of the machinery on two occasions. And yet no man could have been more tender of Ruggles' pro-

fessional sensibilities than Colburn was: truly, Hawse knew how to corrupt!

The day was glorious beyond description, and the Captain and his passengers were on the poop, all elated with the delights of sky, sea, and land: the Island of Santa Cruz was close aboard on the starboard beam, and afforded a welcome rest to the eye from the brilliance of sun and sea. Every once in a while some one would jump up and exclaim: "Isn't this glorious!"—"Isn't it delightful!" as if the feelings must have vent in some burst of gladness. The Doctor alone was meditative—gazing at sea and shore as if absorbed in some speculative reverie.

Santa Cruz is generally known by its French name, Sainte Croix; but at present it is neither French nor Spanish, but Danish, as is also the Island of St. Thomas, forty miles to the northward. Santa Cruz was discovered by Columbus on his second voyage, and has in turn been Dutch, English, French, and Spanish: the Danes bought it in 1733. The population is a sprinkling of different nationalities upon a foundation of negroes, numbering (in 1901) about nineteen thousand; and although various languages are spoken, English prevails.

The Wenonah was passing Frederichstad, a town at the western end of Santa Cruz: toward the east and south the land was quite level and dotted with plantation buildings, while in every direction lay extensive fields of sugar cane: through these fields ran long lines of cocoa-nut trees indicating the location and course of the highways. To the north, hills arose, covered with forests; a soft haze and filmy patches of cloud hung among the trees and made a pleasing contrast with the green of their foliage. The view everywhere was indeed pleasing, quiet, and peaceful—

fully warranting the exuberance of feeling experienced by all.

"Doctor, what are you so deep in thought about?" asked the Captain.

"I am thinking how like a cat this sea is—now so smooth and harmless that one would never think it had claws, and could rend and tear! Were you ever shipwrecked, Captain?"

"Not exactly, if you mean by that, going to pieces in a storm: but right over there—off that town—I was on a small vessel which was driven ashore by a tidal wave following an earthquake."

"Why, that's a rare experience—much more so than wreck by storm: tell us about it"; and all gathered round to hear the following account:

"It was in 1867, November 18th—a clear, calm, beautiful day, with sky and sea as serene as at present. I was Mate of a small brig anchored about half a mile off shore. Toward three o'clock in the afternoon we were under the awning smoking, when we were startled by an ominous rumbling, and vibration of the ship—she trembled from stem to stern as if steam were blowing off violently from the boilers. Our brig was a sailing vessel, however, so of course none of us thought of this as an explanation—I merely state it to illustrate the feeling.

"We were struck with astonishment; but hearing a commotion in the town, we looked that way, and saw people running about wildly and screaming; dust rising and chimneys falling; and then we knew it was an earthquake.

"One of us happened to glance seaward, and shouted to the rest to look at a huge wall of water coming in: it

extended all along the western horizon—a terrifying sight! It didn't comb as a wave on reaching shelving ground, but kept right on in one solid blue mass. We judged it to be fully sixty feet high, and thought it would break when nearer, and topple on our decks and sink us.

"But at the same instant, an equally frightful sight arose inshore—the sea was running out like a mill-race! The bottom was bare in places—not two fathoms' depth was under the ship—and still the water was rushing out with seething fury. Almost aground, and a monster wave closing in upon us! We could but wait its onset, and the suspense was terrible—the anxiety of a life-time crowded into a few minutes: there was our doom coming on—rolling in with mighty force—growing larger and speeding faster every second, and all we could do was to watch and wait for the staggering blow. It came—struck us broadside on—threw the vessel on her beam ends, and hurled us all in a heap against the port bulwarks.

"When we got to our feet, it was to find the brig driving in on top of the wave. She had snapped her chain, and righted at once after being knocked down: the wave passed under and bore us on without combing, and we got no water on the deck. I shall never forget the appearance of things, and the thoughts that occurred to me as we drove toward the shore. The sea over-flowed the level country around the town and far inland—the water was up to the second stories of buildings and still rising—*the Island seemed sinking*—and we appeared to be sucked in toward the whirlpool where the last hill should disappear!

"We looked calmly, and I may say without fear on what we believed our destruction: events occurred in quick succession, however; and perhaps we were a

little dazed—incapable of fully realizing what was happening.

"We shot past a small fort on the northern side of the town—you see it yonder—and were carried inland over some low ground, when a return wave caught us and bore us back; but the water receded more rapidly than the vessel, and left us stranded in a swamp a few hundred yards from the usual water-line.

"Then wave followed wave—in, and out, alternately—each smaller than the one before, until finally the sea settled down to its normal condition. Its surface was then seen to be covered with all kinds of articles, drifted out from the town—provisions, dead animals, furniture, clothing, dry goods, and everything else that could float: the stores were burst open by the flooding sea which carried off their contents in receding.

"I suppose that not more than five or six minutes elapsed from the time we first saw the wave until the vessel was hopelessly wrecked; and the appalling phase of this destruction was the quiet amidst which it was accomplished! The earth shook—everything rattled—objects were toppled over; but the air was calm, and the sun shone as bright as at this moment. It was the hidden working of a tremendous force that was terrifying—we could see and feel its effects, but nothing of the force itself: outwardly, all was peaceable and at rest. An earthquake is the most awe-inspiring of natural phenomena: one doesn't know when or where it will break out—any move may be fatal—and this insecurity blanches the cheek and starts a cold perspiration from every pore. It is no shameful thing to confess to fear of an earthquake: you cannot fight it, or ward it off, or provide against it, or escape it, or in any

other way exert yourself against this power of the Infinite! You feel you are in the hollow of God's hand, and await with trembling His action.

"I think several lives were lost, but I never learned how many. There was great damage to property, and nearly all the provisions in the town were destroyed. The people made for the high ground back of the town, and were thus mostly all saved. The negroes congregated in the churches after the water had subsided, and it was pitiable to hear their cries of despair at each shock; for although the waves of the sea went down, the tremors of the earth continued for many days, and some of the shocks were severe enough to crack walls, throw down pictures and mirrors, and cause furniture to jump about in a very uncanny way. At such times, as things in the churches shared in the general commotion, the beseeching yells and moans of the negroes for mercy were heartrending.

"I want to correct here a statement often made in the magazines and newspapers—that a ship of our Navy (the Monongahela) was driven ashore at *St. Thomas* by a tidal wave, and cruised over the tops of houses, finally stranding on the beach. The disaster occurred at SANTA CRUZ—I was there, and saw it: she did not cruise over the tops of houses, for the water never reached their tops: she went in on the same wave that wrecked our little brig, and had exactly the same experience; for both vessels were only a short distance apart, going, as we then expected, helplessly to destruction. But as soon as the Monongahela approached the row of houses on the water front, a return wave struck her, carried her out as far as the usual water line, where the bilge brought up against a small coral reef, and she stranded, heeling over consider-

ably. She suffered much damage, and some lives were lost—men in boats astern who hadn't time to get on board before the wave struck her, and others hurled overboard with a 60-pounder on the forecastle, when she was thrown almost on her beam ends as we were. Material was sent down from New York—ways built, and she was launched, broadside to, and proceeded home by herself: she was then a steamer, with sails bark-rigged: the engines and boilers were subsequently taken out and she became entirely a sailing ship: her end was tragic—she was completely destroyed by fire very lately at Guantanamo."

The Wenonah passed close to St. Thomas, the last of the Leeward Islands which enclose the Caribbean on the north; and she was now on the final stretch for home: the next land to be seen, was the Highlands of Navesink—then round Sandy Hook—sail up the Narrows—and let go the anchor off New York!

The thought sent a thrill through Colburn—the goal was almost in sight—he wanted to reach it without mishap.

The weather continued propitious: the breeze freshened, and the first day in the open sea, the ship made her ten knots an hour; the second and the third day she did the same, so that by evening of this day she was well up toward the latitude of Bermuda. The passengers were in high spirits, and the Captain was jubilant: he had been much on deck day and night since passing St. Thomas, to see that the utmost was gotten out of the ship—that every inch of canvas was set, every yard properly laid, and the course the most direct. He was excited—almost feverish with the anticipation the gambler feels who stakes his all on a number and anxiously watches the ball circle round.

Hawse, too, was delighted; but with the exultation of

Mephistopheles in the last act of Faust: his long watched prey was now within reach—the trap-door open—and all ready to extend the mantle, envelop the victim, and drag him down to perdition! The Trade-wind rose and fell—moaning through the rigging like Gounod's sad strains so fittingly suggestive of the lost soul going to its doom; the ship rolled quickly and deep to a beam swell; and the distance from port was exactly right: yes, if he had ordered the conditions, the success of his scheme could not be more promising.

All the afternoon Hawse walked up and down the starboard waist: his face indicated intense thought on some matter—something aloft, for he frequently looked up toward the main top. At length, he stopped near the ship's side, and leaning his back against the rail, fixed his gaze on the forward part of the main mast, about six feet below the top. He had been thus absorbed some minutes, when, as if suddenly realizing that the project in his mind might be suspected by some one watching him, he turned quickly around and looked out to sea: but he could not resist the fascination of whatever attracted him aloft; so, in order to disguise his thoughts, he walked forward and looked at the same part of the foremast, then aft at the corresponding point of the mizzen, and finally back to the main—all with alternate glances at the sails and yards, the backstays and the fore-and-aft stays: his scrutiny might well seem to indicate solicitude for everything being taut and trim.

Sam Ruggles approached unawares and said:

"Well, it's all right, isn't it?"

"What's all right?" snapped Hawse with an angry start, as if his thoughts had been divined.

"Why, you were watching things aloft as if you weren't

quite sure every sail was doing its best—are you so anxious to help Colburn get into port?"

"I may not be; but every seaman wants to see a ship do her best in a good breeze: it is like a horse-race—one's blood is up—he wants to see something win, even though it is not his own steed."

"Yes, but I don't think *we* want to see Colburn come out ahead in this business—do we?"

"No, but old habits cling to one; and I've been in the habit so many years of keeping a sharp lookout on the sails and rigging, that I was doing it without thinking. One gets into a groove of doing his duty: now, to-morrow I'm going to overhaul the ground tackle; we haven't moored ship this voyage—we'll have to do it at New York, and I want to have everything in apple-pie order. Swivels and pins may be stuck fast with rust; so to avoid any hitch, I'm going to examine them to-morrow. Do you happen to know anything that will eat away rust and loosen a pin or bolt that can't be pulled out?"

"Yes, I have just the thing—a preparation I got in Frisco: I've had nuts rust on so hard—big ones, too—that not a wrench in the ship could turn them; but I pour some of my acid on them, and in a few minutes it eats its way around the thread and they come off easy."

"I wish you would send me some of it: I don't think I'll need it, but 'tis best to have it at hand if I do: send me a monkey wrench, too."

"All right," said Ruggles; and he went below to send the articles up.

The ship was making a fine run, uncomfortable though it was from the incessant rolling to a beam swell—the long sea of the Trade winds. The weather had been clear

and beautiful, but toward evening of the day on which Hawse and Ruggles held the conversation related above, a change was evident from the appearance of the sky and the indications of the barometer. The latter began to fluctuate, with a general downward tendency—slight, but decided: clouds gathered, the horizon became misty, and the air damp. But more than these signs, the sea indicated that some violent disturbance of the atmosphere had taken place in the far off distance: the waves came in from the northeast in enormous volumes—mass upon mass as if raised by a much stronger wind than the Wenonah had. The threatening appearances continued during the first watch, particularly the swell; but the barometer began to hold out a ray of hope—it jumped a few hundredths of an inch, now up, now down, but on the whole was no lower at midnight than it had been at eight o'clock. The Captain was on deck a good deal, and watched the conditions closely: that a storm was raging somewhere, he had no doubt—the gusty, squally wind denoted that; but he judged from the behavior of the barometer that it was only its receding blasts they were experiencing.

The First Mate had the middle watch, and as the Captain had entire confidence in his seamanship, he went below at midnight and turned in, leaving word to be called if the weather got decidedly worse, and at any rate to call him at daylight.

The first three hours of the middle watch dragged on without incident—dark, foul, and squally; and the ship rolled and rolled until this seemed her only motion.

On each lower-mast, some six feet below the top, is the spider-band—a broad, stout ring of iron which (on the Wenonah) was sunk into a groove in the mast, not flush

with the wood, but deep enough to keep it from slipping: the band was not a complete circle, but on the forward part was cut and formed into two strong jaws: these had holes in them, through which a stout bolt passed, having a solid head on the outside of one jaw and a heavy nut on the outside of the other: by setting up this nut to the full, it tightened the band in its groove and fixed it firmly on the mast. A pin on the outside of the nut kept it from working loose.

From the spider-band the futtock shrouds extend to the outer rim of the top; they consist of thick iron rods fastened to the *under* side of the top and thus brace it down firmly to the mast; the topmast rigging comes down to the *upper* side of the top near the rim and receives both spread and secondary support from the top, while its primary support is the spider-band: thus, in reality, everything above the lower mast depends on the spider-band for support. It is probably the most important single piece of equipment in the ship.

At six bells of his watch, Hawse told the quartermaster at the wheel to keep a sharp eye on the steering, as he was going forward to see how things looked ahead. It was pitch dark, and a fine drizzle filled the air—a foul and dirty night! Hawse went quickly to the mainmast—took the monkey wrench and can of acid from their stow hole—slung the wrench around his neck with a lanyard—put the can in his pocket—jumped into the rigging, and laid aloft as nimbly as any man in the crew.

In a minute he had the nut of the spider-band gripped with the monkey-wrench (after pulling out the pin), and gave it a jerk; but it held firm—he might as well have tried to turn the topsail sheet bitts. When satisfied he

could do nothing by mere strength, he took the can and squirted acid all round the thread of the nut wherever he could get at it: while waiting to have it do its work, he lashed a stout bar of iron that was in the top, to the handle of the wrench, to give it greater leverage. Then he tried again, and after much effort had the satisfaction of hearing a sharp click, as of the separation of metal surfaces—evidently the acid had eaten its way nearly round the thread and his last tug had broken the slight contact that remained. He squirted more acid into the thread, and waited a few minutes: then he tried again, and to his delight the nut turned easily: he loosened it, but only a little—not half a turn, and then put the can in his pocket, slung the wrench, and laid down from aloft.

After secreting the tools, he went up on the poop, with as little show of emotion as if he had merely been on the errand he gave out to the quartermaster. He had not been gone fifteen minutes—no one knew of his design—no one saw him—none, save the All Watching Eye that sees foul deeds as well as good, "*and will render to every man according to his works.*"

Half an hour passed, the weather still dark and misty: at fifteen minutes to eight bells Hawse slipped quietly off the poop, went quickly forward, got the wrench and acid, and laid aloft: he tried the nut—it moved easily, so he pitched the can of acid into the sea. Then he turned the nut slowly—the bolt loosened—he turned more and listened for the crackling sound that denotes the separation of surfaces long in contact. It came: he gave a further turn to ensure success—that the rolling of the ship would eventually work the nut loose and the spider-band out of its groove: when satisfied of this, he slung the wrench, laid

down from aloft, and reached the poop in time to give the order, "Strike eight bells and call the watch!" When relieved by the Second Mate, he turned in, but not to sleep: no, he lay awake waiting—anxiously waiting for the fatal roll that should be the coup de grace of his scheme.

At daylight the Captain was called. The morning was dismal, but the barometer had an upward tendency and the wind was abating. The sea, however, still ran high, and the motion of the ship was intolerable. At early dawn the passengers turned out: sleep and rest were out of the question, and even when up, the discomfort was great—walking was impossible, and to sit or stand required a constant effort against the violent motion of the ship. She plunged into a mass of water—rose—quivered on the liquid summit—then slid down its receding slope, and rolled amidst a succession of combing waves that followed some tremendous sea. But with it all, she was driving on her course: every mile made, was a mile nearer the goal, and the Captain held on.

By eight o'clock the wind had fallen more, the sun came out, and the barometer was steadily rising: then the Captain knew that the storm, if such it were, was passing from them. An hour later the wind veered to the southward and fell to a light breeze, but the motion of the ship continued; the swell was almost abeam—one undulation after another with towering crest and yawning trough, to which the ship rolled until her main yard almost dipped into every billow as it came with might and majesty.

The breeze became fitful, and as its pressure on the sails lessened, every roll knocked the wind out of them, and they lashed back against the masts with a force that threatened to tear them from the bolt ropes.

About the middle of the forenoon, the Captain decided to bring the ship to the wind (which was then on the quarter) until the sea should go down: he took the deck, all hands were called, and every officer went to his station. The passengers came on the poop to watch the manœuvre. All hatches were battened down. The royals were taken in, and courses hauled up, but nothing furled: all other sail remained on the ship. He watched for a smooth time, put the helm down, and gradually braced the yards up on the starboard tack: she was coming easily to the wind when a heavy sea struck her—she rolled deeply to port—there was a loud crack aloft—and all looked up to see everything on the main come down with a thundering crash! In one tangled mass—sails, spars, and rigging—topsail, to'gallant sail, and royal; masts and yards; shrouds and stays, all fell on the main yard and cock billed it to port: the topmast was broken in two pieces, the lower cap split, and the head of the lower mast wrenched off: the main top was broken in halves, the half to port forming part of the wreck that fell on that side, while the starboard half was tilted upward. From both halves hung the futtock shrouds, twisted and bent, but still attached to the spider-band, which was drawn out of all shape, though not broken: it was of wrought iron. The jaws were wide apart, and the nut and bolt gone.

There was much damage to the fore and mizzen also: the upper stays leading from these masts to the main, brought down in their own wreck the fore and mizzen to'gallant masts, yards, and sails, with of course the royals.

The ship presented a pitiable sight—her proud crest of masts gone, she looked like a headless body! It was so sudden—such a wreck in little more than a calm, that it

The Wenonah Dismasted

could be likened to nothing but the blinding flash in a clear sky: all were struck dumb: they could but stand and stare and wonder what had done it—for a moment none found speech or motion.

Then the Captain recovering, called a seaman and sent him with orders to the Engineer to get up steam at once, and as rapidly as possible.

"O yes," muttered Ruggles when the messenger had left him: "in your hour of need you call on me, but this time you'll call in vain. I have my innings now, and you'll wallow long in your wreck and ruin before Sam Ruggles will lend a hand to pull you out. I remember Frisco and your jaunty uniform order. I remember the many times since, that you airily sailed in and out of port disdaining my engine: now you'll find your way to New York with your damn sails. I'll have my revenge. O yes, I'll get up steam, but not a mile will it drive you toward port!" And with this, he went to make a semblance of complying with the order.

The Captain now proceeded to clear away the wreck. Brooks went at once to him and said: "Captain, I am an old topman, and will lend a hand at the main."

The Doctor and Northrup also came up and said: "Captain, we're not like our young friend here—handy seamen; but we can pull a rope or lift a spar, and here we are with coats off ready to do our best: I guess we had better work with Brooks."

None of them expressed sympathy or regret at the accident, but Colburn knew from their natures that both these feelings filled their hearts, hidden under their matter of fact action: he simply answered, "I am very thankful for all the help I can get."

The first endeavor was to remove such hamper as obstructed the sail yet available for setting; and within a few hours the foretopsail, mizzen topsail, and some fore and aft sail were drawing: the ship would come to the wind—lie there a short time—then fall off, and roll and wallow, while parts of the wreck thumped the side as if to stave it in.

It usually took four hours to get up steam, and when this time had elapsed, Colburn sent to the Engineer to know when he would be ready: the answer came that he couldn't tell—he was having some trouble—possibly it would be an hour. That limit passed, and he came on deck to say that unless they could steady the ship, he could not couple the propeller. The Captain made every disposition of sail possible to keep her quiet, and she was so at intervals—long enough for any man to do the work; but Ruggles had no intention of doing it when he could.

Another hour was wasted in simulated effort—he delayed as long as he thought the matter would bear, and then reported the engine ready. The propeller turned—the ship forged ahead—but the engine had not been going half an hour when it came to a sudden stop. Ruggles sent word to the Captain that the air pump gave out, but that he would try to repair the damage. It was a lie—nothing gave out; he meant to dally with the Captain—to delude him with hope, so that he might rely on what should ultimately fail. Then he banked the fires and proceeded to tinker at the air pump, so as to be found at work in case the Captain or some one from the deck should come down.

Somebody did come—Hawse!

"Well, Sam; now is the time to stir up that old machine—we're in a bad fix."

They looked at each other, and both burst out laughing. Then Hawse drew a flask from his pocket—took off the cover (which formed a cup), filled it, and handed it to Ruggles, saying,

"Take this for good luck in getting that pump ready"; and again both laughed with a knowing leer.

"Anything I can do to help you, Sam?"

"Yes, spread the fires under that boiler and put on more coal—you know I must have a good head of steam when this job is done"; and again both chuckled.

"*Arthur:* There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
"*Hubert:* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
"*Arthur:* And if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings."

Sunset came, and still no engine moved; nor did it during the night, nor the next day, nor ever again (except spasmodically) during the dragging days that elapsed before the ship anchored off the battery at New York.

Ruggles kept his pact, and gratified his vengeful spirit: he devised one break-down after another to keep the engine from working more than a few minutes at a time, until the Captain, suspecting some design in this series of accidents, finally dispensed with it altogether—had the fires hauled, propeller uncoupled—and worked his way to port under jury rig. Colburn was no engineer, and had no one he could rely upon to detect Ruggles' treachery and replace him; but he had sails, he knew how to use them, and there was wind to fill them; so he was not as helpless as Sam Ruggles thought, or Jacob Hawse wished.

When Brooks (whilom seaman, topman, and boatswain's mate in the Navy, and subsequently first mate of a clipper ship) laid aloft, after tendering his services to the Captain, it was to see what could be done toward getting the main top back in place. On examining the spider-band, he was surprised to find some bright patches on its jaws, as if cleaned by an acid: he smelled of it—it had an acid odor! He laid down from aloft at once—searched about the deck—found the nut: that, too, had a clean surface and acid odor! He found the bolt, also clean in spots and smelling of acid! But more than all this, the threads of the bolt nearest the end, and some on the nut, were stripped off smooth, as if the nut had worked its way partly off, and then been pulled entirely off by a violent tug, thereby tearing away the remaining threads of nut and bolt that had been in contact. Such an explanation was readily afforded by what actually occurred—the heavy pull of the topmast when its support was loosened and it broke adrift. Could it be that the pin in the bolt outside the nut had *dropped* out? But how account for the acid? He sought diligently for the pin—found it, and to his amazement the head showed marks of a tool having wrenched it out! He searched again and found the monkey-wrench—smelling of acid!

By this time he was in a state of excitement hard to control: within a few minutes he had discovered that what was thought to be an accident was none other than a diabolical act! All in a tremor, he hastily called Northrup and the Doctor—related what he suspected, and showed them what he found. Who was the miscreant? The same name rose to the lips of all—Hawse!

But Northrup, with the lawyer's caution, advised that

until they could find out more, especially something to connect him irrefutably with the deed, they should keep the matter to themselves; and in no case even hint of it to Colburn: and this counsel prevailed. All three decided to watch the First Mate closely; and for this purpose they would take turns at night until the ship had her jury spars up. Then Brooks took the wrench, nut, bolt, and pin —hid them in his room, and returned to work on the wreck with the other two: they meant to keep it up until dark— then turn in, and be called at four o'clock, as Hawse had the morning watch.

The Captain was to continue on deck during the first and middle watches, directing the work. At sunset he called all hands aft and told them he wanted every available man to work on the wreck, day and night, until it was cleared away and the jury rig up; and that they would be divided equally in two watches for this purpose, except from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon, during which time all hands would be on deck, with an hour for dinner. Then he piped down and set to work with the watch whose turn it was.

And so throughout the night the work went on—slowly, for the men were sulky. At six bells of both the first and middle watches, the Captain had the cook prepare a substantial meal of hot coffee, biscuit, butter, potatoes and corned beef, and serve it out to the men: this put them in good spirits during the last hour of the watch—they worked better; and when eight bells struck, it was to go below and sleep with the contentment of a full stomach.

When Hawse came up for the morning watch, he was in better humor than the Captain had ever seen him: he received the orders for continuing the work, in a cheery

spirit, and said he would drive it on. Then the Captain turned in. On learning of the extra meal served out, Hawse decided to go it one better; so at four bells, he got his bottle and small glass, went to the lee of the mainmast, and called the men one by one to give them a dose: as each turned away full of its warmth and tingling geniality, he gave expression to the general feeling—"Ah! that's the stuff—to hell with the Captain and his hot coffee—the Mate's the man for us!"

The work went on languidly; for the men quickly saw that the Mate was in no hurry with it and they took their cue accordingly. This roused Brooks to remark with indignation:

"Mr. Hawse, the men are doing nothing—they're simply soldiering—we'll never get to port at this rate."

He looked so angry, and Northrup and the Doctor backed him up with such a fierce glare (all three had been up since daylight working hard), that Hawse thought best to turn his retort about it being none of their business, into an excuse—that the men were worn out by the night's work.

The Captain came up at six bells to take the observations for longitude and compass error: he was greatly disappointed at the little that had been done in the three hours since he left the deck, and told the Mate so in no soft words; but the latter replied with the usual excuse—*that he was doing the best he could.*

"I am doing the best I can" is as exasperating to the commanding officer from a subordinate, as "I don't remember" is to the lawyer from an evasive witness: both answers are wholly insincere and hypocritical—a subterfuge to cover up incompetency, ill will, or reluctance to do

duty in the one case; and to avoid acknowledging incriminating acts in the other case.

The sea had subsided to a long swell and the wind was rising to a fresh, steady breeze—conditions which would ensure good speed if the engine were working, or even under sail alone if anything could be set on the main; but there was such a mass and tangle of material there, that another day must elapse before a clearing could be effected.

When Hawse was relieved, he went below and turned in on the plea that he was sick.

The Captain took charge aft, and sent the Second Mate to look out forward. The work was sullenly done—the men had to be driven: Hawse's influence was potent even while he slept.

As the hours waxed on, it was noticed that one man after another left his work and went under the topgallant forecastle: at first, each came back after a few minutes; but eventually, those who went, did not return; and soon noise, song, and boisterous laughter came from the forecastle. The Captain having missed some men he had on a job, was going forward when he heard these sounds—he hastened on. At the break of the forecastle, a staggering sight met his view: there, lolling and sprawling on the deck in various stages of drunkenness, were a score of men, with half a dozen bottles—all partly empty—circulating among them—each grabbing a bottle from the other and trying to get a swig, while it was held back for the same purpose. They were uproarious, maudlin, and ribald. On seeing the Captain, they shouted,

"The Mate's a brick—he's got the stuff—to hell with your coffee!"

With a bound Colburn jumped among them—seized

one bottle after another and hurled it over the side. Then finding Ivan Kaulbars and a few of his ilk more obstreperous than the rest, he put them in double irons: the others were wholly unfit for work, and there was nothing to do but let them sleep off their drunken stupor.

And this—twenty men turned into sodden beasts at a critical moment; their services lost; their inane jollity grating on the ear amidst the wreck about them; the wind rising; the ship without adequate sail; the engine disabled; a tangle of broken spars, twisted rigging, and torn canvas littering the decks; disorder and confusion everywhere; and demoralization and sulkiness among the crew!—yes, this *was* enough to exasperate the mildest temper, and make the stoutest heart faint.

There was not an officer or man in the ship's company whom Colburn could rely upon: he was absolutely alone—without support, sympathy, or friendly feeling. And why? Because he had merely done his duty—had become in reality the captain of the ship, and not a figure-head for an ambitious subordinate to govern through. He went aft and sent for Hawse.

"Did you give the men whiskey?" was his direct question.

"No sir, I did not."

"Then where did they get it? Twenty of them are drunk forward—I took half a dozen bottles from them—and they say you have it."

"O, I have a few bottles for my own use that I bought at Sandy Point; but they're safely locked up in my storeroom."

"Go and see if they are there now."

Hawse went, and returned with well simulated anger.

"No sir, they are not: some one has broken in and taken every drop I had, together with many other things." For once he spoke the truth; but it was with joy that he heard his loss had been the means of such havoc: why, if he had the ordering of things himself, he couldn't have done it better! So he thought, but to the Captain he put on a grieved look: Colburn fixed him with an angry stare and said:

"Mr. Hawse, I regret I didn't do one of two things during this passage—either set you ashore at Callao, or put you on the forecastle when we were off the coast of Patagonia: both were in my mind. You needn't look surprised—I had good cause for either course, as you well know. Your conduct on the way down from San Francisco was that of a vicious instigator of discontent, and your usefulness as an officer was gone when the Boatswain choked you: O yes, I've known of that for some time. As a seaman, you are one of the best I have ever known; but as for straightforward action between man and man, it isn't in you.

"You knew the temptation drink is to sailors, and yet you put it within their reach: now see the consequences! That is all I have to say at present."

Hawse was not sure that Colburn did not know more than he expressed, so with the evil-doer's fear, he turned away without a word.

For some days the ship crawled along under such sail as was added from time to time according as jury spars were rigged, until finally she was under topsails, courses, to'gallant sails, and fore-and-aft sails, making fairly good speed. But what a pitiful sight! No longer the neat and trim Wenonah, but a bedraggled tramp of the sea.

Northrup and Brooks went among the men and asked about the disaster—what did they think caused it? The answers were singularly accordant. Then they asked Hawse—how did he explain it? "Easily enough: the ship wasn't brought to the wind properly—the courses were hauled up and topgallant sails left on the ship—the pressure was all aloft without anything to balance it on the lower masts, and so the spars yielded to the unequal strain." And this, in substance, was what the crew said, too: they had been well coached.

Brooks could not help turning upon Hawse and saying: "I certainly didn't think you would concoct such a silly fable as that, and less that you could make the crew swallow it: truly, they are a gullible lot!"

They sought Sam Ruggles to see if he knew anything. Northrup said: "Mr. Ruggles, as we are nearing port, I want to overhaul my trunks—I presume I shall find the locks stuck and hinges rusty from the wet weather we've been in—can you lend me a few tools and something to clean off the rust? I am a little of a machinist and carpenter, and should like a hammer, tacks, nails, and a wrench."

"I can give you the hammer and nails all right, but the acid for eating away rust and a monkey wrench I cannot; I lent them to the First Mate the day before we carried away our masts, to work on the anchor gear; and he has not returned them yet."

Northrup fired only a random shot, but it hit the bull's eye! and for fear they should betray the importance of their discovery, he and Brooks talked with all the indifference possible until they could be by themselves.

"There!" said Brooks with impatient conviction; "what further proof do you want?"

"Proof! my dear fellow," answered Northrup—"we have none: circumstantial evidence? yes, a good deal, and very valuable; but remember we have nothing to show that Hawse did the deed—he might have had a human tool, and it is the person who actually turned the monkey wrench that we want to get hold of : he may accuse Hawse of instigating it, and then he would be an accomplice; but we want something more direct than we have at present to connect him with it: let us search further—enquire about Hawse's doings previously to the disaster."

They found that Carlo Castagnuolo had the last two hours at the wheel during Hawse's middle watch on that fateful night. Carlo added another link to the chain—telling how Hawse was twice absent from the poop for about fifteen minutes each time; that he told the quartermaster he was going on the forecastle to see how the weather looked ahead, but he saw nothing unusual about him when he returned.

"What more do we want to hang that scoundrel?" said Brooks. But Northrup answered, "Let us ask the Captain how he explains the accident."

The ship was within a day's run of New York before Northrup found it in his heart to speak to Colburn on the subject, and even then Brooks tried to dissuade him from it.

"You see how hard Colburn takes it: he sleeps little and eats little—is generally on deck—restless, and seemingly apprehensive of another calamity. He is rapidly getting sick. His ambition was to make this command a success, and see what he is taking into port—a crippled ship and a mutinous crew! It will go hard with him—he knows it—and I don't wonder he is worried. He hasn't the duplicity

to cloak his feelings—they are all in his face and manner for those curs, Hawse and Ruggles, to gloat over: it is ever the same—when one in power comes to grief, the meanest of his subordinates are the first to show disrespect. I should like to tell the Captain how deeply his hard luck appeals to my feelings: that the situation is serious, we all know; and that he takes it seriously—as he should, we also know. This making light of a dire situation—putting a bold front on it, as some people advise—is both silly and insincere: let them be but crushed themselves, and see how soon they'll droop and wear a downcast mien; it is not natural to do otherwise, and the man who attempts it, is a hypocrite.

"The Captain has avoided all mention of the disaster, and I infer that he doesn't want to discuss it: besides, I don't think he could add anything to what we know."

But the delver for facts—the searcher for the pith and marrow of a case, is no respecter of feelings when the scent leads to a possible clue; and so it was that the next morning when Colburn was leaning up against the mizzen rigging and looking fixedly at the main top Northrup approached him and said: "Well, Captain, how did it happen?"

"I wish I could tell," answered Colburn: "I've been asking myself that question for days past, but am yet no nearer an explanation than at first. That the topmast rigging lost its support from the spider-band getting loose, is plain enough; but *how* did it get loose—that is the question: I can only imagine that the bolt in the jaws broke, which would of course release the band—the futtock shrouds would then pull it off at the first roll, and the crash would follow. I went aloft as soon as we got some sail on the ship, and examined everything carefully; then I came on

Jacob Hawse, First Mate of the Wenonah

deck and searched for the bolt and nut, but found nothing —they must have been jerked overboard." As the Captain did not encourage further conversation, Northrup dropped the subject—he saw he knew nothing positive, and that if he had any plausible supposition, he would not communicate it.

Then Northrup, Brooks, and the Doctor held a council as to whether they should tell Colburn all they knew. Brooks was eager to do so at once: he wanted to see the culprit in irons—caged beyond the power to do further harm; besides, it might have an intimidating effect on his ally, Ruggles, who would then find his engine in condition to drive them into port: Brooks had no doubt of its defects being a put up job—he knew enough of the wile of the sea to believe Ruggles entirely capable of doing a treacherous deed when it served his purpose.

The Doctor refrained from expressing an opinion until he should hear what Northrup's was. The latter said: "This is not a case the Captain can punish—it is far too grave for that: it must be taken into the United States Criminal Court. You empanel a jury—who are they? As a rule, men with a bias for the seaman as against the officer, and for the mate as against his captain. The brutal autocrat of the quarter deck is their idea of the latter—they have an inherent antipathy for him. That jury is to pass upon the facts: what are these? You and I and other witnesses recount them: the wrench, bolt, nut, and pin are exhibited, and the circumstances related pointing to their use. Will the story be credited? Hardly; for it must seem incredible to any body of men that such a fiendish crime could be committed. You must show some great motive impelling to it, and what one can you assign?

Animosity toward the Captain? It is wholly inadequate—no jury would believe that the second officer in the ship would wreck her and endanger his own life as well as the lives of all on board merely through enmity for the man in command. Then the crew is called up—one after another testifies in favor of the Mate, and not one for the Captain! What does this mean? To the minds of the jurors, that he is the typical tyrant of the sea; who drives, abuses, grinds his men—a hardened old sea dog who lashes with the cat. Let the counsel for the prisoner get a hold of this end of the tale, and there is not a fiend in hell equal to Captain Colburn, albeit that it is all based on innuendo skilfully evoked by question of the witnesses for Hawse, without a specific harsh act on the part of the Captain to point to. Then, gentlemen of the jury, where was the motive and who was the culprit? The Captain, through bad seamanship (as testified to by every one of the crew), brought on the disaster, and, to clear himself, invents this monstrous plot! Was anything more devilish? But is it not in keeping with the character given him, without a dissenting voice, by his officers and men? The jury scarcely leaves the box—the foreman announces a verdict of acquittal for the Mate, and Colburn (at the instance of Counsel for Hawse) is immediately arraigned for defamation of character and criminal libel."

"Yes, you are right," said the Doctor: "I think the case would turn that way, and Colburn would only be the victim of plausible coloring of the circumstances."

"And now I agree with you both," said Brooks: "I didn't think it possible that such a clear case could be turned awry."

The ship kept on without further mishap. Toward noon of a fine Saturday she rounded Sandy Hook, and with a fair wind and under all sail, stood up the channel and through the Narrows: there we shall leave her, to relate what followed in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIII

Judas Gets his Reward

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.
—*Shakspere.*

Toward sunset, the Wenonah approached an anchorage off the statue of Liberty—not with the proud crest of lofty spars, taut rigging, and trim sails, her Captain stepping the bridge with the conscious pride of commanding a noble fabric of the sea; but a cripple, under stump topmasts, fished yards, patched sails, and many other expedients to enable her hobble into port, while her commander was as broken in spirit as the ship was wracked in equipment. It was her home coming—sad and crouching, compared with the erect and bouyant mien entering foreign ports! But the reception one gets from his own is often the least cordial. It was sorely disappointing to Colburn to come thus discredited before his employers. How could he explain it? He could not—there was no plausible theory he could frame.

After letting go the anchor, he gave some orders to the First Mate about affairs on board, and then went below. It was Saturday evening—there was no possibility of reporting his arrival before Monday morning, so he decided to take some rest—he was both sick and weary. While the need for strain lasted, he kept on the rack; but when the tension was released, his nerve and will relaxed

too—they were but parts of the same organization that had been harried and drained of vitality for weeks.

He sought the passengers and told them he had directed the Mate to afford them transportation ashore; but that if they wished to remain until Monday, they were entirely welcome to do so. They decided to go, and after bidding him a regretful farewell, they left the ship: Brooks promised to return the following day and spend the afternoon with him—there was a strong warm feeling between these two men.

And now Hawse was master, for the Captain turned in, leaving word not to be called unless something important occurred; the injunction was unnecessary, for the Mate was only too anxious to attend to everything himself.

The Captain slept not: all night he turned from side to side, his head a whirl of thought: how did it happen?—what would the owners do? He was unknown to them—would they be considerate, and regard the accident as one of those unavoidable events of the sea; or would they ruthlessly dismiss him? And then what should he do? Discredited by disaster, where could he look for another place? At best, with the prestige of a long career of success, it was hard to get a ship—they were so few; but with his first command brought in a wreck, the prospect was dark and disheartening. The city was practically new to him; he was without friends and with little means; besides, he was on the downward slope of life—what should he do if set adrift? And moreover, he was not alone—he had a wife dependent on him in California, who would be tortured by vivid imaginings, worse by far than the reality: the apprehension of the unknown is ever worse than the suffering of the actual. And so he turned thought after

thought over in his mind until it was hot with working, and his eyes burnt from fixity of looking—trying to peer into the future. His bodily and mental ailments reacted on each other, and intensified the condition of both. Sunday morning came, and he dozed off for an hour, only to wake with a start—eyes wide open and brain alert, to begin the tread-mill of the night.

During the forenoon some reporters with note-book and camera visited the ship. Hawse received them affably and talked volubly: he told them the crew were at liberty to speak freely on the events of the voyage—the Press was the greatest institution in the country, and the Public were entitled to know what was going on. It is needless to say that his secret code of communication with certain members of the crew came into use at once, and they were instructed as to the trend their stories should take; and Hawse was careful to see that only these men were interviewed by the scribes. When they left the ship, they were greatly elated over the material gathered for a highly seasoned tale of the sea.

And so when Monday morning came, the daily papers gave prominent place to picture and story of the dilapidated Wenonah: "She had a remarkable voyage—slow, but not for want of wind; the Captain was cautious about carrying sail—it was his first command, and, naturally, he had the timidity of a novice. Otherwise, his newness in the duties of his position was evident in the way he ignored the comforts, customs, and privileges of the sailor—all that body of little matters beyond legal requirement or the stipulation of the shipping articles; but which on that very account are more dear to Jack, because woven into his nature by long custom. Fortunately, however, an intercessor stood

between him and the crew—the Mate, who knew the needs of the men, and had the harshest measures mitigated, and even obtained some favors: it is believed that open mutiny was thus averted in many cases. At any rate, whether due to ignorance or perversity of spirit, the efficiency of the ship suffered; and she came into port full of sour discontent. Then she took an extraordinary route—through the long winding channels of Patagonia in order to enable some passengers to enjoy the marvelous scenery of that region: truly, this was a complaisant company of ship-owners that could thus afford to burn coal and have their vessel lounge leisurely along for the gratification of those on board. One serious event occurred—a man was stabbed; yet through misguided leniency, the Captain did not punish the assailant nor hold him for criminal assault upon an unarmed man who gave no provocation other than uttering a little joke; but it was the usual case of the hot tempered Italian, ever ready with his stiletto for the heart of an American citizen: surely, the injured man could find redress in the United States Court.

"The worst thing of all, however, was a disaster that happened near Bermuda—apparently due to an awkward attempt to bring the ship by the wind: she came into port like a lame duck—one leg broken, a shattered wing, dirty plumage, and her gait a limp (this simile highly pleased the youthful scribe). Was the Captain incompetent? At any rate, this was the last voyage any sailor in the ship would make with him. And the officers? All bricks, especially the First Mate—a fine sailor—they'd go anywhere with him—he knew how to handle the ship; they would never reach port if it hadn't been for him." And so on through more than a column, capped with scare

headlines; and all so deftly colored—a delicate shade here, a heavy brush there, a small incident dropped out in one place or inserted in another to give the event the desired turn—that even the most salty sailor might be puzzled to say how much was true and how much false.

On Monday the Captain could not leave his berth: he had scarcely slept for two nights, or eaten for two days—he was bordering on brain fever. As he had to report the ship's arrival, he sent for Hawse and told him to go to the owners and relate the circumstances of the passage, and tell them that he would go himself as soon as he could get up. Hawse showed much concern for his condition, and expressed such deep sympathy, and evinced such a desire to do little kindnesses that it softened Colburn's heart; and he had a revulsion of feeling: "Perhaps, after all," he thought, "I have done him injustice—he may have streaks of loyalty and sincerity"; and so a remorseful wave mingled with kindly sentiments swept through him. But Hawse had scarcely left the ship, when one of his minions (previously instructed what to do) sent to the cabin three of the morning papers with a big red pencil mark on each pointing to the article on the Wenonah.

"O the scoundrel—the traitor—how could he be so double-faced!" broke out the Captain, as he read lie after lie. They threw him into a rage—all the more violent because of the good feeling it had just replaced: the deceit was exasperating; and to think he was on the point of trusting this Judas again!

It was in this state—almost insane from a sense of wrong and misrepresentation, crazed by loss of sleep, and weak from want of food, that Northrup, Brooks, and the Doctor found him when they came aboard to make a friendly

visit. They told him they had just left the three newspaper offices and had given to each a true version of the incidents; but they omitted to say (which would only exasperate him the more) that there was no hope of having the correct account published.

The deed was done: "The editors had confidence in their reporters—these had been on board—had questioned everybody: they themselves took all the care a court could, in sifting the evidence; and they saw no reason to revise their opinion." They might have added (if they chose to be frank) that it would discredit them to acknowledge that they had given a biased account: better let the wrong remain, than confess it had been committed; this, and not any extravagant confidence in their reporters, was the actuating motive (among others) for their refusal to redress an injury.

Even if the true state of the case were published, would it undo the evil? Not at all. The venom had spread—a million minds had absorbed it, and man is prone to believe evil rather than good of his fellow man, especially when the evil comes to those who govern as against the governed; and so Colburn was condemned by every one who read the article.

Hawse was astute: he had the case presented by an advocate, and passed upon by a jury—Press and Public—which often render a verdict on ex parte evidence; only the plaintiff's testimony is generally heard. And if the defendant interpose his plea—will it avail? Scarcely ever. The statute of limitations bars him—the public has heard the story already—the sensation has passed—they're tired of ancient history. But the justice of the case? Bah! they have no time for details. Not one in ten thousand

who read the accusation will either see or care to look at the defense: to their view, it is but the wail of a culprit, not the indignant denial of the innocent. And so the harm is done—the wicked triumph—and the evil is perpetuated.

Before Northrup, Brooks, and the Doctor went on board, they considered the advisability of seeing the owners of the ship and counteracting the evil influence the newspaper articles might have on them. But Northrup said: "Nobody knows better than a New Yorker what a conglomerate of exaggeration, misrepresentation, and craftily turned phrases such articles are. They are written for a class that, like the gross feeder, must be tempted by high seasoning: this has now reached a stage where only the red pepper and tabasco sauce of composition will stir to interest. It is like the appropriations asked of legislative bodies—so far beyond what is required, or expected to be given, that the applicants hope, that when pared down, they will get what they really need: the percentage to be cut off, is added in advance—a hypocritical procedure. So with the sensational scribes: they write to attract by the enormity of their statements, trusting that some of their lies will inoculate—and they do, and poison too. But any sensible man who uses his intelligence can readily distinguish the shading and coloring put on to give the whole a certain aspect. I presume those ship-owners are hard headed men of business and can readily see through the deceitful turn given every incident in these articles; it would be making too much of such writing to go to the firm and expose its falsity—they might think: 'Well, perhaps there is more in it than we thought.' No: my opinion is, that while these

articles may create a slightly unfavorable impression on these men, still I cannot conceive them having such effect as to work serious injury to the Captain; and therefore that we had better not speak of them."

But Northrup did not know Alec Campbell and Company—they were far more sensitive to criticism, and much less sensible than he thought: when Jacob Hawse reached their counting-house, he found the Captain already sentenced—the Press had done its vicious work—Colburn was moribund, and Hawse had only to order the shroud and prepare the obsequies. He found the owners furious over the undesirable notoriety given their firm and ship—entirely prepared to believe anything of the man who brought it upon them. It was therefore with ease that his delicate insinuations at Colburn's incompetency had their full effect: indeed it was with commiseration—rather excusing him—that Hawse spoke of his unfitness for the sea; but there was the ship—ocular proof of bad seamanship and insubordination. All this—intimated by skilful innuendo, settled Colburn's fate. But they mustn't think he, Hawse, wanted to injure the Captain; he felt sorry for him; let them investigate for themselves—send a man on board under guise of wanting to ship: let him go freely among the men and ask their opinion about the state of affairs. One member of the firm caught at this straw to quiet his scruples before adjudging summary dismissal. And so it was decided that one of the clerks in the office should perform this duty. The result may as well be anticipated and stated here: over night, Hawse had thoroughly primed those of the crew who were in his toils with what they should say; these men, and only these, were conspicuous when the fictitious aspirant for sea service came

on board; the men that Hawse was not so sure of were kept well out of the way on work aloft, so that the gullible clerk was filled to the gorge with all that lying tongues could utter against the Captain. He returned and made his report: that settled the qualms of the self-styled conscientious member—Colburn should go as soon as he was able to leave his berth.

To return to the Captain when his whilom passengers visited him: the Doctor saw that unless he could get some sleep, his condition might become serious—he was in a frenzy of indignation; the newspaper articles so grossly distorted his every act and turned them so skillfully to his disadvantage, that he could but exclaim, "O the injustice of the thing! to think that man could lie so! or that God should let him live after doing it!" Colburn was verging on insanity. The Doctor gave him a mild sleeping potion, and after seeing that it began to have effect (his exhausted condition aiding in bringing on quiet), he and the others took their departure, leaving instructions with the steward how to care for him.

Hawse returned to the ship in high spirits, and was more gracious to the men than ever before; his geniality was so exuberant that he bestowed smiles on even those that never had such from him.

And so a few days passed: Doctor Austin came every day to watch the patient, and on the fourth, he told Northrup and Brooks that the Captain would soon be able to come on deck. As each had matters to engage his attention for some time, they decided to go together on the following day and bid Colburn farewell. The question came up again—should they tell the Captain of the facts pointing to Hawse as the author of the disaster? They went care-

fully over the whole ground, and saw no reason to change their first decision; but if anything should come to Colburn through the machinations of Hawse, they would consult further as to their course. Meanwhile, they would attend to their own affairs—the ship would unload and take on new cargo—the Mate would find another ship (for they knew from Colburn that both would never again sail together)—and at the end of a week they would go and bid the Captain a final farewell.

During three days Hawse had not seen the Captain once, although he made the most earnest enquiries several times of both Doctor Austin and the steward as to the progress of his ailment, and his probable recovery. They could not understand this solicitude on the part of one so hostile at all other times. It soon came out: on the fifth day, Colburn—haggard, pale and weak—came on deck, and told Hawse, who was there, to have a boat ready for him, that he was going to see the owners.

"O that is not at all necessary," said the Mate with a supercilious sneer, as he drew an envelope from a side pocket and handed it to the Captain.

Colburn opened it and found a curt note from the firm of Alec Campbell and Company discharging him without a word of regret, farewell, or explanation; and enclosing a check for his pay up to the day of arrival. It stunned him—he looked at Hawse, who said with scorn:

"And now, Mr. Colburn, I'll have a boat for you in a moment, and I want you to get out of this ship at once—I'm Captain now."

"I shall go when I'm ready; but until I do go, you keep a very civil tongue in your head; or, by Heavens, I'll strangle you on this deck at the first word—you black-

hearted coward!" Then he went below and packed his trunks.

Meanwhile, the Mate had all hands called aft on the quarter deck, and read a letter from the owners of the ship appointing him to the command. He read it in a firm, authoritative tone; and when done, one of the meekest of his toadies proposed three cheers for Captain Hawse: they were given, but—like the actors' claque—with a forced rather than a hearty utterance. It pandered to the new Captain's vanity, however; and with a condescending wave of the hand he motioned to them that that would do—they should go forward.

With an airy strut and expansive manner, he paced up and down the poop until the boat was ready, with Colburn's baggage in it. Then he called the quartermaster and said, "Go and tell Mr. Colburn the boat is waiting for him." Colburn came out of the cabin and went toward the gangway: he went alone—unaccompanied; and there is nothing so indicative of utter isolation and loneliness, as this spectacle of the late commander of a ship leaving it without any show of courtesy or good feeling on the part of those but a moment before subject to his orders. Hawse stood on the poop like a bronze statue, his arms folded, gazing fixedly at the crew gathered some distance forward of the gangway, many snickering, others indifferent. The eyes of Hawse were upon them, and if any felt like saying good bye to the late Captain, he was deterred by the displeasure it would cause the new one. Hawse meant that Colburn should leave with all the indignity he could heap upon him—the latter took in the situation at a glance when he came on deck—and with a sore heart, but firm tread, he walked alone to the side and got into the boat, without a

word to any one or from any one: a funeral could not have been more sad and solemn.

And this was the crew for which he had done so much—the men toward whom he was always just and often generous, while trying to improve the degraded condition that years of the treatment such as the Hawses of the sea had fixed upon them! In the face of it, who will speak up for the manliness or appreciation of the sailor? Neither trait certainly characterized this crew: no; rather, fawning cowardice streaked them all. They ended as they had begun—ingrates—dupes of rum and debasing manipulation—victims of their own narrow prejudices!

And now they quickly found out the real Hawse: they could scarcely believe that two such personalities could animate the same body—the man who had dealt out rum when they were wet and weary and who had been so genial and smiling the past few days—could this be the same man that now snarled and abused them, was arrogant and irascible; who kept them hard at work all day, nagged them, would listen to none of their plaints, but told each he could go elsewhere—that he was a worthless shirk anyhow, that he could get plenty of good men, Americans too, not such foreign riff-raff as they were—the scum of the sea.

The truth was, Hawse wanted to get rid of his former accomplices, and took this means of making them go: some did go, but the Boatswain and a few others (the very ones Hawse most wanted to leave) still held out; they had been a long time on the Wenonah, and it was not easy to get another good berth. But Hawse made up his mind that the Boatswain should go, and he set about harassing him with every means his vicious ingenuity could devise: the

Boatswain was a favorite of the owners of the Wenonah, however—it would be hard to dislodge him, and the matter must be conducted cautiously, with refined cruelty.

When Colburn left the ship, he went direct to the owners —he was not to be dismissed without a hearing. Arrived at the counting-house, he was told none of the firm was in. It was a lie—all were in, but they feared to face him: a wrong might have been done, and they were not men enough to right it: there are many such in the world—moral cowards! He went away, saying he would return. He did; another excuse—they were too busy with some matters and could not see him. And so on for four successive days—lie, evasion, subterfuge of every kind, to escape the wrath of a man inflamed by injustice.

It was not so much that he wanted to get back to the Wenonah—though that would be a gratification in any event, and especially so in view of the circumstances under which he left the ship—but he wanted to right himself in the minds of Alec Campbell and Company: they had no right to put such a stigma upon him, and he intended to use every means in his power to remove it. Five days had passed since his discharge, and yet he had not seen any of the owners: on his last visit he was impudently told by one of the clerks that he need not come any more; that the members of the firm didn't want to see him; and further, that if he persisted in annoying them, they would call in the police and have him arrested. This angered Colburn beyond control, and he vented his feelings on the understrapper and his employers in hot and fiery words, ending with, "If ever I do return, it won't be as a suppliant for justice as I'm doing now; but with the means to exact it"; and then he passed, as he thought, forever from sight of

all connection with the Wenonah. He returned to his lodging to think over the situation: one fact was clear—he must seek employment of some kind at once; he could not afford to waste his little ready money in idleness, merely to find means of righting the injustice done him: that might suggest itself during the course of his search, but the essential thing now was to hunt up a means of livelihood: perhaps he could find a vessel going to California—he would take any billet on her in order to get out there. Full of this idea, he sallied forth, and what befell him will be recounted in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Web of Perfidy Exposed and Rent

My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew.

—*Shakspere.*

A few days after Colburn was dismissed from the Wenonah, he was seated on a bench near the Farragut statue in Madison Square, apparently watching some little birds pecking at a crust of bread; but in reality looking at nothing in particular: his mind was intent on some matter of far more importance than the meal of a flock of birds.

The weather was delightful—a typical June day in New York—genial and balmy: a heavy rain the night before had cleared the air, cleansed the streets, and freshened the foliage, so that everything was bright and conducive to happy feelings; while a flock of gleesome birds twittering in the branches gave a merry touch to the scene. But Colburn was oblivious of all this—he was absorbed in sad thoughts: for three days he had sought employment, but without success; and now he was revolving in his mind which direction the next quest should take, when a cheery voice, full of friendliness, startled him:

"Good morning, Captain! This is indeed a pleasure, and a surprise also to meet you here: I presume you are

laying in a supply of these fresh odors against the salty air you will soon have to breathe—when do you sail?" The speaker was Northrup, on his way to luncheon at the restaurant on the opposite corner of Fifth Avenue.

"I shall sail," answered Colburn rising and grasping the extended hand, "when I can get a ship: I was discharged from the Wenonah four days ago—Hawse is captain now."

"The scoundrel!—so his plot succeeded," muttered Northrup between his teeth. "I want to hear about that, Captain: it is my lunch hour—you must come and we'll have it together."

They entered the restaurant, took seats at a secluded table, and Northrup ordered a substantial meal.

"What reason did the owners give?"

"None—I didn't see them. They sent me a letter by Hawse, telling me I was discharged and to turn the command over to him. I went at once to their office, but they wouldn't see me: I went again and again, but couldn't get to them. Ever since, I've been looking for a ship, but without success."

"It is a dastardly piece of work," said Northrup. "Tell me—what was the primary cause of the Mate's animosity toward you?"

"Well, an accident disabled me temporarily for sea service—I was ashore a year. I got employment in San Francisco as dock master for the Wenonah line—to attend to the berthing, discharging, and lading of the ships. When the Wenonah was ready to sail, the captain fell suddenly ill. The command was offered to me; I didn't seek it, and indeed should have been content to remain where I was a few months longer; but the billet was a good one, and I was glad to get it.

"The First Mate had expected it, and naturally thought I cut him out: this started the trouble. I told him the truth, however; but either he did not believe me, or was so full of resentment that it made no difference.

"I decided to act so that he should feel the disappointment as little as possible. I told him my views regarding the management of affairs, and then let him carry them out as freely as was consistent with my own responsibility. But ere long I discovered that what I thought a concession, was already his—even more, that his personality pervaded everything on board: in a word, that he was Captain. Naturally, I couldn't let that go on; and the measures I took to assert my own authority only intensified his enmity. Although not a meddler in the domain of my subordinates, still I believe in exercising such supervision as will ensure my views being carried out and leave no doubt as to who is Captain of the ship.

"Soon, I detected many little deceits in Hawse, which made me gradually cut off my frank speech with him; this angered him the more. Why, under my very eyes while he had the deck, he frequently acted so as to defeat the success of a manœuvre; or did it purposely wrong to discredit me: he is an excellent seaman—the crew knew it—they couldn't believe him guilty of lubberly work—so the natural inference was, that as I must be directing it, the unseamanlike procedure was mine."

"And why didn't you stop that right then and there?" asked Northrup with some asperity; for he had always in mind the greater villainy of Hawse, and was all the more indignant that his evil course had not been cut off at first.

Colburn was a little surprised at his tone, but attributing it to interest, decided to answer fully and frankly.

"I cannot give you a simple and direct answer: the question involves considerations which I will state, if you would like to hear them."

"I certainly would," said Northrup with emphasis.

"Well, then, an insubordinate officer can sail very close to the wind without being caught aback; and Hawse is as skillful in this as he is in handling a ship. Many acts that you *see*, you judge deserving of severe punishment; but let them be *told* you, and you think them scarcely worthy of notice. It is the look—the tone of voice—the gesture, that give sting to the act; and these cannot be described: and it is in the use of these that Hawse is an adept.

"I need not tell *you*—a man of large experience of human wiles—what the stock in trade of the demagogue is: patriotism of the spectacular kind, maudlin sentiments that inflame the populace, simulated sympathy for the lowly and oppressed, catch words, taking phrases—all hollow and insincere; and used solely to gain the good will of the multitude, or incite their animosity toward whomsoever the cunning fox would direct his hatred. Well, the demagogue exists at sea, also: he is the man who affects solicitude for the sailor—his rights by law, his comforts by custom, his privileges by long habit; he talks as much to the gallery as ever representative did in legislative chamber: he is a fine fellow with the men—they'll do anything for him, go anywhere with him—generally, not always; for sometimes keen witted sailors see through this shamming, and have only contempt for the officer who practises it. Now, Hawse is a sea demagogue of the first rank: he knows every vein of thought, every turn of speech, every act, that will bias or prejudice a sailor; and he is as skilled as he is unscrupulous in using them. Such a man is a ferment of

evil on board ship: his listeners are prone to prejudice and suspicion—morbidly jealous of all that belongs to them, and easily worked up to a raw condition regarding any slight, or injury, or infringement of their privileges.

"If I should recount his treacheries in justification of the only punishment adequate to the offense, I should be flouted—thought too harsh, and unduly jealous of the authority so recently acquired. If I reduced him to seaman, it would only be to plant a constant instigator of evil in the midst of the crew. If I discharged him at Callao, how should I fare with the owners? They knew Hawse—he had been long in their sevice: they did not know me—I have never seen them; and in view of their recent action, I should get short shrift when brought into conflict with Hawse's backing; for you must know that at sea as well as on shore the power behind one counts for much.

"But you will say, this should not influence me in the exercise of duty; true, only *all* the circumstances must be weighed to determine what that duty is: there is a duty to oneself as well as to exterior interests. Looking back now with the experience I've had, if the thing were to be done over again, I should not hesitate a moment: I would put him ashore at the first port after he committed the deed.

"I grant that at the time I did not appreciate the seriousness of the conduct I was overlooking; and that I lacked the determination to be adequately severe in gross cases—this was a weakness: I was loth to begin my command with extreme action; and besides, what I should do, would seem tyrannical and perhaps bring on greater trouble than I sought to correct.

"I was on very thin ice, and one must consider the weakness of his footing.

"Moreover, I hoped that patience and considerate treatment would bring all things right in time; and this kept luring me on—closing my eyes to many things I should have looked at with clear vision and rectified on the spur of the moment: this I now recognize was a mistake.

"Hawse has the nature of a cur—fawning when pleased, snarling when the expected bone is not forthcoming; and like the cur, too, he often needs the harsh word to cow him into submission.

"But remember, I am speaking now from a retrospect of all that occurred; and that on the Wenonah I was for the first time in a position where I had to act on my own judgment, without the benefit of another's point of view.

"Now, natures that are not largely made up of pride and self sufficiency, and that, moreover, have not acquired by actual dealing with certain affairs that surety and facility of action which comes from practice—but, like new machinery, must be ground down by oiling and much running—such natures, I say, appear to disadvantage when contrasted with those who feel the ground firm beneath them. Naturally, among my new duties and on a ship new to me, there were at first some matters in which I was not as ready with the decisive word and act as one familiar with the situation; or as one might *affect* to be, and there are these, too—all knowing persons who assume what often passes for knowledge and real executive ability. But I have the consciousness of having groped my way cautiously —thought out every case carefully, and decided as best I knew how.

"Hawse saw his opportunity: he made up a story of all the incidents of the voyage, but so magnified and colored as to hide completely the little truth forming the founda-

tion. This is what the newspapers have served up to their readers—what Alec Campbell and Company have acted upon—and what prevents me getting another ship.

"There! you have my answer, or rather the considerations that arose whenever the question came up of setting the First Mate ashore."

Northrup lost not a word of the recital.

When the meal was over—in reality little had been eaten—Northrup arose and said: "Captain, I must now ask you to excuse me. I have a matter that needs my immediate attention; but I wish you would come to my office to-morrow—can you be there at ten o'clock?"

"Certainly," said Colburn, as he took the card with the office address. When Northrup reached his office, he wrote a hasty note to Brooks and the Doctor, telling them of Colburn's latest misfortune, and asking them to come to his office the next day at nine—Brooks to bring the articles connected with the dismasting of the Wenonah: he had taken them with him on leaving the ship. These notes despatched, he proceeded direct to the counting-house of Alec Campbell and Company.

John Northrup, besides being a lawyer of repute in general practice, was especially so in important Admiralty cases: he was therefore well known in the maritime community. In addition, his wealth was largely invested in ocean traffic: he held stock in some companies, was director in others, and part owner of single ships: he knew the trade of the sea in all its ramifications. He was known as a man of solid worth and integrity; and it was therefore with gratification that the owners of the Wenonah received a visit from such a member of the community—it flattered them.

John Northrup, Lawyer

Northrup came at once to the object of his visit—spoke of the agreeable voyage he had in their ship, his chance meeting with Captain Colburn that morning, and the deep regret he felt at his dismissal.

"Yes," said Mr. Campbell, the senior member of the firm: "we had to do it. Although highly recommended to us, still his conduct on the Wenonah does not bear out his reputation. Even as early as his arrival at Callao, he showed qualities that unfitted him for the command. We heard of his actions from that place, and again from Sandy Point, through a clerk of ours who received letters from a friend on board. Why, if it had not been for the First Mate, the ship would have gone down in a gale off the coast of Patagonia. Colburn seems to have been a vacillating person—afraid to carry sail—always dreading a storm or disaster of some kind: a man who practised petty tyrannies on the crew, and was otherwise so unfitted to command, that I wonder how those who recommended him could be mistaken in him—"

"They were *not*," firmly interposed Northrup; "and whoever imposed upon *you* the estimate you have expressed, is a cowardly slanderer." He rose as he spoke, his face full of indignation.

Campbell was astonished at this outburst: he realized that he had to do with a warm defender of Colburn—perhaps he had been unjust and precipitate in discharging him: at any rate, it would injure his own business and reputation to offend a man of such large interests and high standing in the commercial community, so he veered at once to the apologetic.

"I am very sorry that I spoke so frankly about Captain Colburn. . . ."

"It is not your frankness that stirs me, but the gross injustice you have done a trustworthy and most capable man by hasty action on biased accounts."

"O, as regards the haste, we have for a long time been thinking of this step—ever since some newspaper articles began to appear weeks ago censuring the management of the Wenonah, as reported by those on board: these articles hurt our business—shippers were reluctant to trust their goods in a vessel subject to so much adverse criticism.

"As regards the biased accounts, we have sought information from various sources."

"Have you sought it from the Captain himself?"

"No: he would be too biased in his own favor."

"Well, I should like to present his side of the case: I think you will find it of the utmost importance to hear it; and I should want to state it in the presence of both the Captain himself and Mr. Hawse—could it be arranged for to-morrow at eleven o'clock?"

"Certainly: we shall be glad to hear you then or at any other time; and we shall have Hawse here, as you wish."

Northrup took his departure to prepare his brief as counsel for the defence, albeit wholly unknown to the defendant himself. When evening came and he was alone with a cigar amidst the comforts of his bachelor apartment, his thoughts ran on in this wise:

"A man's reputation is a fabric of too delicate a texture to be handled in the dark: years are passed in building it up, and every attempt to destroy it should be open to repulse: accuser and accused should be brought together—every witness summoned before the same tribunal, and the inner workings of each laid bare by the most rigid cross-examination.

"Colburn is a man of intelligence and integrity; they are his inheritance, but he has not let them lie dormant. On the contrary, he has cultivated and used both—he has acquired all the technical knowledge his profession calls for, and has done his utmost in this ship to lift the miserable material he had, out of the ruck in which others have sunk it. And as he has done on the Wenonah, so I believe him to have done during his many years at sea: a man does not radically change his methods in mature life at some casual turn in his career.

"No; he could not have acquired a reputation for honesty, zeal, and capacity among those who were his associates without those qualities being salient: they are rightfully his possession—a capital which he should be able to rely upon for future undertakings; they constitute a guarantee to those who may employ him that they will be faithfully and intelligently served. His character and reputation, then, are things of real value—the acquisition of thirty years' effort. If he had devoted this time to heaping up gold, this material evidence of labor would be no more actually a possession than reputation and character—the money is but the concrete evidence of work which even the veriest dullard can see, while reputation is the intangible possession which only the intelligent can appreciate. For a man to be stripped of his treasure in one fell swoop by the masked robber, or to be reduced to want and hardship in an instant by fire—this is an affliction which we deeply feel, and we sympathize with the sufferer; but the loss of reputation—is this a calamity that excites great sorrow?

"And yet it is not the capital alone in this case that goes: the man who loses his wealth only, has still his hands to

labor with, and his mind to devise; and both are aided by the sympathy of friends as well as by their material resources: but the man with ruined reputation—what has he left to work with? The faculties on which he depended are discredited: where will Captain Colburn turn to-day to ask for a ship, with every quality that should entitle him to it, blackened? At his age, the capacity and ambition to learn a new occupation are weakened; and he is shut out from the old one. Through any fault of his? Not at all: quite the contrary—*because* of the thoroughness with which he *performed his duty*, and *because* of the perversion of his every act by a jealous rival. And his employers? Almost as bad. They should have given some weight to the good repute borne by him. *Ill* repute is always held up against its unfortunate possessor—he cannot ask for work, but it rises to bar employment; he cannot enter the witness box, but it stands up to discredit him: not an effort does he make, but it is there to thwart him.

"And to some extent, this is just. It is his own making—he did the deed that burdened him with the bad reputation.

"Per contra, why should not the good that one has done, count equally in his favor?—even more so; for the good is difficult of performance—we are prone to evil rather than to good. No; Colburn was entitled to all the consideration his well spent life should have guaranteed for him. Alec Campbell and Company had no right to discharge him without adequate cause: discharge meant putting a stigma on his reputation, and this they had no moral right to do. Perhaps legally they could not be held accountable—some of the most heinous crimes are beyond the pale of human enactment; but they are none the less infractions of the code of equity established by God.

"Hawse set the knife and placed the victim—Campbell and Company committed the deed; but I will rescue Colburn from this nest of vipers."

The next morning, Brooks and the Doctor were at Northrup's office at the appointed time.

"This is a terrible blow to Colburn," said Brooks: "I can appreciate its force better than you: it is far worse than if either of you were ostracised in your profession. You could go elsewhere and start practice anew—but where will he go? Wherever ships sail—there, will this scandal pursue him and kill his prospects; for there is a particular pleasure in spreading the malicious gossip of the sea. It will be told in every forecastle and on every quarter-deck—how Colburn managed the Wenonah and was fired for it: and then there will be a chuckle and snicker, all forgetting that Colburn's misfortune of to-day may be theirs of to-morrow; and that it is only a fortuitous circumstance—the mere absence of a Hawse from among *them*, and his presence with Colburn, that saved them from wreck and brought ruin upon the man they laugh at!"

"What you say is most true," said Northrup: "few realize how much either of good or of bad is purely a matter of chance, without anything in their own conduct to bring it about. I see you have the instruments of evil with you"—glancing at the package in his hand.

"Yes, and I heartily wish they were instruments of torture to wring anguish from the heart of the scoundrel that used them!"

"Well, you may have that pleasure," answered Northrup with a smile.

"What do you intend to do?" queried Brooks eagerly.

"I have formulated a little plan, but it is liable to

modification, so I will let it unfold itself in the execution. Colburn will be here in a few minutes, and then we will all go to the counting house of Alec Campbell and Company. Our old friend Hawse is to be there, and I hope this will be the last scene we shall have to act with him. But here is Colburn—not a word about the contents of that package."

"Good morning, Captain," said all cheerily, grasping his hand in turn. They did not indulge in the insincerity of saying, "You're looking well"—that stereotyped lie of silly politeness; nor, "I am sorry for your misfortune"—that other fatuous phrase which only irritates by its hollowness. No: these were men who had too deep a regard for one another to degrade the feeling by hackneyed words of any kind. What they said, or did, came from the heart—full of earnestness and meaning.

Colburn, in truth, looked wretched—worn and worried: another refusal of employment the day before, after leaving Northrup, and a second that very morning before arrival, filled him with the despair that was reflected in his face.

All engaged in commonplace remarks such as occupy a gathering while waiting for the event that brought them together. Finally Northrup said:

"Time is up—let us move on the enemy!"

Colburn looked an enquiry, and Northrup added: "Captain, yesterday after leaving you, I went to Alec Campbell and Company's, and mortgaged their time for eleven o'clock to-day—let us now proceed to foreclose: I have a brief to read to them."

"But they won't receive me," objected Colburn.

"O, yes they will: I made that a sine qua non of the

pact." And off they started, Northrup lightsome of speech and manner which was strangely out of keeping with the mood of the others.

The repairs to the Wenonah were hastening to completion, and a cargo had been secured—almost enough to load the ship; but these gratifying facts were dashed by the turn of affairs on board—it greatly worried the owners: seamen were scarce and hard to ship, so that Alec Campbell and Company decided to retain their crew; but the men would not stay. One after another asked for discharge; and only that very morning when Northrup and his companions went to see the Firm, the latter received a letter from old Gower, the Boatswain, asking to be paid off.

They sent for Hawse and Gower, and were discussing the situation with them when our party arrived. The shipowners greeted Northrup cordially, who introduced the Doctor, Captain, and Brooks. Mutual salutations followed, except on the part of Colburn, who would only bow to his former employers: the man with deeply injured feelings does not simulate gladness at sight of him who inflicted the wound. Hawse and Gower had withdrawn a little when the others came in, but our party now perceiving them, went up to old Gower and shook his hand with hearty pleasure: to Hawse, they merely said " Good morning"; but Colburn omitted even that—how could he with any self respect extend a friendly recognition to the man who had done him so much wrong? Hawse, on the other hand eyed Colburn with a supercilious stare, full of triumph: nevertheless, he felt ill at ease—there was something boding in this party with Northrup at their head. Hawse tried to conciliate this gentleman, by step-

ping toward him with an effusive air, as if to shake hands, but Northrup arrested him with such a forbidding look that his boldness was checked.

The preliminaries being over, and all having taken seats, the head of the Firm said: "Mr. Northrup, you accused us yesterday of having acted without sufficient evidence in the case of Captain Colburn—please read these"; and he handed to Northrup the letters written by Hawse from Callao and Sandy Point to his friend Bain, the contents of which are already known to the reader. "Read aloud, so that your friends also may know our justification."

As Northrup began, Hawse flushed scarlet; and when the writer became known by reading out the signature, all eyes turned upon him with such scorn and contempt, that it was pitiable to see him writhe under their scrutiny: rage, humiliation, and disappointment swept in alternate redness and pallor across his face. He never intended those letters to come to light—they were to instil their poison in the dark; and here, in the full presence of him they most defamed, and of those who could easily refute them, his friend Bain and his employer had treacherously betrayed him, to clear themselves. When the last letter was finished, the late Captain and passengers of the Wenonah looked at one another in dumb amazement: then Brooks found speech—"What a diabolical perversion of facts!"

Northrup said: "Mr. Campbell, it would be a reflection on your intelligence for me to suppose you laid any great stress on these letters: the falsity pervading them is scarcely veiled: I wonder that you offer them as a reason for influencing your action. However, let me say a word on some of the incidents they *misrepresent.*

"As for vacillation and incompetency on the part of the Captain, fear of storms, timidity about carrying sail, dread of disaster, and disregard of the men's comforts—they are one and all such monstrous lies, that I can only stigmatize them as such; and their author knows that I but speak the truth.

"In every critical situation during the voyage—and especially in the gale off Patagonia—Mr. Hawse, excellent seaman that he is, could not have managed better than Captain Colburn did—in fact, Mr. Hawse's judgment (in my opinion) would have decided him to do exactly what the Captain did.

"I had heard so much about the scenery of the Patagonian Channels that I remained on deck to enjoy it every hour the ship was underway.

"The Captain always got the vessel under way himself at early dawn, and remained on the bridge with charts, sailing directions, and other aids to navigation—piloting her until she was at anchor again for the night: probably twenty minutes each day the Mate relieved him for luncheon.

"Knowing my interest in the scenery, the Captain invited me to a seat beside him on the bridge, and pointed out every prominent peak, headland, glacier, or passage, as he picked them out from the charts. I wondered he could do it so accurately, as he had never been there before; but he told me that he had studied everything pertaining to that inland navigation so closely on the way down from Callao, that it seemed almost familiar to him.

"We had good weather, as a rule, in the Channels: in the most dangerous part, however, the English Narrows, it was misty; we passed through according to the Captain's

previous calculation of slack water, and not in any mad rush of the tide, and with none of the stage effect stated by Mr. Hawse. In Mayne Channel it became thick and squally, and we had to turn into Otter Bay where we rode out a moderate gale—weather-bound for twenty hours.

"During the whole voyage, I had frequent occasion—we all had—to ask the Captain about matters pertaining to the sea: winds, currents, storms, barometric indications, deviations of the compass, seamanship, and the astronomical facts on which navigation rests; and upon all these and many other matters he gave us such concise, clear, and intelligent explanations, and made use of such appropriate illustrations, that even to our lay minds, they were easily intelligible, and showed him to be a man of solid attainments.

"He was always on deck in bad weather, and at other times had a keen eye on the conduct of affairs. While considerate for the men, he had good discipline—we felt there was a firm hand at the helm—a man who made no display nor extolled either his own importance or what he had to do.

"In contrast with this, the First Mate was prone to speak of nautical matters with an oracular tone, as if uttering a prophecy: to us it seemed more the talk of a man to make himself prominent—chiefly for effect. His sneers at the Captain's management of affairs, and his deceitful, disloyal thrusts, we despised, but gave no heed to.

"I think my fellow passengers will bear me out in what I have said?" turning to Brooks and the Doctor.

"Yes," said the latter, speaking for both; "only that it is all too moderately put."

"And I can say," spoke up old Gower from his corner,

"that every word Mr. Northrup says, and much more of the same sort, is true."

"Then why," asked Mr. Campbell, "didn't you say so to the reporters and the man I sent aboard for the purpose of finding out the state of affairs from the crew?"

"Why? Because I got no chance. The Mate, he filled up some men with rum all the way from Montevideo—they'd do anything for him. He fixed these men, so when the newspaper reporters and your man came on board, they saw only those who were told what to say: the rest of us were kept out of the way. When Captain Colburn left the ship, the Mate went back on us—he got sour on us all; and that's why we're leaving, if you want to know it, Mr. Campbell. We can't stand the Mate."

"And you shall not. Mr. Hawse, you are no longer in our service. Captain Colburn, we acted on false testimony, you see: we will give you back the Wenonah—you can take command to-day."

"Neither to-day, nor ever again, Mr. Campbell. Thirty years of sea going has given me something of a reputation in the shipping community, and you employed me on that reputation without ever having seen me. You discharged me on lying reports without even a hearing: worse, you insulted me through a youngster in your office, threatening to have me arrested when I only sought to have my side heard—*me*, a man past fifty, who held a commission in the Navy, and served throughout the Civil War, and commanded one of your ships, to be humiliated by an understrapper whose highest employment is to copy routine letters! But you receive Mr. Northrup to state my case: he could not do it more accurately than I. You fear his importance and influence in this city, however; you dare

not show anything but courtesy to him, but you chose to treat me with contumely, because you didn't think I had any backing. It was therefore only the power—the standing of this gentleman that made you listen and learn of the lies told you about me, and through which (but for him) a lasting injury would be done me: I might continue to seek a ship and never get one, but for the chance meeting with him yesterday; and on such a slight thread did my career hang!

"The injustice you've done me is outrageous in a man occupying the position you do, where you can inflict the same on others. Take command from you again? Never! Nor will any other self respecting captain."

"Spoken like a man," said Northrup, turning toward him; "and I can promise you that ere many weeks you shall have a finer ship than the Wenonah, with more pay."

Colburn spoke with such anger and vehemence that all present could only look and listen: Campbell made motions as if to interrupt him, but Colburn kept right on—the flow of injured feelings was finding vent in hot words that nothing could stop.

Hawse, deeming his presence no longer necessary or desirable, moved toward the door and said: "Mr. Campbell, if you will give the order to pay me, I'll leave at once."

"One moment, Mr. Hawse," said Northrup, intercepting him: "I have placed Captain Colburn in his proper light—I wish to do the same with you."

"You needn't trouble yourself—I'm all right," retorted Hawse.

"But I insist," responded Northrup; and Hawse saw he was cornered and would have to stay and listen. All the others turned to Northrup, wondering what he was

going to say. "Mr. Hawse, you will recall a little discourse I held in the Straits of Magellan—you were present. The subject was Treachery and Slander. It was not the outburst of the moment, as might be thought from the way it was thrust upon the audience; but was deliberately planned by Mr. Brooks and myself, and every word of it was aimed specifically at you. We saw that the frequent slurs you cast upon the Captain were discrediting him with the crew, and inciting them to insubordination; and we hoped to stem the practise by the means I took—to open your eyes to the gravity of what you were doing."

Hawse was getting fidgety and impatient to go.

"Worse than that has since occurred," continued Northrup: this gave a violent start to the Mate and brought a flush to his face, both of which Northrup didn't fail to notice. "These letters that you wrote and the instructions you gave the crew to lie about the events of the voyage, are all highly defamatory of Captain Colburn: they have been publicly put forth—published in the daily papers; they lost him his place; they blighted his reputation—and would have wrecked his life, if we, these gentlemen and I, were not here to expose their falsity. You committed the deed—we are witnesses to the fact, and under the law you are liable to criminal prosecution for defamation of character, besides being liable for damages: it rests entirely with Captain Colburn to bring suit for the latter, and it may be my duty to report the libel to the District Attorney for his action."

During this arraignment, Hawse recovered somewhat from the fright he showed at its beginning—he expected something else.

Again Northrup went on: "We now approach the

catastrophe of this plot. Some disastrous event must occur to ruin the Captain—something visible, tangible, that could be pointed to as evidence of incompetency and bad seamanship. It came—the ship was dismasted: how did it occur? Mr. Brooks and I went among the men and asked how they explained it: their answers were singularly accordant, and all identical with that given by you, Mr. Hawse: the origin of the explanation was evident, and Brooks could not refrain from telling you how silly that explanation was. From other sources we gleaned odd bits of evidence regarding the accident: from the Captain we could get nothing, more than that the topmast rigging lost its support through the spider band giving way; but there, all explanation stopped—*how* did it give way? I have pieced the various shreds of evidence together and am now prepared to answer that question—Brooks, will you open that package and lay out its contents on the table?" While Northrup addressed the request to Brooks, his eyes were fixed on Hawse, whom he saw shudder and turn red as if from an apoplectic stroke.

Northrup resumed: "During the middle watch of the night preceding the disaster, a man left the poop and went aloft on the main; he was provided with that monkey wrench and a can of acid; he poured the acid on the nut of the bolt that held the jaws of the band together, in order to loosen the rust that stuck it tight; then he wrenched out the pin that kept the nut in place—unscrewed the nut a few turns—laid down from aloft—went below and turned in, leaving the rolling of the ship to do the rest: *and that man was you, Jacob Hawse!*"

"It's a lie!—it was not me."

"Softly, Mr. Hawse—no harsh words: if I accuse

you wrongfully, I will render ample reparation."

"You *shall* give me satisfaction," shouted Hawse with bravado—all in a tremble and alternately white and red.

"Now, gentlemen," continued Northrup; "examine the articles and be satisfied that the wreck was brought about in the way I have described." All did so, and agreed that it was.

"Well, the punishment for the miscreant that did the deed—who will destroy, or try to destroy a vessel on the high seas—is, by statute of the United States, *death!*

"Sam Ruggles lent you the acid and monkey wrench, and Carlo Castanguolo saw you leave the poop and go forward. Finally, and once more, with full realization of the gravity of the charge, I say you are the man who caused the disaster. There are many witnesses here to my assertion—you can summon them all: if I have accused you falsely, you have an excellent case against me for slander: you can recover damages, and I can be sent to prison: there's my card and address—employ a lawyer—bring suit for defamation of character—that's your reparation."

"By Heaven, I shall; and that soon!" roared Hawse as he rushed from the room.

Consternation was in the faces of Colburn, old Gower, and the owners of the Wenonah as they gazed at the articles on the table: Colburn muttered under his breath, "And to think that all this time I was carrying along with me a man who could do that deed!" Then aloud: "But, Mr. Northrup, are you not risking a great deal in this accusation?"

"O no," said Northrup with a smile: "neither you nor I will see more of Jacob Hawse. He did the deed but has

cunningly escaped under guise of seeking redress for the injury he would have us believe I did him."

"Mr. Northrup," said Alec Campbell, "if you had told us all this on arrival of the ship, it would have saved us and others the trouble that has come upon us."

"I judged otherwise," answered Northrup. "The whole course of perfidy of the First Mate, and his final act in particular, is so monstrous, that it would not be credited by any one; and least of all by your Firm, prejudiced as you were by the newspaper articles and Hawse's letters. Your unheard of action in refusing even to see the Captain and hear a word in his own defense, proves how bitter your feelings were. Suppose I had told the Captain of Hawse having brought about the disaster—what would follow? In his straightforward way, Captain Colburn would come to you (provided always you would receive him) and accuse the Mate. This man with all his brazenness would deny it more vehemently than he has just done: he would scout the charge with all the indignation of innocence he can so well simulate. Captain Colburn would be sued for libel, and it might go against him. Hawse was the subordinate, accused by the Captain—why? To cover up (as the Mate would assert) incompetence and lubberly seamanship; and in this assertion he would have the sympathy of the populace and probably of the jury; and I can assure you that such sympathy counts for much in every trial. Few are the cases judged solely on the simple facts adduced in evidence; but the finding—lenient or severe—is more or less tinctured with the sentiments prevalent in the community regarding the parties to the suit.

"You have only to recall some notable instances of recent

date: one in this city, where a chorus girl shot a man to death in a cab, and was let off through disagreement of the jury, chiefly (no doubt) because of the feeling in her favor by a certain class in the community whose ideas of right and wrong are hazy at best, and who at all times are very emotional; and the other in Omaha, where a self confessed kidnapper and highwayman was cleared because the child he stole belonged to a member of the odious Beef Trust. In both cases the bias was for the criminal, and public morality suffered grievously thereby. But prejudice against the accused also arises: the influence of the bitter feeling among the relatives of those lost on the *Slocum* was no doubt reflected in the punishment adjudged her commanding officer: as reported, these relatives were in court 'when the verdict was announced, and seemed pleased at the long term of years to which' the Captain was sentenced; and the judge said, in passing it: 'You are no ordinary criminal—I must make an example of you.'

"The technical charge on which he was found guilty, was 'criminal negligence in failing to maintain a system of fire drills on board the excursion boat *General Slocum* which was burned to the water's edge in June, 1904; and for this he was sentenced to ten years in Sing Sing at hard labor.' To be sure, the loss of life was great—more than a thousand persons; and the negligence of the Captain was gross and deserving of severe punishment: but the vessel was of light, highly inflammable wood; and a strong wind was blowing. The Captain might have had the most efficient fire drill ever practised, and yet been unable to save that mass of tinder from burning. The fire department of this city is considered as effective as drill and apparatus can make it, and yet I saw the Windsor Hotel on Fifth

Avenue burn on a calm afternoon, with great loss of life, and in spite of the efforts of a host of disciplined firemen, numerous engines, a network of hose, and abundant water. Contrast this structure (mostly of brick, stone, and mortar) with the wooden filigree adornment of the *Slocum* all ablaze in a fierce wind with only a few raw deck hands to fight it! Even the judge who pronounced sentence seems to have had a qualm about its justice when he said that although 'in the opinion of others it might be deemed unduly harsh to pronounce sentence for the mere failure to have fire drills, yet he felt that the sentence of ten years was warranted by the letter of the law.'

"It was a jury of many thousands, animated by vindictive prejudice, and not the twelve men alone sworn to decide upon the facts stated in court, that passed upon the case; and that (more or less) pass upon almost every case—certainly upon every one that deeply stirs the community. And this Public Opinion must be reckoned with, if we would judge aright of the chances of success in litigation.

"Then why was the Captain alone made to suffer?

"The *owners* of the *Slocum* should also have been indicted, convicted, and imprisoned: they were the men who provided defective hose and puny streams of water to extinguish a mass of kindling wood in flames: the Captain was only their subordinate—to do their bidding with what they supplied. It is an omission of justice to punish him only, just as it is ridiculous to arrest the firemen and engineers of hotels for burning soft coal in the smoke crusade that is periodically carried on in this city: the *principal* is the man, not the agent, that in every instance should be punished. But the principal—bah! does he often have to put on prison garb?

'The bias or prejudice of even the occupant of the bench is often apparent. We accept the dicta of our judicial tribunals because we elect them to decide disputes—to interpret the law; but we do not necessarily accept their judgments as always correct, any more than two baseball teams think the umpire impartial in every decision.

"When our Court of Appeals by a majority of only one decrees that the *object* for which money is stolen, determines whether or not the act is theft—does that accord with our sense of right? Rather, the dissenting opinion of the Chief Judge of the same court—that every deed of theft *is* theft per se, no matter even if designed to relieve distress—this is the sentiment that finds a responsive chord in our moral nature.

"Again: the action of a California court amazes us—deciding upon a tangle of minor technicalities, instead of the broad moral ground of the case, and thereby defeating those who labored hard to raise San Francisco from the flood of crime in which her Mayor and others had sunk it. Truly, the indignation of the trial judge (from whose court the case was appealed) will have a sympathetic echo in the heart of every honest man who reads his outburst: 'I think it is to be regretted that this came up before a Court [of Appeals] whose relatives have relatives and intimate personal friends under indictment by the same Grand Jury that returned the true bills in this case. I would further say that the jury which returned the righteous verdict in that case according to the law and the evidence will be remembered with respect and honor long after the present judges of the Court of Appeals are cast off and forgotten.'

"These instances show that judges, too, must be reck-

oned with—that bias or prejudice, hate or friendliness, trickery or frenzy, pervading the community, may also affect them as well as the jury. But after all, when the jury has rendered its verdict and the judge his sentence, there is still in the breast of man—man at large, untrammelled by legal technicalities and the passions of the multitude, a sense of right and justice that *no* authoritative decision from any tribunal (when wrong) will prevail against or silence.

"Mr. Hawse could get a shyster lawyer to bring suit for him—Captain Colburn might be found guilty, and have to suffer fine or imprisonment. He has no money—no personal standing nor influential friends in this community: it would be a weak defense he could make. He is further weighed down by the care of a family—it would go hard with him in every way, even though the case stopped short of conviction. He is in no sense strong or provided with the means to fight such an attack. *I am*, on the contrary: I am known here—I have wealth—I can fight effectively; I am alone—none need suffer but myself if suit be brought on my accusation; but none will be—the infernal scoundrel who did the deed is only too glad to get off as he did. And if I felt that the circumstantial evidence I have (strong as it is), would convict him and at least put him behind prison bars for the rest of his life, I would lay the matter before the proper authorities: but failure to convict after instituting action (where we know he is guilty) would be worse than not to bring him at all to the bar of justice—it would in a measure, be giving him a clear character; whereas now, the stigma of the crime will forever brand him and probably subject him to greater punishment in the long run, than legal methods could inflict.

"And now, Mr. Campbell, having righted this wrong to my own satisfaction—and I trust, gentlemen, (turning to the Captain, Brooks, and the Doctor) to yours, also, I will take my leave."

His companions warmly shook both his hands while expressing their gratification, to which the Captain added his sincere thanks.

When they had left the counting house, Northrup said: "Now, you are all coming to luncheon with me—we will revive the happy memories of the Wenonah, and bury the sad ones forever": and they went, ate accordingly, and had a convivial feast.

CHAPTER XXV

Jacob Hawse

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him.

—*Shakspere.*

When old Gower returned to the Wenonah, he had a great yarn to spin, and it was with mouths agape that all the forecastle listened. It quickly spread among the shipping—a marvelous tale! Who ever heard of the spider band being loosened in that way—wasn't it an accident? Did any one ever know of a case where it broke of itself? Yes: an old shell-back, formerly of the Navy, had been on a man-of-war where it actually occurred, and brought down the top hamper in much the same way it did on the Wenonah: when examined, the band was found rusted nearly through in one place, only a thin strip of sound metal covering the defect; and in the strain of rolling (it was during violent motion of the ship that the accident occurred) this strip snapped, and the next roll brought down the topmast and all above it. Perhaps this was the case on the Wenonah; and so Hawse found a quasi defender: few could wholly credit the malicious act.

But a Nemesis arose to do justice, and carry conviction to the skeptical—it was in the newspapers and therefore nobody could doubt it! Yes, the journalistic blood-

hounds were speedily on the scent: they visited the Wenonah again—interviewed old Gower—learned the facts as he had heard them from Northrup, and then proceeded to fill in and embellish the tale, until the original narrator would hardly recognize his plain statement amidst the bristling verbiage, the appalling situations, the thrilling incidents, and the terrors of sky and sea in which it was dressed up, in order to tempt the overfed appetite of public taste. And all this, illustrated by a picture of the perpetrator crouching in the slings of the main yard, monkey wrench in hand, tugging at the nut, his pirate visage illuminated by a vivid flash of forked lightning. Yes, there was even the diagram showing exactly how every detail had been executed—it was marvelous how these purveyors of sensation had done their work! The facts were there, to be sure: Northrup's story ran as a thread through the whole, but so deftly overlaid with accessories of every kind, as scarcely to be perceived by the non-critical: these must be entertained or stirred to read—that was the end in view; and while it interested, the tale carried conviction.

When the reporters visited the ship the first time, they wanted a picture of the hero of the tale they then published, and so they photographed Hawse; now, the picture appeared again, but as the arch fiend of a story that made him infamous: so do our vanities come home to roost!

Hawse would give his all, never to have had that photograph taken: it would make him known wherever he went, and be an effective bar to his employment.

He did what sailors often do—he changed his name. He also changed his appearance: in the first photograph, he wore the uniform of the Wenonah; he then had a full beard and mustaches, which, with his hair, were sandy in

color and much streaked with gray. All this made him appear a man of staid habits and mature years. He shaved his beard, dyed his hair and mustaches black, and put on a gray suit—which gave him a comparatively young appearance, so that even a former shipmate might pass him without recognizing him.

The name he took was Joshua Hunniwell—that of a young sailor he had been shipmates with some years previously: they had grown up as boys in the same village, and went to sea together. On a voyage to Hong Kong, his chum died of dysentery in the Indian Ocean and was buried at sea.

Josh, as he had been called, was an open hearted fellow; and long ere his sickness came on, he had told Hawse every detail of his life: their initials were the same, and Hawse could personate him easily. Among other things he made known, was the fact that he had a deposit of a few hundred dollars in a Savings Bank in New York, which, on their return, he would surprise his mother by giving her.

Hawse, with the cunning of his nature, laid away all these secrets of his friend in the recesses of his memory, but imparted none in return. Shortly before Josh died, he gave his bank book to Hawse with the request that he send it to his mother: at the same time, he gave him the necessary information required by the bank, to be communicated to her. Hawse solemnly promised to carry out his friend's dying wish, but he never did: in all the subsequent years, he held on to the book, and only wrote to the widow of the death of her son. He had the book still—would he draw the money? Not yet: he had some ready cash and would leave the bank account for a time of stress.

The bank-book inspires its possessor with conscious

power—a firmness of tread—a confidence that impels to undertakings; it is a collateral of success and plays no small part in its achievement; it is a spring to action—a giver of strength: whereas he who has it not, but must rely upon his hand-to-mouth morsel—his daily meal (either financial or material) to keep him going—no reserve force or funds, loses ground because of that very non-possession; and in time becomes hesitating in enterprise; his virility lapses into timidity, and he fears almost shadows, lest he fail in his little ventures. Wealth emboldens—its absence weakens; and many a man, who by nature has little to advance him in the struggle of life, owes his prominence solely to inherited wealth or its sudden acquisition through some fortuitous circumstance: whereas many another who has the qualities to attain success is often dwarfed, or balked of that success, by the constant effort to keep his head above the waves of every day necessities.

But Hawse must seek a ship: he was no loafer—quite the contrary—an energetic man, who found unemployed hours very heavy. He aimed high at first—he wanted command; but ships are not like raspberries, that may be picked by the wayside. The quest of a week convinced him that he must modify his aspirations: then he tried for the billet of First Mate; but this, too, was not to be had for the asking. A few weeks more of fruitless and discouraging endeavor only made his face familiar in shipping circles —men asked who he was. One day he went aboard a vessel and asked for a position in any capacity, even that of boatswain: his manner inspired confidence—impressed men with the idea that he was a capable man, which he really was. The Captain told him to come the next day and probably he would engage him. He had hardly left

the ship, when one of the sailors stepped up to the Captain and asked if he knew who that was.

"No," said he.

"Why, that's Jake Hawse who wrecked the Wenonah: I was on her when he done it." The sailor was one of Hawse's former puppets—Ivan Kaulbars, who turned up to betray him.

The next day when Hawse returned full of hope and self-assertion, he found the Captain stiff and suspicious.

"You say your name is Joshua Hunniwell?"

"Yes sir."

"Was it ever Jacob Hawse, and did you have the berth of First Mate of the Wenonah?"

"Never!" said Hawse with almost insolent indignation; and the Captain felt that possibly he made a bad mistake, when Ivan Kaulbars stepped up and said:

"O yes, you were on the Wenonah, Mr. Hawse—I know you—and you know me."

"It's a lie," hissed Hawse; but his manner as he turned away, plainly showed that he himself was the liar.

His identity soon became known along the water front, and the former man of mystery was now pointed out everywhere as the one who had wrecked the Wenonah. Wherever he went, he saw the accusation in the forbidding looks of all he spoke to: even before uttering a word, his quest was anticipated with the curt refusal, "I have nothing for you"; and in course of time, this became to him much what the retort of the high priest had been to Judas—the knell of all hope! But he did not do like Judas—suddenly end his days, through remorse: no, he continued to go about with the criminal's mark branded upon him. And the ostracism told on him—he was less confident of him-

self, less assertive: even a shakiness and apprehensive slinking such as is born of drink, was creeping over him; albeit that he scarcely touched liquor. No, it was not that; it was the advance tremors of a shattered nervous system—he was losing his grip.

He gave up looking for employment among the shipping—it was no use; he took, instead, to his strongest vice as a means of support—gambling: and he was a skillful manipulator of cards in all the games the sporting fraternity win and lose by. He could not, however, run the play all day and at night too, successful though he generally was—that would be too radical a break from his life-long habits: he craved what he had been bred to—the active, wholesome life of a sailor with its open air freedom—forever breathing the pure salty breeze and doing manly battle with the elements. Contrast that with the present one! —the stuffy little room, pungent with the smell of old pipes and sour beer—a den in which he now sought to outwit another and thrive upon his losses—it palled even on Jacob Hawse. Of yore, gambling had been to him a pastime—merely an hour's recreation from hard work: now it was an occupation by which to live, and it surfeited him.

All this time the break-down was drawing on apace: he was miserable physically, miserable mentally; and as a consequence he did not play as well as when he had a strong mind in a robust body—his gains were fewer and his losses more, and the difference daily increased. At length, a night came when his cash was very low—he would now stake the bank book: he did so, dividing its amount into parcels, which were readily received as successive wagers. The game progressed with fluctuating luck—he won, he lost: finally, he lost the whole, and turned the

book over to the winner with the information necessary to draw the money; he also gave the signature of Joshua Hunniwell (to an order for the money) which he had latterly so often copied, with the prospect of using it, that the signature bore a close resemblance to the real one.

The following day, the winner presented the book with the order to pay to the bearer the full amount of the deposit. What was his astonishment to learn that a year previously the account had been closed: it had run so long without either deposit or withdrawal, in fact without communication of any kind with the owner of the book, that the officials, according to a rule of the Bank, wrote to the mother of the depositor and learned that her son was dead. Upon verification of the fact through the Maritime Exchange and other sources of information, and finding it all concordant and satisfactory, the money, principal and interest, was paid to the widow.

The buncoed gambler sought the den that night with fell intent: he had not been there long when his man entered, with the desperate resolve to win or lose on the stake of his last dollar.

The two men met: "You lied to me last night—you are not Joshua Hunniwell—he died several years ago: the money was paid to his mother—you stole the bank book, forged his name, and passed yourself off for him: you haven't the honor even of a gambling hell—take that!" and he struck at Hawse, but his fist met only the intangible air—Hawse had fallen, a paralyzed, apoplectic heap: it had been a man—now it was only an inert mass of flesh and bone, without spirit!

CHAPTER XXVI

Close of the Narrative

As on the stage all the actors—even those put hors du combat during the play—are called in at the last scene, so here we shall have a final muster of the little band we have become acquainted with during the Voyage of the Wenonah.

Two are among the dead—little Ada, who in all the freshness of innocent childhood ascended to her Creator to take her place among the angelic host; for our Saviour has said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

And Jacob Hawse—he, too, is numbered among the departed; but where did *he* go? Stricken in full career of crime, with all his earthly foulness clinging to him, could he go to the same abode as little Ada—the realm of Celestial purity?

Repentance? He had none, but pursued his victim to the end; he spared no means, great or small, truthful or treacherous, to have revenge for his balked ambition and wounded vanity—though neither had foundation in any act of the man he sought to ruin.

The mercy of Heaven? The intimation is given us in the parable of Lazarus and the rich man, that reform and the plea for mercy must be in this life. In the existence that is eternal, it will be too late: the sinner had Moses and the Prophets—he should have hearkened to them: now, Divine Justice must be satisfied. Besides, what plea

can the malefactor make who has outraged every law of God and right of man? Jacob Hawse, it is true, occupied a very humble station in life; and what he did, seems trivial beside the gigantic crimes of great criminals. Nevertheless, in his little sphere, he did his all to blast the career of a human being: he thereby enjoyed to the full the sweets of revenge—it gratified him to see his victim suffer, and fail in his undertakings through the devices he concocted; it was pleasant to him to see the slouchy gait, the unkempt appearance, the impertinent manner, the dilatory movement, the listless work, and all the other petty annoyances he inspired the crew with, to worry the Captain; the sneering innuendo was sweet to utter; he gloated over the final deed that brought on the wreck, with only a drunken crew to clear it; he taught others by word and example insubordination; he incited to mutiny—and was all this deserving of mercy?

The head of a great corporation who uses the money of others to bribe legislators and build up for himself a position of importance in the community; who enjoys all the luxuries wealth can procure, all the adulation pride can crave, all the celebrity that ambition can covet—this man, reeking with his own infamy, and responsible for the nefarious acts of thousands of subordinates he taught to do likewise, is he—caught red-handed by Death—deserving of mercy?

Or the great financier, who has gained his wealth by enticing others into fraudulent schemes, only to ruin them: or the master-spirit of some close monopoly of the necessaries of life, who grinds without mercy those who must have food, and clothes, and fuel—what mercy can these stupendous evil-doers ask, when 'The Son of man shall

come in the glory of His Father with His Angels, and then will He render to every man according to his works."

We now leave Jacob Hawse forever: may those who occupy similar positions realize that to be loyal and true to the superior in all that is legitimately his due, is the only course for the subordinate to follow.

Regarding the other persons of our tale, a few words will suffice:

Alec Campbell and Company suffered grievously for their treatment of Captain Colburn; every shipmaster thought and said, "Well, if they can destroy a man's reputation like that, they won't have a chance to wreck mine"; and no self-respecting commander would go near them: they became hoo-doo, and the natural result followed—mishaps, inefficient service, and loss of trade, due to the only kind of men they could get to sail their ships. And it served them right well: every man in a prominent position, whose acts affect another, should hear both sides of every controversy; then if he errs, it is through an error of judgment; but if he listens to one side only, he forms an opinion on partial, prejudiced testimony, and adds gross injustice to the error of judgment.

Sam Ruggles went out again as Engineer of the Wenonah and had a quarrelsome time. The Captain knew little of the engine or its workings, but harassed and bullied Ruggles: the latter rejoined with impertinent insinuations to mind his own business—the Captain retorted with brutal abuse; and so the wrangle went on—the one not knowing how to curb a recalcitrant subordinate, and the other running his department ill or well as he pleased; and giving in violent speech as much as he got. And it was much the same on deck: the Captain nagged the mates

and the crew, and all talked back. Affairs went on slackly —according to whim, just as vessels lie in a harbor when they head in every direction from passing whiffs of wind or capricious eddy currents: no strong force was on board to guide and swing the actions of officers and men into that regularity which indicates efficiency and discipline.

Northrup kept his promise to Colburn and procured for him the command of a fine ship. While it is conceded that tact is an excellent quality; and that good nature and interest in one's kind—a cheerful, good humored address and pleasant manner—are prime factors in the commander at sea and will make a ship's company happy, still there are other qualities which such a make-up often lacks: such a man generally takes life too easy to be scrupulous about methods, or thorough in details—there is too much of the happy go lucky mode of doing duty in his composition to bring about efficiency, or hold anything with a firm grip. Captain Colburn had none of the bluff, cheery, good fellowship that often conduces to sociability; and so he was not attractive to men: but he had other qualities that could mould an organization into a formidable and effective force; and if he had other than weaklings led by a vicious chief officer, he would have made the Wenonah a model ship. Colburn was intelligent, thorough, and assiduous, and took hold of everything with a firm hand—with intent to do it well. In essential things he was considerate for others; but the intensity of his nature entered into all he did, and this often gave offence where none was intended; and in any ordinary community none would be taken: but with the serpent ever at the ear to turn his every act awry, it is no wonder that the dupes among the crew thought the Mate right, when he only argued on the side they were

inclined to feel. Colburn's next command was of a very different kind: he had no primary prejudice to work against as on the Wenonah, and so his really capable qualities produced a well disciplined ship. In this he was heartily seconded by his new First Mate—our old friend Ned Gower, whose loyalty and efficiency filtered down through every man on board: it makes a vast difference, the kind of man in immediate contact with the ship's company—whether a Jacob Hawse or a Ned Gower! And to think that this turn in Colburn's affairs hinged on the chance meeting with Northrup in Madison Square! It made him shudder to think what might otherwise have been his career.

Doctor Austin and his wife settled in New York: they were loth to return to San Francisco and revive at every step the fond memories of their lost child—it would only sadden and depress them; and so they very sensibly severed all ties with the Pacific Coast.

George Brooks entered with zest upon his literary career: he was not of the sky rocket order to burst forth in dazzling scintillations, or spread out in a copious shower of bright nothings; but of the concentrated, persevering, painstaking kind: consequently, his success was gradual and modest. He did not write for so much a word, whether this word had any relevancy to the idea or not. Much of the writing of the present day, both in newspaper and novel, is a freshet of verbiage on which the idea is carried along—sometimes perceptible, often submerged: other writing indulges in oddity of expression and grotesqueness of phrase: still more is slangy—and all to be peculiar in order to attract attention. Brooks would none of it: but whether for letter, newspaper, magazine, or book, he

endeavored to write pure, clear, correct, forcible English; and only in such quantity as would tersely express his ideas. His aim was to elevate composition; and his writing was conscientious in sentiment and expression.

John Northrup resumed his practise of the law and the care of his varied interests; and the trio—he, Brooks and the Doctor—formed a companionship that for whole souled and open hearted friendship was not surpassed in New York.

THE END

Chart of the World, Sho

g Route of the Wenonah

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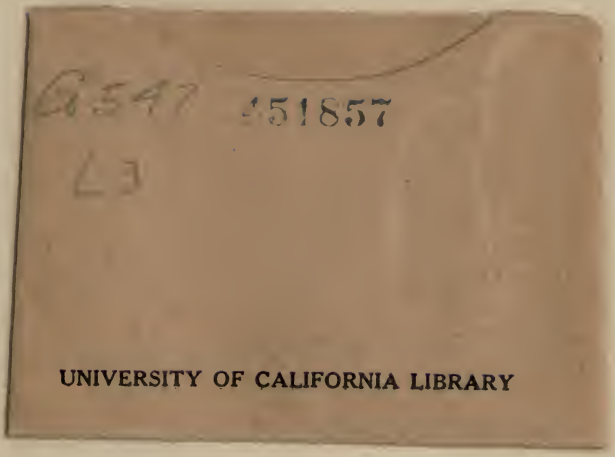
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